WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGEANT OF NATURE — a portfolio

Spain, Cervantes and Don Quixote

MARCH 1957

ONE DOLLAR

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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THE COVERS – Every interpreter, no matter how great his temperament or his understanding, must be able to submerge his individuality even while reflecting it in his interpretation of another's work. While it varies in degree, such consecrated immersion is common to all genuine artists, whatever their field. On our front cover, photographer Karsh of Ottawa portrays one of the great performers of our time, pianist Artur Rubinstein, in this rapt absorption; the study on the back cover catches the precise moment when applause brings him back to the reality of his audience.

◀ PHOTO RAY ATKESON

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER appears regularly in WISDOM through his "Invitation to Understanding," a feature that has met with increasing popularity. In this issue he deals with the thought of one of the century's great humanitarians and philosophers, Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Dr. Mayer is professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands. He has published eight books and over 100 articles.

HOWARD D. MCKINNEY was schooled at Rutgers College and Columbia University. He was organist and director of music and is now professor of music at Rutgers University. In addition to his work as an educator and composer, Professor McKinney is known for his editorial work and writings on musical subjects.
WILLIAM ROBERT ANDERSON is coauthor with Howard D. McKinney of *The Challenge of Listening* (published by Rutgers University Press and © 1943 by the college trustees), from which "The Piano" is taken. In his native England, he attended Trinity College, London, and the Royal Academy of Music. He is an author, lecturer, critic and musician and has served the *Musical Times* and the *Gramophone* as editor. He has collaborated with McKinney in the production of three books dealing with music.

LUCILLE GORDON LAKES has had a thorough background as journalist, editor and author, and has published in the United States and many foreign countries. During World War II she served as editor in the Overseas News Division of the Office of War Information. Her work was represented in the February issue of WISDOM by "Majorca – Island of Light"; she returns in this issue with an article on Rubinstein. Mrs. Lakes has traveled extensively and now resides in California with her physician husband and two children.

HENRY CLAY LINDGREN is a native of California, where he received his Ph.D. degree from Stanford University. Since 1947, he has been on the faculty of San Francisco State College. He draws on a background of administrative and counseling experience with the Navy, the Veterans Administration and the business world. "The Urge for Power" is selected from his book *The Art of Human Relations,* © 1953 by Dr. Lindgren and published by Thomas Nelson & Sons. Among Dr. Lindgren's other works are two psychology textbooks, *Mental Hygiene of Personal and Social Adjustment* and *Mental Health in Education.*

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL is known best as inventor of the telephone, but he considered himself primarily a teacher of the deaf. While he can scarcely be regarded as neglected, many of the accomplishments of this great inventor are relatively unknown, the most notable being his experiments with aviation and powered water craft. We thank the Bell Telephone System for having made information and pictures of Bell available for our use, to provide a WISDOM portrait that reveals some little-known facets of this man whose achievements affect our daily lives.

H. JOHN WAY has traveled extensively throughout the Continent, mostly on foot and by bicycle. He has been in charge of the publicity office of the British National Cyclists' Touring Club and editor of its *Gazette,* and engaged in general editorial work for the club since the end of World War II. "Spain – Land of Contrasts" is from *The "Good Companion" Guide No. 5* by Way, © 1956 and published by Nicholas Vane Ltd., and reflects his interest in travel and writing. The author also publishes magazine fiction in the juvenile field.

SAMUEL PUTNAM was born in Illinois and attended the University of Chicago and the Sorbonne. He worked as a newspaper reporter in Chicago before he went to Paris to live in 1926, editing literary magazines while there. On his return to America, he did a great amount of translating from French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian – a wide range of authors from Rabelais to Pirandello. "Cervantes – Spain's Crusading Satirist" is from Putnam's introduction to *The Portable Cervantes,* © 1951 by the Viking Press Inc. In 1947, he was awarded the Pandia Calogeras Prize, the first presentation of a Brazilian literary award to a U.S. citizen.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY was a writer of poetry, literary criticism and scholarly biography. He was graduated from Harvard University and served as professor of English at the University of Nebraska and later at Columbia University. In addition, he was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Nation* and worked as literary editor with the *Boston Post.* "Don Quixote" is from Woodberry's book *Great Writers,* © 1907 by the McClure Co. and used here by permission of Harcourt Brace & Co. His other work includes biographies of Poe and Hawthorne and a selection of poems published in 1933.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN is an author-in-residence at the University of Notre Dame, and is currently engaged in research and writing. He holds a Ph.D. degree from the University of Illinois, where he established the Newman Foundation, and has done graduate work at the University of Chicago, Catholic University of America and Oxford. "The Nature of Courage" is from *The Art of Courageous Living,* published by McMullen Books Inc. and © 1950 by Father O'Brien. He is the author of many books and articles in the fields of philosophy, religion and science.

JOHN BURROUGHS, American author and philosopher, is known for his writings on Nature and science. Born in Roxbury, New York, Burroughs numbered Walt Whitman among his friends, and, in fact, wrote a book about Whitman which is considered to be the first published recognition of the poet's genius. Burroughs's prose represents a popularization of the type of Nature essay written by Thoreau. The example of his work in this issue, "Faith of a Naturalist," is from his book *Accepting the Universe,* © 1920 by the author and published by Houghton Mifflin Co. His work reflects precise, sensitive observations of Nature.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON achieved prominence as poet, essayist, philosopher and lecturer. His days as a student at Harvard were not distinguished by high academic attainments, but it was during this period that he began to keep his now famous *Journal.* As a thinker, he was much influenced by Plato and Neoplatonists. While still young, he became acquainted with Carlyle, and later with Wordsworth and Coleridge, who interested him in the ideas of the German idealists. The selection from Emerson in "Men and Ideas" is taken from the essay "Nature," a work in which he establishes a relationship with the English romantics by emphasizing the worth of the individual. Emerson's prose, often cumbersome and difficult, is nevertheless full of genuine poetic insight.

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[*Through an error, the names of Dave X. Marks, distinguished Los Angeles business leader and philanthropist, and Samuel H. Golter, Executive Vice-President of the City of Hope (Duarte, Calif.), were omitted in the list of recipients of the First Annual Wisdom Awards published in the January issue. The awards – statuettes of Rodin's "The Thinker" – were presented to them at the Wisdom Awards Dinner for "significant contributions to knowledge and service to mankind."*]

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Albert Schweitzer at his hospital in French Equatorial Africa

Invitation

TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer

"The power of ideals is incalculable."
ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Dr. Albert Schweitzer's life is an adventure in compassion and kindness. Recipient of the Nobel Prize, and decorations from many governments, he is known throughout the world as one of the greatest humanitarians of history. Yet he continues, in his humble way, ministering to the natives of Africa. From early morning until midnight, he works in his hospital, and often when a case is critical he will stay up all night to care for the patient. To him all life is sacred; so imbued is he with this gospel that he will not kill even an insect.

As a boy, Schweitzer would go out of his way to help the poor and underprivileged. In his 20s he achieved fame as a professor of theology and as an organist, and he could have had a most comfortable existence. Instead, he decided to become a medical missionary in Africa. He made this decision because he felt that the natives had been exploited and needed help. Being idealistic, Schweitzer wanted to follow the path of Jesus. This meant the abandonment of comfort and easy living; it implied sacrifice. The commandment to love meant more to him than vague sentimentality; it demanded positive action.

Like Jesus, Schweitzer adopted a very simple philosophy of life. Dogmas, theology, ritual – these were unimportant features of religion. What mattered was man's living awareness and love of God. The meaning of life could not be found in books of philosophy and theology, but only in experience which produced a sense of unity with the universe.

As he wrote in *The Decay and the Restoration of Civilization*, life has, above all, ethical significance. Technology, material achievements, inventions, industrial power – all these attainments are secondary. What matters to him is man's soul, not his external idols. Like Ortega y Gasset, Schweitzer warns against the mass-man and against the subordination of the individual to the machine. Schweitzer believes that there is a sacred light in all men, which is an expression of their moral potentialities.

The cynic will say that such beliefs are impossible for our time. Are not most of us driven by selfish desires? Are we not readily conditioned by lies? Is not hatred one of our strongest motives? But the cynic has a very shallow view of man and society. Most of us have a desire to create, to live more nobly. Schweitzer teaches us that, as long as we are fragmentary and isolated, we feel a sense of frustration and incompleteness, and that we gain most by seeing the bonds which unite us to our fellow man.

Probably the happiest people are those who are least selfish: the scientist who seeks to eradicate a dreaded disease, the teacher who fights against ignorance, the statesman dedicated to peace, the lawyer who strives for justice, parents who teach moral values to their children. Only a person who lives for a great cause beyond his own narrow ends can achieve profound happiness.

When Schweitzer was still a boy he composed a prayer which expresses this spirit: "O Heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from all evil." Because he lives for others, Schweitzer has achieved the joy and serenity all of us seek. He reminds us that real happiness is inward, that no material triumph can compensate for spiritual emptiness. He teaches us that idealism is never obsolete, that without it we are miserable and frustrated, that when we find it we achieve a lasting contentment which defies the ravages of time. ♦

The PIANO

by Howard D. McKinney and W. R. Anderson

IT WAS FRANZ LISZT who started the whole business. There is no reason to think, human nature being what it is, that even in the early days of the clavichord and harpsichord keyboard virtuosity was despised, but it was not until the 19th century that the artists of the keyboard began to receive the fame and monetary rewards that had long been accorded their vocal confreres.

A long line has followed triumphantly in Liszt's train, a line that includes some of the greatest names in interpretive music: Tausig, Anton Rubinstein, Friedman, de Pachman, Paderewski, Gabrilówitsch, Hofmann, Hess, Horowitz and Artur Rubinstein.

Our modern instrument has been developed from the dulcimer, a medieval instrument consisting of a series of strings of varying length stretched over a sound-box. This was laid upon a table and played by means of little hammers in the hands of the performer. In essence the modern pianoforte is really a keyed dulcimer.

Two important steps marked the development of the somber-hued dulcimer chrysalis into the rainbow-hued, dazzlingly brilliant piano. The first step was a clavichord, a term that seems to have been used as early as the 15th century to describe an instrument in which a number of strings of equal length were placed over a rectangular sound-box and played by means of keys. The strings were set into vibration by means of brass "tangents," one on the end of each key-lever, placed in such a way that when a key was depressed the small piece of brass struck the string. Several keys could use the same string, the pitch of the note produced being determined by the point at which the tangent struck it – much as in the fingering of the violin. A piece of cloth was wound about one end of the strings; as soon as the tangent was removed from the string by lifting the finger from the key, this "damper" stopped the vibration of the whole string, thus making it necessary for the player to hold down the key as long as he wished the note to sound.

Another predecessor of the modern piano was the harpsichord, an instrument that was the result of the makers' desire to increase the volume of tone of their instruments. Although it was used contemporaneously with the clavichord, the harpsichord is not in the direct line of descent from the piano's forebears, for its tone was produced by a mechanism which *plucked* the strings instead of striking them. This device consisted of a "jack," containing a little piece of quill or other hard material, so placed that when (by a blow upon the key) the jack was forced past the string, the quill plucked the string with a decided twang, and the jack was so jointed that, when the key was released and the jack descended, the quill passed the string without touching it again.

Since the force of tone produced depended upon the quality and strength of the quill or other material used in the jack, the volume of tone could not be regulated by the strength of the stroke upon the key. At least two (often three) strings were provided for each note, thus making possible a considerable volume of tone, and the use of the harpsichord became very popular in concert.

In a further endeavor to improve their instruments and to give them fuller tone and more direct means of producing light and shade, the makers (at the beginning of the 18th century) finally evolved the pianoforte. The honor of inventing this instrument, which united the principle of the dulcimer's hammers with the keyboard mechanism of the clavichord and harpsichord, belongs to an Italian harpsichord maker, Bartolommeo Cristofori. This new instrument gave direct control of the tone through the force of the stroke upon the key. Because of the possible strength of

such a blow, the strings had to be made thicker and the body of the instrument sturdier to withstand the extra tension. Gradually, by the substitution of an iron frame, refinement of the mechanism and lengthening of the strings, there came into being the nine-foot grand of the modern concert hall, with its frame capable of withstanding a strain of some 30 tons.

The thicker strings, stronger frame and hammer mechanism of the piano changed the whole outlook of both player and composer, for this instrument, through its delicate mechanism, gave a new conception of dynamic power and range, as well as new possibilities of speed. Best of all, it gave the player a means of producing a *singing* tone.

Most of the technique developed by players of the clavichord and harpsichord was confined to what is known as passage-work, the effective manipulation of notes lying in juxtaposition. The light touch of these instruments seems to have caused players to concentrate on the use of the fingers, without considering the use of the whole arm, wrist and hand now employed in piano playing. In this early technique, ornaments played a great part — the devising of various sorts of melodic elaborations that would offset the lack of sustained sonority in the tone. These graceful decorations had become a settled system by the 18th century, and their proper execution a mark of good clavier playing; the music of composers as late as Bach, Couperin and Domenico Scarlatti is full of them. But the advent of the piano, with its greatly increased power of sustaining tones, lessened the necessity for filling-in notes that help keep the tone going, and so gradually ornaments became obsolete.

At first the fingers were used in an extended position, which did not make for great agility, especially as only three of them were commonly used, those which were most nearly equal in length when the hand was stretched out. Gradually players learned to pass the fingers over and under one another, a method which to us now seems oddly tortuous. But we must remember that, because of the character of these early instruments, there were special effects to be obtained by gliding from note to note, and that nothing was to be gained in tonal power by a heavier blow on the keys of either clavichord or harpsichord. The flat-hand position did not allow the thumb and little finger to be of much use because of the difficulty of reaching the keys without extra movements of the wrist.

Even the early part of the 18th century reveals a freer finger position, and when a liberal use of all five fingers was gradually adopted, the principles underlying such technical problems as the execution of shifts in scale passages on the black and white keys etc. were slowly evolved. In the 19th century, strength was added to finger dexterity as a cardinal technical requirement. Players gradually began to realize the gymnastic necessities of hand and arm development, that marvelous power of coordination of muscles that has produced the modern virtuoso pianist.

The piano in itself, whatever its other qualities, is inherently not a beautiful-sounding instrument. Its tones are produced, as we have seen, by the blows of felted hammers on metal strings stretched at tremendous tension. The chief aim of the artist who manipulates its keys is to so disguise the percussive quality of its tone as to give those who listen the illusion that they are hearing a sustained, *singing* tone. This is the real test of the player's artistry.

There is, and probably always has been since Bartolommeo Cristofori built his first "*piano e forte*" (as he called it, to denote an instrument capable of both soft and loud effects), a great deal of argument as to how this beauty of tone may best be coaxed from this rather recalcitrant instrument. In the last few years scientists have done considerable research on the production of piano tone, research which should be of great value in bringing some sort of order out of the present chaotic thinking on the subject. These researchers have shown that many of the principles involved in methods for regulating the quality of tone produced by the piano are pure hokum. They have proven that the only means at the disposal of the pianist for regulating the quality of the tone he gets from his instruments are (1) the velocity of the hammer blow produced by his fingers striking the keys, and (2) the action of the damper (the device which, as the keys are released, acts on the string and suppresses its vibration), regulated by the pedals and, to a certain extent, by the key action.

Beauty of piano tone must be achieved, then, together with whatever illusion of a singing tone the player is able to produce, by the development of an extraordinary muscular refinement that allows complete control of the intensity (loudness) of the tone, coupled with a control of certain time factors (the length of time a tone sounds, how it blends with others etc.), by the action of the dampers either through the keys or pedals. Nothing else counts in the production of beautiful piano tone, no matter what graceful mannerisms the player may employ in the depression of the key, or how lovingly he may linger over it, once it is struck, as if to give an illusion of quality.

Having achieved an illusion of singing quality of tone, the player must also be able to keep the instrument's tone *floating* in the air. Like all percussive instruments, the piano produces a tone that possesses its maximum volume just at the time of its production, and then immediately begins to fade away. The violinist or singer, by pressure suitably maintained, can sustain a note, and make it rise and fall in intensity for some time. The organist can do so indefinitely — as long as the method for supplying the wind to his pipes holds out. The pianist has ever to cope with the inevitable fading of every tone as soon as he has made it.

Modern research has proved the importance of the piano's pedals as a means for the production of good tone, a means that is almost as important as the keys. In most American instruments three pedals will be found. When the left-hand one, the "soft" pedal, is depressed by the player's foot, a smaller volume of tone is produced. The right-hand pedal, by releasing the dampers from the strings, allows them to reverberate longer, and also adds to their resonance that of the higher strings sympathetic with them.

The middle pedal of the three (not usually found in European instruments) sustains a single note when it is desired to make it ring through a particular passage whose other notes are not affected by the pedal. It is possible to use any two of the pedals, or all three of them, in combination.

Whole treatises have been written on the art of pedaling. The pedals may be said to furnish the pianist with a third hand, thus demanding additional thought, if they are to be wisely used. The soft pedal is not very often required, most soft effects being best obtained by touch; when all three strings are used, a richer tone is naturally to be obtained than is possible from the one which the use of the soft pedal necessitates in the grand piano. It is the combination of pedals-plus-touch that gives the pianist such a remarkable range of varied effects.

The critic of piano playing should not forget (as critics are so often inclined to do) that there are certain qualities in an artist's playing that must transcend all these considerations of technical achievement. Call it what we will — individuality, temperament, personality — there is a quality in the playing of the great artist which places him ahead of his colleagues by inducing people to listen to what he has to say. While realizing the necessity for technique in art, we must be careful not to exaggerate its importance at the expense of disregarding and neglecting all else. It is this "all else" that makes the supreme artist. ♦

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

PRINCE OF PIANISTS

by Lucille Gordon Lakes

EARLY LAST YEAR Carnegie Hall audiences and New York music critics hailed a remarkable *tour de force.* Artur Rubinstein, pianist extraordinary, reached a new peak in a lifetime of accomplishment by playing 17 major compositions for piano and orchestra – all the Brahms and Beethoven concertos, and works by Chopin, Mozart, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Schumann, Franck and de Falla – in a series of five concerts within 10 days.

Actually, 1956 marked the 50th anniversary of Rubinstein's debut in America, but the virtuoso, as positive and vivid a personality as he is an artist, scorns anniversaries and refused to acknowledge this one. "What happens," he asked, "on the fifty-first or fifty-second anniversary? Is a fellow dead?" Yet this series patently meant more to him than just an amazing exhibit of virtuosity, for with characteristic candor Rubinstein made it clear that he was not the only pianist who could perform this feat. The erstwhile prodigy, who in his youth had been accused of "taking the bit between his teeth and running away," wanted to satisfy himself that he had become a musician; as he put it, he had to "see whether I've accomplished anything after all these years of banging the piano. I think I now can play these works a little better than some times in the past."

But the man whom Virgil Thomson described as "a master pianist and a master musician" and whom the late Olin Downes praised for his "astonishing" maturity and evocative power had already convinced American critics that he had learned to control his abundant temperament.

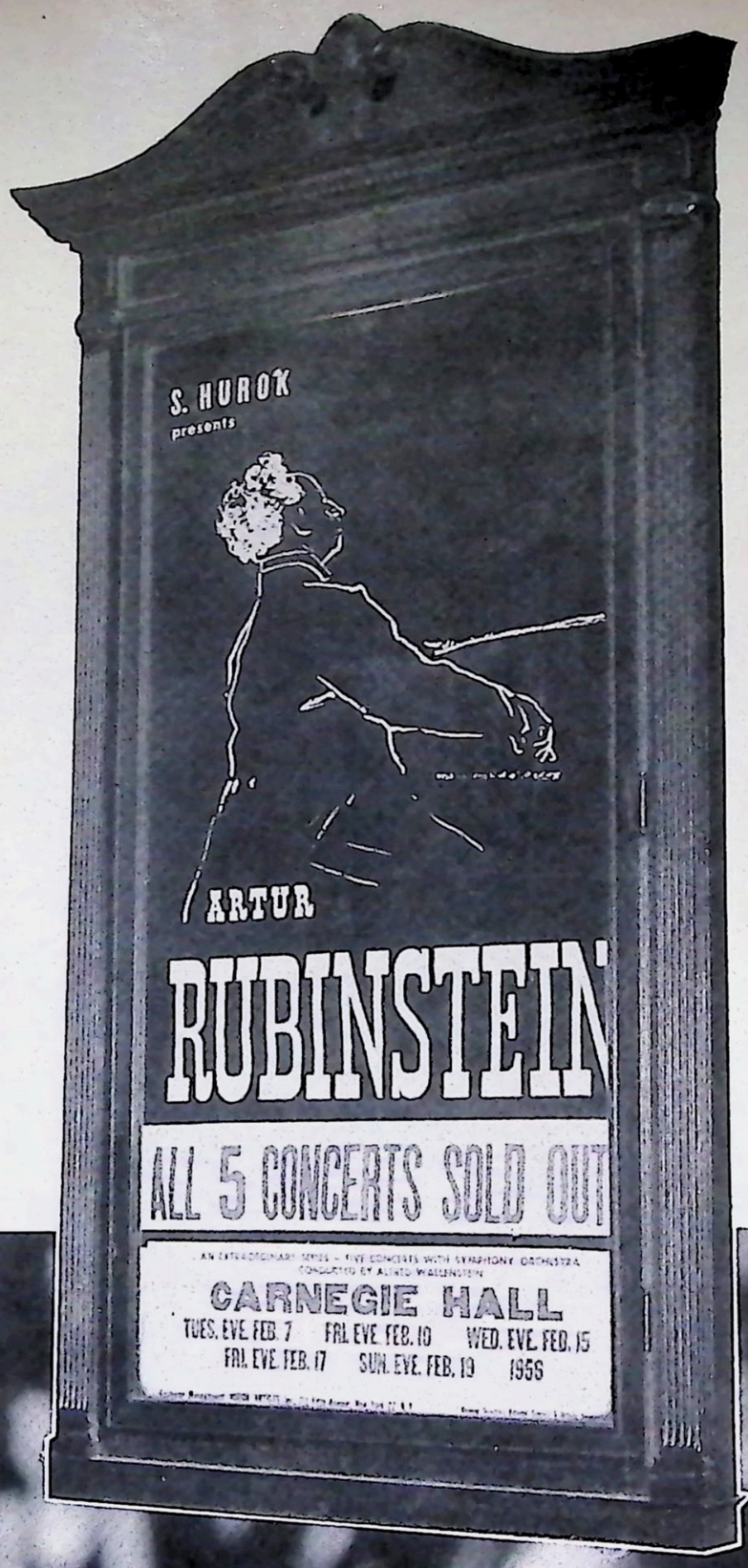
Rubinstein is perhaps the last of the great tradition of romantic pianists, which begins with Liszt and includes Paderewski, Busoni, Rosenthal and other giants. Not since Paderewski has anyone interpreted Chopin with such color and fire as Rubinstein. Perhaps the most versatile of today's pianists, he is equally at home with Brahms, Schumann, Beethoven, the Spanish school and the moderns. Nine of the latter have gratefully dedicated works to him: Stravinsky and Prokofiev of Russia; Szymanowski and Tansman of Poland; Milhaud and Poulenc of France; Ponce of Mexico; Villa-Lobos of Brazil (whom Rubinstein discovered); and John Alden Carpenter of the United States.

Rubinstein has the wisdom of a man who loves life passionately. He laughs at himself and his past errors, looks forward to many years of playing and recording the music he loves and glances back somewhat wistfully on what he considers a joyously misspent youth. "As a boy," he said, "I had a fiendish talent for learning. I could pick up a sonata in the morning and grasp the essence of it in a day." But he loved pleasure too much to buckle down to eight or 10 hours a day at the piano.

When he made his debut in America in 1906, 17 years old and already famous abroad, the critics considered him "half-baked," all fire and flame with little true musicianship. Rubinstein understands why he was received so coolly. "I was not a prodigy any more and I was not a mature artist. I did not really learn how to practice seriously for another twenty-five years. I loved music . . . for the fun of it."

His 1932 marriage to Aniela Mlynarski, daughter of a conductor with whom Rubinstein had appeared in Warsaw as a 13-year-old soloist (long before his wife was born), "reformed" him. "I became conscious that my wife and children might suffer for my sins. And I didn't want people telling my children after I died, 'What a pianist your father *might* have been.' I started to restudy, to work hard, to apply myself. It showed immediately."

How well it showed is now legendary. He has established himself as perhaps the most popular pianist of our time in America – and in the world. His concerts are usually sold out shortly after their announcement, as were all five of the Carnegie Hall series. Tickets for his recitals are so much in demand in Rome that music lovers have waited through the night for the box office to open, and in Israel in 1952 he played 20 performances in as many days to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Universally popular, and the best-paid concert artist appearing today, Artur Rubinstein admits: "I would go on giving piano recitals just for the fun of it, whether I got paid or not."

Pictured here at the age of 5, Artur Rubinstein was already a concert veteran, having made his first public appearance the previous year at a charity concert in his native town of Lodz, Poland. Since that time, he has performed in every country in the world except Tibet, traveling over 2,000,000 miles. Most prized among his many honors, since he received it in 1946, is his U.S. citizenship.

packed houses. Wherever he goes (and he travels thousands of miles every year) he makes many friends. Communication is no problem because he speaks eight languages fluently: English, Polish, German, Russian, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

Rubinstein is also a connoisseur of art, literature, European nobility, food, wines and cigars, and a discriminating collector of books, pictures, French cognac and Hindu sculpture. His sense of humor is legendary, and his stories and quips, full of worldly wisdom, are often quoted (see page 11).

Born in Lodz, Poland, in 1889, the youngest by nine years of seven children, Rubinstein was the son of a hand-loom factory owner. His father wanted Artur to study violin, but the boy preferred the piano. Joseph Joachim, the great violinist and a friend of Brahms and Schumann, was so impressed by the child's ability that he assumed responsibility for his musical future and sent him to study piano technique with Heinrich Barth, a pupil of Bülow, Taussig and Liszt.

At 11, Rubinstein made his debut in Berlin, playing the Mozart *Concerto in A* with an orchestra conducted by Joachim. He has twice recorded this work, although he now finds it difficult to play Mozart without making him "too big."

In concerts throughout Germany and Poland the young prodigy was enthusiastically hailed. When Artur was 15, Joachim sent him to Paderewski in Switzerland, and he kept the boy with him for three months. In introducing the youth to the Concert Society of Paris, a fraternal organization of professional musicians, Saint-Saëns said: "I foresee for him an admirable career, and to say it all in a few words, he is worthy of the great name he bears." The name of course, was that of Anton Rubinstein, one of the giant composer-pianists of the 19th century. The young Artur frequently had to explain that he was not related to Anton but even now restaurant and ship orchestras often play the Russian's "Melody in F" as a greeting to his Polish namesake, who has long since given up the struggle and merely bows in acknowledgment.

Soon after his unhappy American debut, he gave up the concert stage for several years, went to Paris and devoted himself, as he put it, to "hurdling the greatest obstacle in the path of a prodigy, that of shedding my immaturity." He became interested in modern music, especially Debussy's, played string quartets with Ysaye, Thibaud and Casals, and became an "attaché" to *Les Six*, the famous vanguard of modern French composers. It was a period of great development for a receptive young mind.

The outbreak of World War I found him stranded in London. He tried to join the Polish Foreign Legion, but wound up instead as a translator at French General Headquarters. In 1916 he went to Spain and scored his first overwhelming success. The Spanish admired the rhythmic verve he brought to de Falla and Albéniz, his temperament and his "improvisations." The latter were "not really intentional with me," Rubinstein recalls, "because I could not even then work out a conception and stick to it. But for them it was a relief from what they called the 'pedant.'" He is still enormously popular in Spain and in Latin America.

In 1919 he returned to America, where this time he was more warmly received. James Gibbons Huneker, the well known American authority on piano playing, reported that "Rubinstein's finger velocity – staccato, brilliant and incisive – and a splendid left hand are undeniable qualities, coupled with a sweet singing touch and a musical temperament – in all, traits sufficient to equip half a dozen artists."

Yet he was never as popular in the United States as he was in Europe and South America, until 1937, when impresario Sol Hurok persuaded him to tour America again for the first time in a decade. The excellent recording of the Tchaikovsky *B-flat Minor Concerto* and of the complete Chopin scherzos, nocturnes and polonaises had helped to prepare the American public for the hard-working pianist, and the "new" Rubinstein was a sensation in this country. He has remained a favorite here ever since.

No small part of his reputation (and income) continues to come from his recordings, which have often grossed more than a million dollars a year. "I adore making records," he says. "It thrills me. I have a feeling of perpetuation." The success of his early waxes of the *G Minor Quartet* of Brahms, the César Franck *Sonata in A Major for Piano and Violin* (with Jascha Heifetz) and the works of leading Spanish composers encouraged him to attempt more ambitious projects. "When the smaller, distinguished enterprises passed into the area of the larger," wrote Irving Kolodin of the *Saturday Review*, "it became apparent that a man of intellect with a flair for piano playing had converted himself into a pianistic personality of the first order."

He has appeared in two motion pictures, *Night Song* and *Carnegie Hall*, and has recorded the piano score for several others. More recently he has starred with Heifetz, Piatigorsky and Peerce in a musical film called *Of Men and Music*. And last year he made his television debut on an NBC spectacular, *Festival of Music*.

Rubinstein has an attractive family. His wife is a pretty, blond woman some 20 years his junior. His elder daughter, Eva, was born in Buenos Aires in 1933 and his son Paul in Warsaw in 1935; Aline and John Arthur, the two youngest, were born in California in 1945 and 1946. Eva is now featured on Broadway in the dramatic hit *The Diary of Anne Frank*, and Rubinstein says proudly, "How nice if I should be remembered as the father of Eva Rubinstein!" Of the four Rubinstein children, John Arthur shows the most musical talent.

Rubinstein has encouraged many young, struggling musicians. He discovered Hector Villa-Lobos playing the cello in a dingy Rio de Janeiro movie-house, and was so impressed with the young man's music that he found a sponsor for him and took him to Europe to study.

In an age of increasing specialization and diminution of personality, Rubinstein is not only a piano virtuoso of the first rank but also a keen, stimulating human being. "Rubinstein is a shining example of the civilized, universal man," wrote New York *Times* critic Howard Taubman. "Although he is a naturalized American citizen, he is a citizen of the world. His passport is not only music but his wide culture, his relish for humanity, his capacity for understanding and laughter." ◆

After World War II broke out, Rubinstein moved with his wife and family to Southern California, their 32nd home. Here he enjoyed a temporary respite from the nomadic life, made several movies and enjoyed the company of his attractive wife Aniela (above), his children Alina Anna, Paul Arthur and Eva Anna, then aged 2, 12 and 13 (below), relaxed in his library of rare editions. In 1954 Rubinstein took an apartment in New York, and since recovering his Paris home, after much litigation, he divides his time between these two residences. The recent picture at left shows him with Paul and Eva, now a successful Broadway actress.

Perhaps famed most as an interpreter of Chopin, Rubinstein has further glorified that composer's name. In 1946, when Europe was digging out of the rubble of war, he became founder-president of the Frédéric Chopin Fund, which sponsored concerts to supply instruments and scores to musicians.

▲
A music-lover's dream for chamber music and such talent-demanding (thus rarely performed) works as Beethoven's "Triple Concerto" is this "million-dollar trio": violinist Jascha Heifetz, Rubinstein and cellist Gregor Piatigorsky.

After his early years of avid study, Artur Rubinstein became something of a favorite of European café society. Never lost when outside the world of music, as are many other performers, he became an enormously cultivated cosmopolite, raconteur and wit, the friend of princes and an expert on wine, paintings and the Almanach de Gotha. But by his own admission he was long unwilling to sit through endless sessions of practice required of even the most brilliant mature artist. "Reformed" since his marriage, he appears yearly with almost every major U.S. and Canadian symphony, tours Europe—averaging 150 concerts.

PORTRAIT BY KARSH

From the Wisdom of

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

I accept life unconditionally. Life holds so much — so much to be happy about always. Most people ask for happiness on condition. Happiness can be felt only if you don't set any conditions.

* * *

I always recommend that all musicians have daughters. Sons are inclined to smile tolerantly and say, "Papa is a fine fellow but a little mad, of course," but daughters . . . they understand and adore! They know instinctively that an artist remains something of a child to the end of his days.

* * *

There is no *ersatz* for living. I prefer to die young than to sniff around life. People go to doctors and ask: "What vitamins shall I eat?" I ask you — what good are vitamins? Eat *four* lobsters. Eat a pound of caviar. *Live!* If you are in love with a beautiful blonde, don't be afraid, and don't think too much. Marry her!

* * *

Cigars are more jealous than women. If they feel you're losing interest in them, they stop burning!

* * *

Take Godowsky. I was awed. It would take me 500 years to get that kind of mechanism. But what did it get him? He was an unhappy, compulsive man, miserable away from the keyboard. Did he enjoy life? That made me think a bit. A pianist isn't a steel factory, like Pittsburgh.

* * *

I adored books, pictures, wine . . . I couldn't sit eight, 10 hours a day at the piano . . . I lived for every second. Do you know the preciousness of one second of your life? That's gone for good. You cannot recapture it.

* * *

In 25 years the United States has done what some places in Europe accomplished in 250 years. Small towns throughout America are more receptive to fine music than old cities in France — like Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseille.

* * *

Music is a sixth sense, and if you are born with it you can become a musician. If not, just the love of music is not enough. I love literature and painting as much as I love music. But I can't write, I can't paint.

The urge for POWER

by Henry Clay Lindgren

THE PROBLEMS which bedevil the person in authority make his task difficult and exacting. Wherever he turns he is beset by thorny dilemmas and contradictory alternatives. Why do we go to such pains in trying to attain positions of leadership and importance, if in the end we are the more frustrated and unhappy for having attained them?

The answer to this question is a complex one. Like other kinds of human behavior, our striving for power and status is based on a variety of motives, all operating at once. Some are mature and realistic and some are immature and neurotic.

In the first place, some people aspire to leadership because they see that positions of power and authority will give them greater opportunities to exercise their talents.

Yet the commonly accepted idea that everyone should strive to become an executive is an illogical one. Not everyone possesses the talents, skills and opportunities which are needed before one can realistically lay such plans. And only a small percentage of the population can ever become executives – there just aren't enough of these jobs for everyone.

The second source of our striving for position and authority is a kind of internal pressure which says, in effect: "You *must* advance. To move *up* the ladder is *good*. To remain at one level is *bad*."

The pressures to advance to positions of leadership are subtle and pervasive. We are all subject to them to a greater or lesser degree. There are some very mature people who, having found work which is personally satisfying, can successfully resist the suggestions and hints of friends, relatives and even employers that they "improve themselves" and advance. But there are also many dissatisfied workers who, as a result of these pressures, have advanced to supervisory jobs, doing work which they do not enjoy and for which they are not fitted.

A third source of our drive to attain positions of power and authority is our acceptance of competition as a way of life. Some of us accept this pattern for living because, like progress and advancement, it is expected of everyone. Furthermore, for some of us, competition is a way of continuing a childhood pattern of behavior. As children, we competed with brothers and sisters for the love and attention of our parents, as well as for the favor of our teachers, especially in the primary grades. Today, as adults, we compete with our fellow employees for the favor and attention of our employers.

The fourth factor which stimulates our striving for positions of authority is compensation for feelings of inferiority and inadequacy. This, too, is a holdover from childhood experiences, although, like our other immaturities, it is well fortified by the events of our later years.

Children long for the power which is possessed by adults, and they attempt to gain some of it for themselves. Yet the facts of life are that power is not a satisfactory antidote for feelings of inferiority. We see this in children who, because of circumstances, find that no one is bothering to control them or restrict their aggressive and hostile acts. Such children feel, in effect, as though they are gaining or, perhaps, are *in danger of gaining* their lost omnipotence. As a result of this realization, they become very anxious and repeat the offenses again and again in the evident hope of having someone prove to them that they are wrong, that their omnipotence *is* a myth, after all.

It is important to define this concept in order to avoid encouraging the fallacy that the lives of ordinary people – ourselves, for example – are not much affected by power, whereas in reality power dominates and penetrates almost every aspect of our daily lives. Power implies control and direction. It has to do with the control and direction of people. The teacher is a person of power and authority, because he can, by virtue of his position, direct the thoughts and actions of the students assigned to him. If he is a good teacher, he will achieve this direction and control through his competence as a skilled practitioner in human relations. If he is an ineffective teacher, or if he has to deal with a situation which circumstances make unusually difficult, he may find himself attempting to translate his power and authority into force.

Power can appear in the form of status or prestige. We listen more carefully to the opinions of a man who has "Doctor" or "Judge" or "Colonel" before his name; the very title conveys an atmosphere of expertness and authority. Because we tend to listen carefully to such people and thus permit ourselves to be influenced by them, we are, in effect, endowing them with power. In our search for power, we, too, aspire to positions of status and prestige. We feel that the title "assistant manager" has more status and prestige than the title "sales clerk," and that a college education is "worth more" than a high school education.

Power is also implied in the possession of certain goods and objects. The driver of a Cadillac expects and gets more attention than the driver of a pickup truck. In some circles the wearer of a Homburg hat rates more consideration than the man who doesn't bother to wear a hat at all. A man of property has more influence than a ribbon clerk on the thinking of the city council.

One form of power which has almost universal appeal is money. We do not commonly think of money as a form of power, just as we do not in the course of our everyday affairs recognize other forms of power even when we use them to control others or they are used to control us. Yet money is a form of power which has a preferred status because it is so readily accepted and so easily handled. Status and prestige may influence minds and direct actions in subtle ways, but they do not have the compelling force that money has. Money, therefore, is the kind of power which is most widely sought.

In our society, it has become the measure for most things. The power of an individual becomes measured in terms of the money he has or can control. The value of a man's work becomes translated into the amount of money society (in the shape of the

employers, customers or clients) is willing to allot him for his efforts. We make demands upon others for the goods and services we need. Without money, we are powerless to enforce these demands, but, if we can back our demands with money, they are met quickly. In a society which is dominated by the search for power, money — the most convenient measure of power — becomes the universal standard.

The goals of our striving for power can, therefore, be translated into the ability to control and direct others, prestige, status, material possessions and money. Our popular idea of the "successful" person — the man of distinction — is that he possesses all these things. Yet the possession of power does not in itself solve problems involving human relationships, for — as many a man of distinction has discovered — it is the way in which power is used that makes for success or failure.

Sharing power is very difficult for most persons of status and authority, particularly if they had any immature bases for securing power in the first place. If they fought and sweated for it as something which would certainly dispel their feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, it is evident that they will not willingly yield any of it. Such people will not be able to take a chance on sharing power. It is all or none for them. Sharing power for them means losing it. It is therefore not surprising that they will overrate the real value of their power.

This unhealthy and immature attachment to power explains why some Wall Streeters committed suicide when the market slump of 1929 wiped away their paper fortunes. Their unconscious feelings of inferiority were so strong that, when their economic power actually was taken from them, they felt that they could not bear to go on living. In other words, power had been their only protection against anxiety, and when the illusion of this protection vanished, they could not bear the anxiety of having no more power than the average citizen.

There are other ways in which leaders sometimes use power, ways which do not involve the direct use of force. These methods have only a limited or temporary effectiveness, as compared to the method of sharing power. One of these methods is the divide-and-conquer technique, another is the continual-crisis method and still another is the chains-of-gratitude approach. One thing that these methods have in common is their dependence on the emotional immaturity of the followers or subordinates; another is that they are used for the benefit of the leader. Any advantage to the subordinates is incidental or accidental — at any rate, a secondary consideration.

The leader who uses the divide-and-conquer technique attempts to keep his followers in a constant state of suspicion and competition. He leans heavily on the expectation that his subordinates are immature and suggestible enough for him to bring them back to the days of their childhood when they competed with their brothers and sisters for the favor and attention of their parents. And so he plays one subordinate off against another. He favors first one and then another. He stirs up jealousies and feuds. As long as each of his subordinates is competing with the others, the leader's power goes unchallenged. The divide-and-conquer technique of leadership is most effective in organizations whose activities by their very nature encourage individual effort — sales forces, for example. It is least useful and even detrimental in situations which call for teamwork and concerted action.

The continual-crisis technique lends itself more readily to political activities than to business, although it is sometimes used in a mild form. For example, a businessman may remind his employees that, unless they increase production and improve their efficiency, the company may not be able to survive in the face of its competition. Such appeals are usually more effective during times of economic depression. If they are used in times of full employment, their effect is to cause some employees to look for work elsewhere.

The leader who attempts to bind his followers to him with chains of gratitude is prompted by the principle that people will work harder for leaders whom they like and to whom they are personally indebted. This method is likely to work as long as business is profitable and times are good — that is, as long as there are favors to dispense. When times are bad, however, such leaders usually learn the bitter lesson that genuine loyalty cannot be bought.

The emotionally mature person who occupies a position of leadership and authority is less likely to use the foregoing techniques or similar methods to control his followers. He is more likely to see himself as a person whose function is to help the group achieve its goals, whereas the immature leader is more concerned with controlling or manipulating the group in order to make it meet his personal needs, hence is likely to use the methods of exploitation. The methods the mature person uses will depend upon the nature and organization of the group, the kind of goals or aims it possesses, the emotional and intellectual maturity of the group members and the kind of individual he is.

For instance, running a union local calls for an approach different from that of leading a company of soldiers, though there are basic principles which apply in each case. For one thing, the goals of a labor organization differ from those of a military organization. The leader of a labor organization, in order to be effective, will consult with his membership on matters of policy, whereas matters of policy in a military organization are largely predetermined.

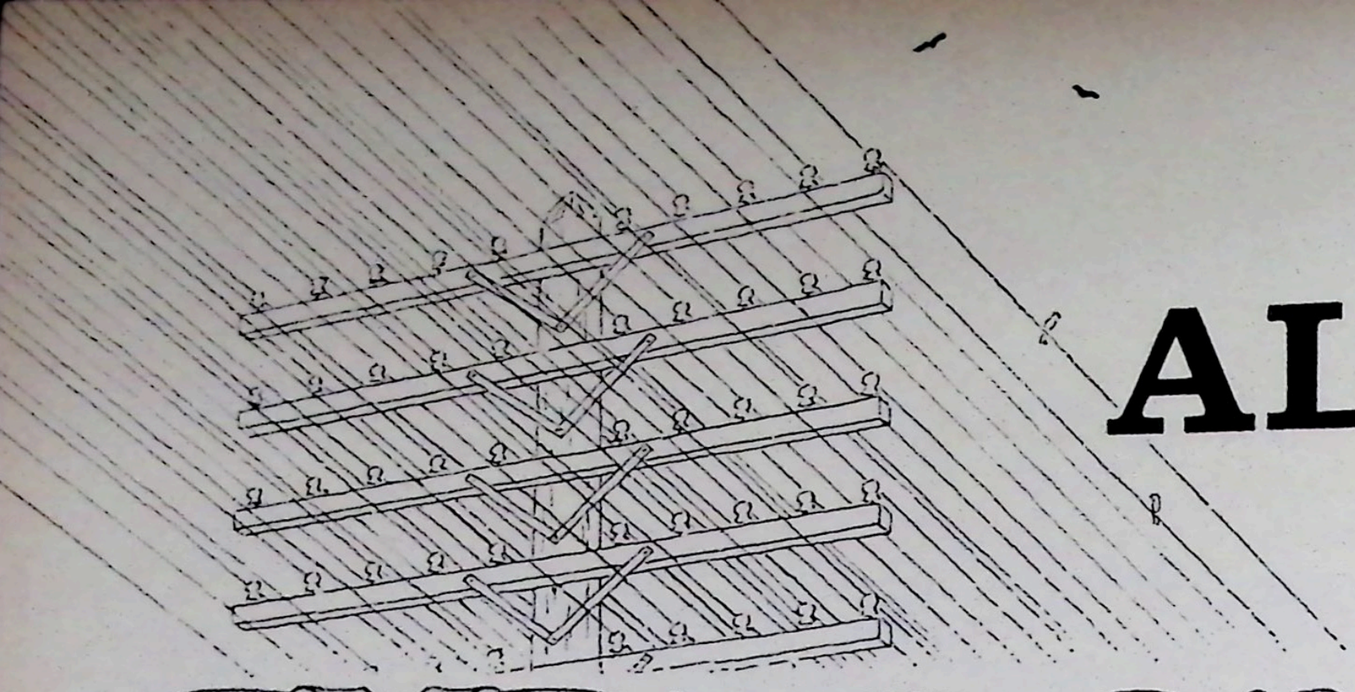
The emotionally mature leader is able to see his role more as that of a skilled helper than that of a director or a dominator because he is less plagued by immature fears and anxieties. He is not beset by the powerful feelings of inferiority and inadequacy which motivate the power-seeker. He can tolerate the frustrations and irritations which are the lot of the supervisor because he has a much broader and more sensitive grasp of the total human situation. He is less likely to be upset by the quirks and illogical behavior of his subordinates because he is fortified by a sound understanding of himself and others.

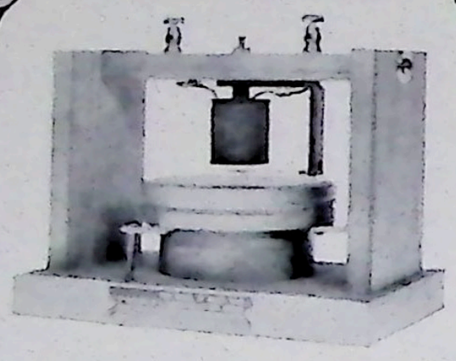
And because he has less anxiety and better self-control, he is more tolerant, he does not need to defend himself and he does not see every demand and every criticism as a personal attack. Therefore he is more able to share his power in order to help the group achieve its common goals. And, incidentally, when he shares his power, he finds this practice to be the best antidote for that subtle force which sabotages the efforts of even the most skilled leaders— the jealousy and fear which subordinates feel for their power.

This does not mean that the emotionally mature leader shirks or avoids his responsibilities by abdicating or abandoning them to the group. He realizes that his individual responsibility is greater than that of any single group member, that he is the one who must see that the group operates effectively, that real communication must exist between all levels and segments of the group, and, most of all, that the morale of the group must be maintained. For the leader has greater influence on the morale than anyone else. Morale is an essential; a group which has lost its morale is a group which has lost hope. It has no genuine expectation of success.

Therefore, the job of the leader calls for more than emotional maturity — it calls for skill in human relations. The unskilled leader is one who is likely to demand that his followers perform certain functions, but the skilled leader is one who is able to assist his followers in determining their functions and carrying them out. He is more likely to be the group's helper than its director. ♦

ALEXANDER





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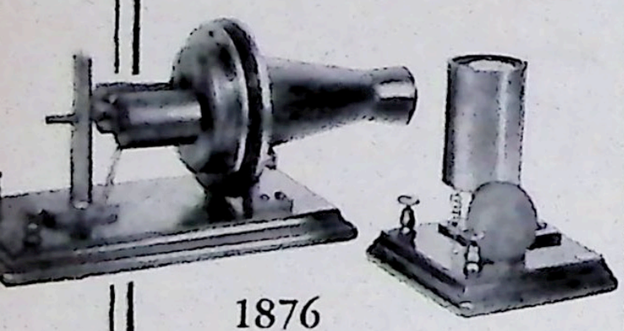

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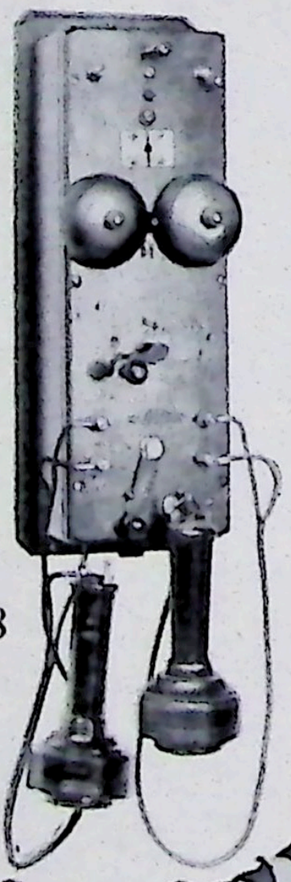

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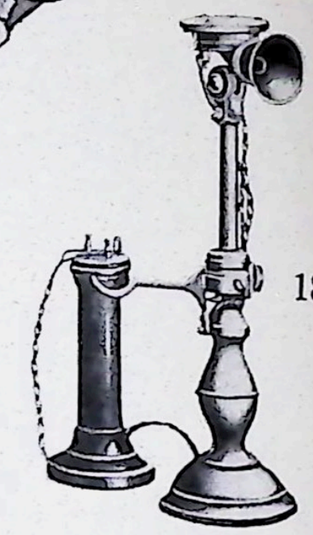

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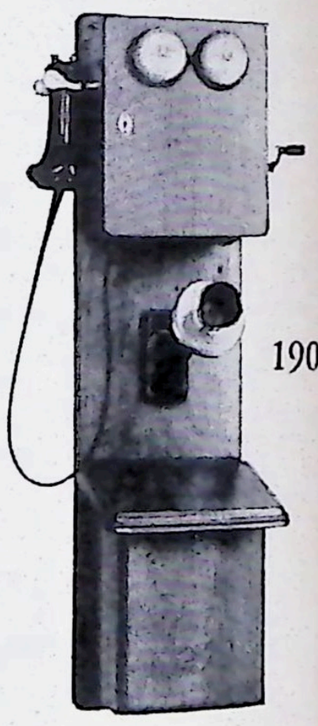

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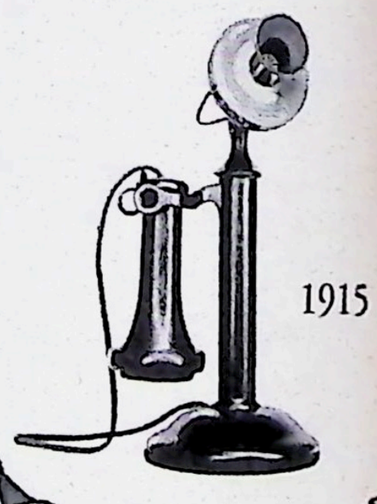

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1957

GRAHAM BELL

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL was 27 years old when he worked out the principle of transmitting speech electrically, and 29 when his basic telephone patent was granted – in 1876.

But his invention was not a happy accident of youth. It was the fruit of long years of scientific training from which he had gained, among other things, an extraordinary understanding of the way sounds of speech and music are created and heard. Along with this knowledge he had a searching mind and vigorous imagination which enabled him to make important contributions to progress in other fields as well as in telephony.

Yet the telephone was an achievement of such historic importance that the name and fame of Alexander Graham Bell will always be associated with it. He understood, and in remarkably prophetic words foretold, how the usefulness of his invention might be extended throughout the world. With him began the unceasing scientific progress which has overcome the barriers of distance, one by one, so that today there are no earthly limits to human speech.

The family background and early education of Alexander Graham Bell had a profound influence on his career. He was born on March 3, 1847, in Edinburgh, Scotland, the son of Alexander Melville Bell and Eliza Grace Symonds, daughter of a surgeon in the Royal Navy. His mother, who was a portrait painter and an accomplished musician, began to lose her hearing when Graham was a boy of 12. His father enjoyed a worldwide reputation as a teacher and an author of textbooks on correct speech, and as the inventor of "Visible Speech," a code of symbols which indicated the position and action of the throat, tongue and lips in uttering various sounds.

Named originally for his grandfather, young Alexander adopted his middle name Graham from a family friend whom he very greatly admired. He had such talent for music that from infancy he could play by ear; accordingly, he was given an extensive musical education under August Benoit Bertini. For a while he planned a musical career, but later he decided to teach.

Beginning in 1862, Graham and his brothers assisted Melville Bell in public demonstrations of Visible Speech. The boys would be sent from the lecture hall and return to pronounce symbols written by their father – as suggested by the audience – Gaelic or Russian words, perhaps, or the sound of a yawn or a kiss. At about this time, too, Graham enrolled as a teacher-student at Weston House, a boys' school near Edinburgh. There he taught music and elocution in exchange for instruction in other subjects. Later, after study at the University of Edinburgh, he became a full-time teacher. Also, during the years 1862-6, he found time to qualify for studies at the University of London, and to use Visible Speech in teaching a class of deaf children. In 1867, while teaching at Somersetshire College, he became interested in electricity, and installed a telegraph wire from his room to that of a friend.

By the time he was 21, Graham Bell was able to take full charge of his father's professional affairs while the latter was on a lecture tour in America, and the following year, Melville Bell took his son into partnership with him in London, where he was then established. During the same period (1868-70) Graham specialized in the anatomy of the vocal apparatus, at University College, London.

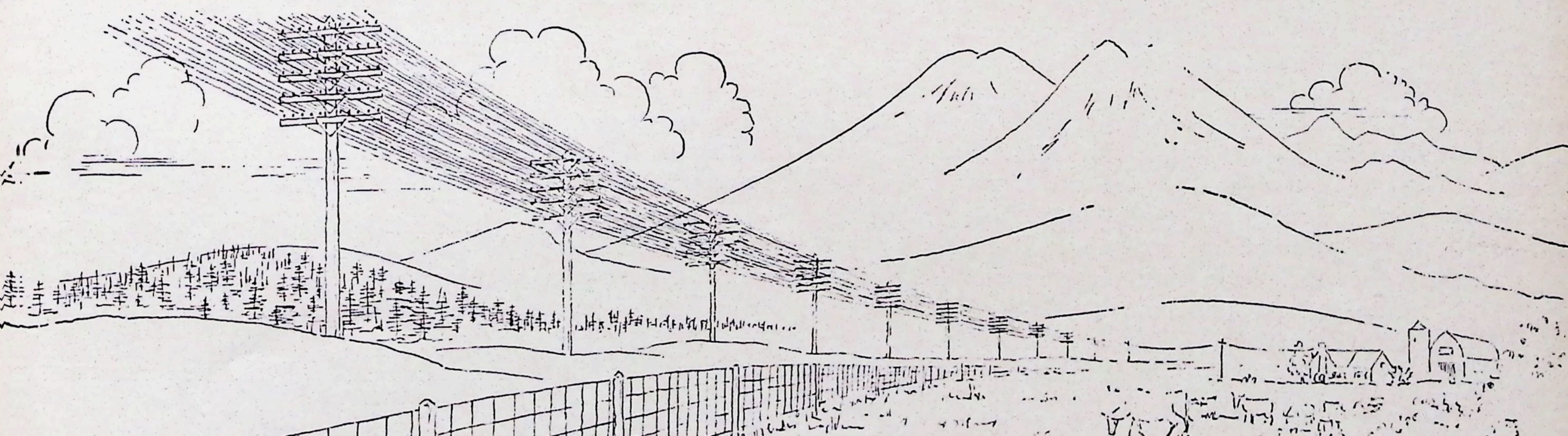
Then disaster uprooted the Bell family. Graham's younger brother, Edward Charles, had already died of tuberculosis. Now, in 1870, his elder brother, Melville James, died from the same disease. And doctors gave warning that Graham, too, was threatened.

His father did not hesitate. He sacrificed his London career at its peak, and in August 1870 moved the family to Brantford, Ontario, where he had found during his travels what he considered a most healthful climate. There Graham soon recovered his health.

Sarah Fuller, principal of a school for the deaf in Boston (which continues today as the Horace Mann School) asked Melville Bell to show her teachers how to use Visible Speech in teaching the deaf to speak. Melville could not go, and recommended Graham. So in April 1871 Graham went to Boston. There, and soon afterward at the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton and the American Asylum in Hartford, he met with great success.

The idea that deaf children could be taught to speak was relatively new in America. The prevailing view was: "Nothing can be done. At the age of 10 or 11, send the deaf child to an institution to learn the sign language. The deaf have no place in normal society." Graham Bell opposed this view. Another man who opposed it was Gardiner Greene Hubbard, a Boston attorney whose daughter Mabel had been left deaf by scarlet fever when she was 4 years old. Hubbard was, among other things, president of the Clarke School, and also actively interested in Miss Fuller's School in Boston. He and Bell soon became good friends.

So deeply interested was Bell in carrying on this work that



Alexander Graham Bell's father, Melville, taught the deaf with "Visible Speech," which he invented as a pronunciation key to words in all languages. Graham's grandfather, also, treated defects of speech.

Young Graham, interested in speech, trained his dog to growl while he manipulated its vocal cords and mouth. It could say, with Bell's aid, "Ow ah oo, Ga-ma-ma"—"How are you, Grandmama?"

George Sanders, 5 years old, was deaf. His father, Thomas, grateful when Bell succeeded in teaching the boy to talk, offered to underwrite his experiments with multiple-message telegraphy in 1873.

he decided to settle permanently in the United States. In October 1872 he opened a School of Vocal Physiology and Mechanics of Speech in Boston. This was a school for teachers of the deaf, but it gave direct instruction to deaf children in order to demonstrate the teaching methods. During the following year, Graham became professor of vocal physiology at Boston University, transferring his classes there.

A second man whose friendship Bell won was Thomas Sanders of Salem, a successful leather merchant. Sanders had brought his 5-year-old son George, born deaf, to Bell as a private pupil. When the little boy showed progress in learning to talk, his father was deeply grateful. In 1873 both Hubbard and Sanders learned of certain electrical experiments which Bell was carrying on at night, and within a few days of each other they both offered to pay the cost. Bell brought them together, and an agreement was formed under which Sanders and Hubbard would share the expense and all three men would share in the profits – if Bell's experiments proved successful.

Bell was not attempting, at this stage, to transmit speech. He was trying to send several telegraph messages over a single wire at the same time. Would it be possible, by using several forks, to send *more* than one tone over the same wire simultaneously, and then separate the tones at the receiving end? Bell thought he could do it, and the apparatus he devised for the purpose he called the "harmonic telegraph."

He soon found that he lacked the time and skill to make the necessary parts himself, so he went for help to the electrical shop of Charles Williams Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. The man assigned to assist him was Thomas A. Watson. They became fast friends, and eventually Watson received a share in Bell's telephone patents as part pay for his work.

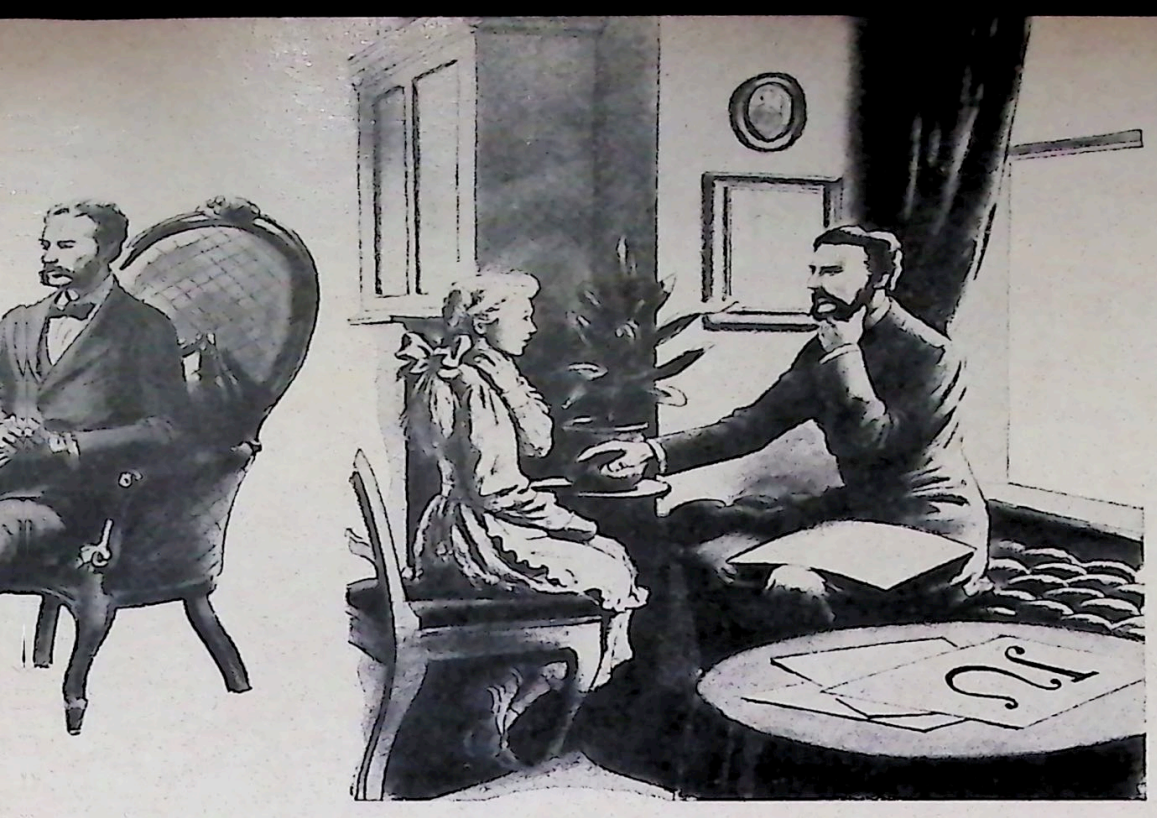
Bell set up his first telegraph instruments so that pressure on a telegraph key would send current from a battery through an electromagnet – a bar of iron with a coil of wire around it. The electromagnet would cause a tuning fork mounted over it to vibrate like the clapper of a bell. Each vibration of the fork would cause one of its prongs to make a connection that would send a pulse of current from another battery along a wire. As long as the telegraph key was held down, this intermittent current would cause another electromagnet to vibrate another tuning fork at the receiving end, in resonance with the sending fork. Therefore you could send a Morse message with the key and, according to Bell's theory, only a receiving fork of the same pitch as the sender could receive the sender's message.

The problem, however, which Bell never quite succeeded in solving, was to get each of *several* pairs of transmitting and receiving forks of different pitch to vibrate in resonance with one another (and *only* with one another) at the same time. Bell found the tuning forks unsatisfactory and decided to try steel organ reeds instead. Next he decided that the reeds would give better results if they were magnetized. When he reached this point in his thinking, he had to pause to consider a fact of fundamental importance, long known to electrical experimenters – that when a magnet is moved toward the pole of an electromagnet, a current is generated in the latter's coil, and when the magnet is moved away a current of opposite kind is induced.

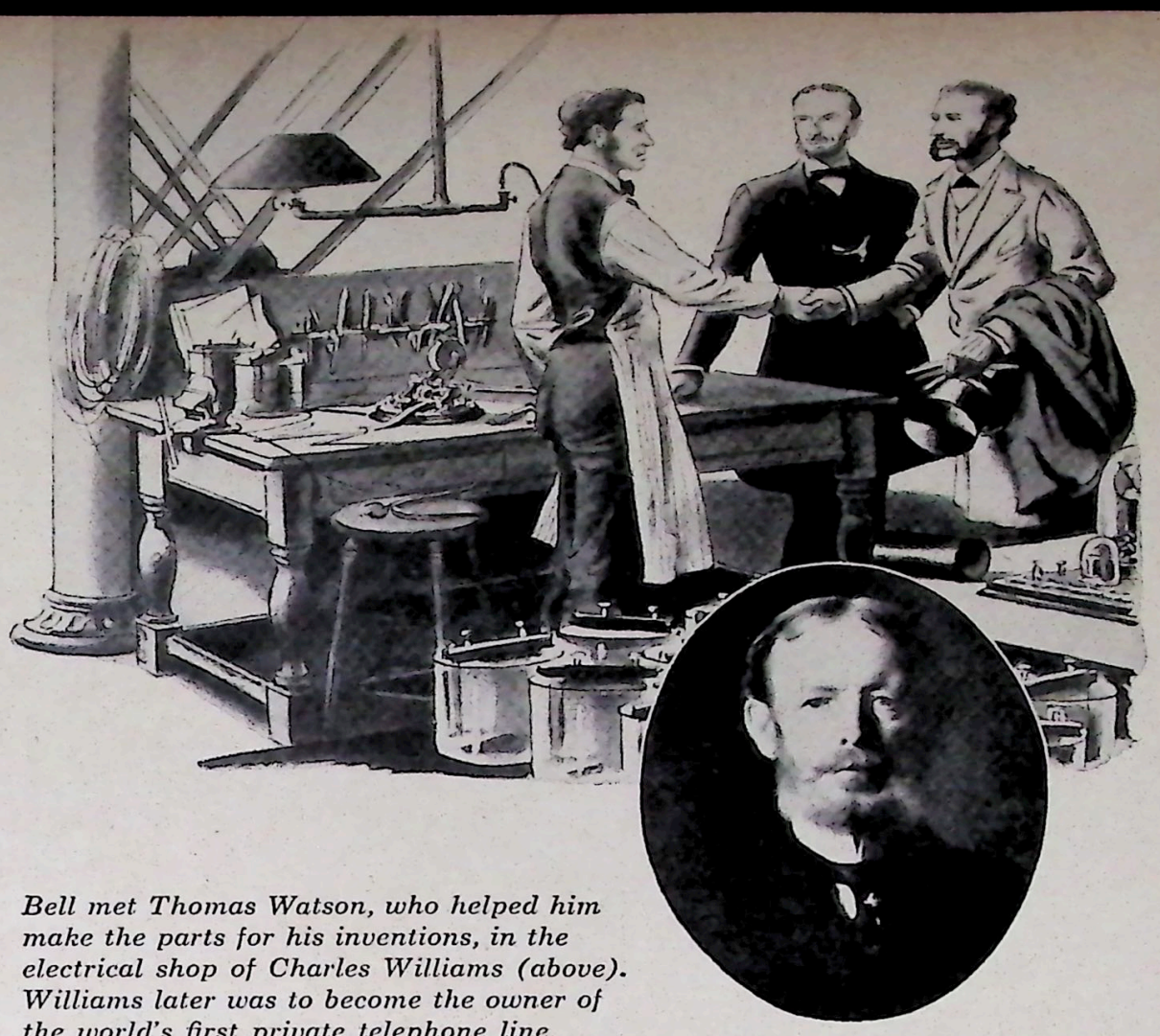
Now Bell's mind leaped beyond the thinking of previous experimenters – for he perceived that his rapidly moving magnetic reed would generate a current that would be alternately stronger and weaker, from instant to instant, as the vibrations of the reed varied. Next he asked himself this: If many reeds of different pitches were vibrating simultaneously over the electromagnet, would they not generate one complex varying current – the resultant of the combined motion of all the reeds?

Bell reasoned correctly that they would. Now, from his experience with music he knew that when you sing into the sound box of a piano when the strings are not damped, several strings will respond. If, then, a "harp" transmitter were built with enough strings or reeds, properly tuned, it would pick up every sound of the voice. Therefore, the combined vibrations of the reeds, mounted over an electromagnet, would generate an electrical current which would vary in intensity, just as the reeds were vibrated by the varying sound of the voice. And this current would vibrate a receiver harp at the distant end so that the sounds would be repeated.

Bell was on the track. But he considered that there were two



Bell's concern for the deaf — so great that even in later years he preferred to be remembered as a teacher of the deaf rather than as inventor of the telephone — started when he was 12; his mother began to lose her hearing. His goal was to "show" voice sounds to the deaf, so they could learn to control them.



Bell met Thomas Watson, who helped him make the parts for his inventions, in the electrical shop of Charles Williams (above). Williams later was to become the owner of the world's first private telephone line.

things wrong with his idea. First, his theoretical "harp" transmitter seemed too complicated to be practical. Second, he thought the current induced in the coil of the magnet would not be strong enough to work.

Meanwhile his interest in the deaf led him to study two devices used in the physics laboratory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. One of these, called the phonautograph, had a mouthpiece that guided sounds against a membrane. When words were spoken the membrane vibrated and moved a lever which made a wave pattern on a piece of smoked glass. In the second device, as the sound waves moved the membrane, a gas flame made a corresponding wave pattern in a set of revolving mirrors.

Bell wanted to use these devices to show his deaf pupils what different sounds looked like, so that they could duplicate them. But neither instrument produced useful patterns, so he obtained from Dr. Clarence J. Blake, a Boston ear specialist, a specimen of the human ear. It was mounted so that the eardrum functioned as it does in life, by moving the bones of the inner ear, except that Bell substituted for one bone a wisp of hay that would make patterns on smoked glass.

With the pupils of the Boston School for the Deaf are Bell (top right) and first principal Sarah Fuller (second from left, center row).

Again the patterns were not satisfactory for teaching purposes. But Bell marveled at the ability of the tiny diaphragm that was the eardrum to move the comparatively big bones of the ear. If that could gather and transmit complex sounds, could not a single diaphragm take the place of all the reeds in his theoretical harp transmitter? The end of one magnetized reed could be attached to the center of the diaphragm; as it vibrated to voice waves or music, *it would generate a current that would vary in intensity, just as the air does when a sound is passing through it!*

On June 2, 1875, came the "break" in telephone history. In the garret at 109 Court Street, Bell, at one end of the line, and Watson, at the other, in a different room, were tuning the reeds of the harmonic telegraph. One of Watson's reeds was screwed down so tightly that it "froze" to the pole of its electromagnet. Watson plucked it to free it. *Twang-g!* Bell at the other end of the line heard in his receiver a sound quite different from the usual whine sent out by the vibrating transmitter. He heard the distinctive twang of a plucked reed, a sound with tones and overtones, coming to him over the wire. He ran to Watson, shouting, "Watson, what did you do then? Don't change anything! Let me see!"

It soon became apparent that the reed, too tight to send an intermittent current, had acted as a diaphragm and sent an induced, undulating current over the line – a current that varied in intensity precisely as the air was varying in density within hearing distance of that spring. The receiving reed, pressed against Bell's ear, had also acted as a diaphragm. And most important of all, the induced current had proved strong enough to be of real use.

After an hour or so of plucking reeds and listening to the transmitted sounds, Bell gave his assistant instructions for making "the first Bell telephone," and on the next day the primitive instrument transmitted the sound of Bell's voice to Watson – not words, just recognizable voice sounds. The two men went on experimenting all summer, and in September, Bell began to write specifications for his first telephone patent. Before he filed his patent application, on February 14, 1876, he cast about for a method of putting a stronger undulating current on the line than was possible with magnetic induction. He decided this could be done by causing resistance to a battery current to fluctuate,

(text continued on page 20)

Bell in 1876

Alexander Graham Bell

While Bell did not deliberately attempt to create a machine which would carry the human voice, the telephone was more than a mere chance invention. His father's profession, his mother's deafness, his studies of the vocal apparatus and of electricity, his experiments in telegraphy and in making speech visible by tracings of the eardrum's vibrations — all these (plus his own knowledge, hard work and luck) helped to produce the telephone. The first sound transmitted on it was the accidental result of Watson's attempt to loosen a reed; the first words it carried were equally unplanned: Having established a wire circuit between two rooms and preparing to test a transmitter, Bell upset a battery, spilling acid over his clothing. Instinctively he called out for help, and Watson ran in from another room, crying: "Mr. Bell, I heard every word you said — distinctly!" Oblivious to the damage now, Bell rushed to the other end of the wire to hear Watson talk. Too excited to sleep, they talked over the phone all night.

"Mr. Watson, come here. I want you"– the first words carried by the telephone

Thomas A. Watson

Thomas Watson was 20, Bell, 27, when they met. Bell became something of a teacher — his favorite role — to the younger man. But Watson was extremely loyal and an excellent complement to Bell: manually deft on jobs where Bell was inept, doggedly enthusiastic when Bell became discouraged or temperamental. At first, Watson had hesitated to give up his steady wages in order to become Bell's full-time assistant in exchange for a share in the invention, but later he threw himself into the work, devised a switch-hook and many signaling devices that antedated the present call bell. The artist's conception (below) of the laboratory in which the first telephone was developed was checked by Watson for accuracy as to costumes, arrangement of the tools, apparatus etc., as well as the physical aspects. Watson's only demurrers: His apron never had strings around the waist (a safety measure) and he never wore a collar without a tie — although when with Bell, he normally wore both collar and tie, the usual formality of the time.

Watson in 1874

Bell examines the first telephone, just handed to him by Watson.

After the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, when British scientists expressed interest in the telephone, and the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil is reputed to have exclaimed, "My God, it talks!" the press became curious. The old lithograph at right shows Watson, surrounded by reporters in Bell's Boston quarters, relaying to the press messages conveyed over the phone from Salem, a line some 16 miles long.

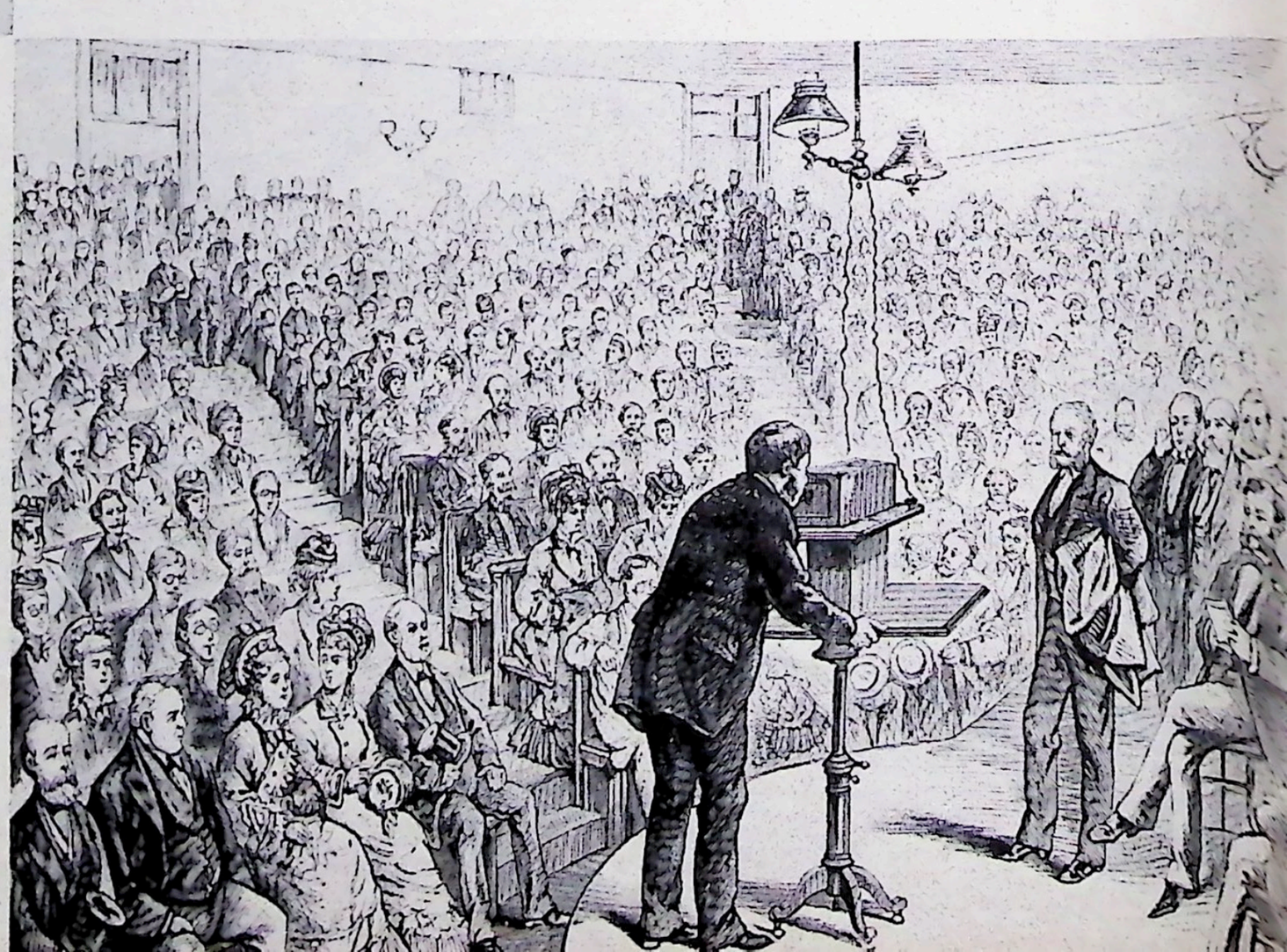
stronger and weaker, as his transmitter diaphragm vibrated. So he also described in his patent specifications a transmitter in which a short wire was attached directly to the diaphragm. As the diaphragm vibrated, the wire moved up and down in a liquid conductor. When it went deeper, resistance lessened; as it rose again, resistance increased, so that a current through the wire and fluid had to undulate as the sound waves required.

Bell's first telephone patent, from these specifications, was issued March 7, 1876. Three days later, on the top floor of a boarding house at 5 Exeter Place, Boston, where Bell had rented rooms to secure greater privacy than the Williams shop afforded, the telephone carried its first intelligible sentence. On that evening, Bell and Watson were about to try out the new liquid transmitter. Watson went to the other end of the line, in Bell's bedroom, and put the receiving telephone to his ear. Almost at once he was astonished to hear Bell's voice saying, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you!"

In June 1876 Bell was able to exhibit both magnetic and variable-resistance telephones at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. In July he set up a one-way telephone circuit from Brantford to Paris, Ontario. It worked satisfactorily. During the following months Bell and Watson gave many successful demonstrations of the telephone, and their work paved the way for the beginning of telephone service in America. Then in July 1877 Bell married Mabel Hubbard, daughter of Gardiner Hubbard, and sailed with his bride for England to introduce the telephone there.

After 1881, when he moved to Washington, D. C., Bell did not take an active part in the telephone business, though he was

Bell was a forceful lecturer, in part because of his intimate knowledge of nearly every aspect of speech, and his talks were almost sufficiently impressive unillustrated by his invention. On February 12, 1877, in Salem's Lyceum Hall, he held a public demonstration attended by many prominent Boston scientists. Such interest was aroused that the show was repeated nine days later; it brought Bell his first fee ($85), which he used to buy a silver model phone for his fiancée. Both press and public were skeptical as to its practical value at first, but Bell himself very soon became so celebrated that he was even invited to demonstrate his invention to Queen Victoria.



called upon frequently to testify in lawsuits to defend his original patent issued in 1876, and a second issued in 1877. Many were the claims of others that they had anticipated his discoveries. Several suits reached the Supreme Court. In every one of them, the Court upheld Bell's rights.

In 1915, during ceremonies that opened the first transcontinental telephone line, Bell in New York talked to Watson in San Francisco. He repeated, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you!" Watson replied that he would be glad to come, but it would take a week.

For more than 45 years after his invention of the telephone, most of which time he spent in Washington and at his summer home on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, Bell led a vigorous, creative life. His concern for the deaf caused him to give years of unselfish service in their behalf. He became tremendously interested in aviation, foresaw its importance and did much to foster its progress. He produced other communication devices, though none of such significance as the telephone, and carried on constructive studies in eugenics. His mind was ever-inquiring, and the range of his interests wide.

The French government in 1880 awarded Bell the Volta Prize of 50,000 francs for his invention of the telephone. He used the money to help establish in Washington, with two friends, the Volta Laboratory. There he and his associates developed the basic method of making phonograph records on wax discs. The patents were sold, and Bell used his share of the proceeds to establish a branch of the Laboratory that he named the Volta Bureau. This he set up specifically to carry on his work for the deaf. The Bureau, still at Washington, does work for the deaf today.

Bell founded the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf and financed it with $300,000. For years he was president and trustee of Clarke School for the Deaf, Northampton. He made statistical studies of deafness and urged that more accurate records be kept. Much of this work was sheer drudgery, but his heart was in it. As a special agent (without pay) for the 12th census in 1900, he arranged for the collection and tabulation of nationwide information about deafness. All told, he gave nearly six years to this voluntary task.

After the shooting of President Garfield, Bell devised electrical apparatus to locate bullets or other metals in the body. After the President's death, Bell perfected an electric probe which was used in surgery for several years before the X-ray was discovered. Also in the field of medicine, he published "A Proposed Method of Producing Artificial Respiration by Means of a Vacuum Jacket," in which he described a device having the same purpose as today's iron lung. In 1885 he advocated a method of locating icebergs by detecting echoes from them.

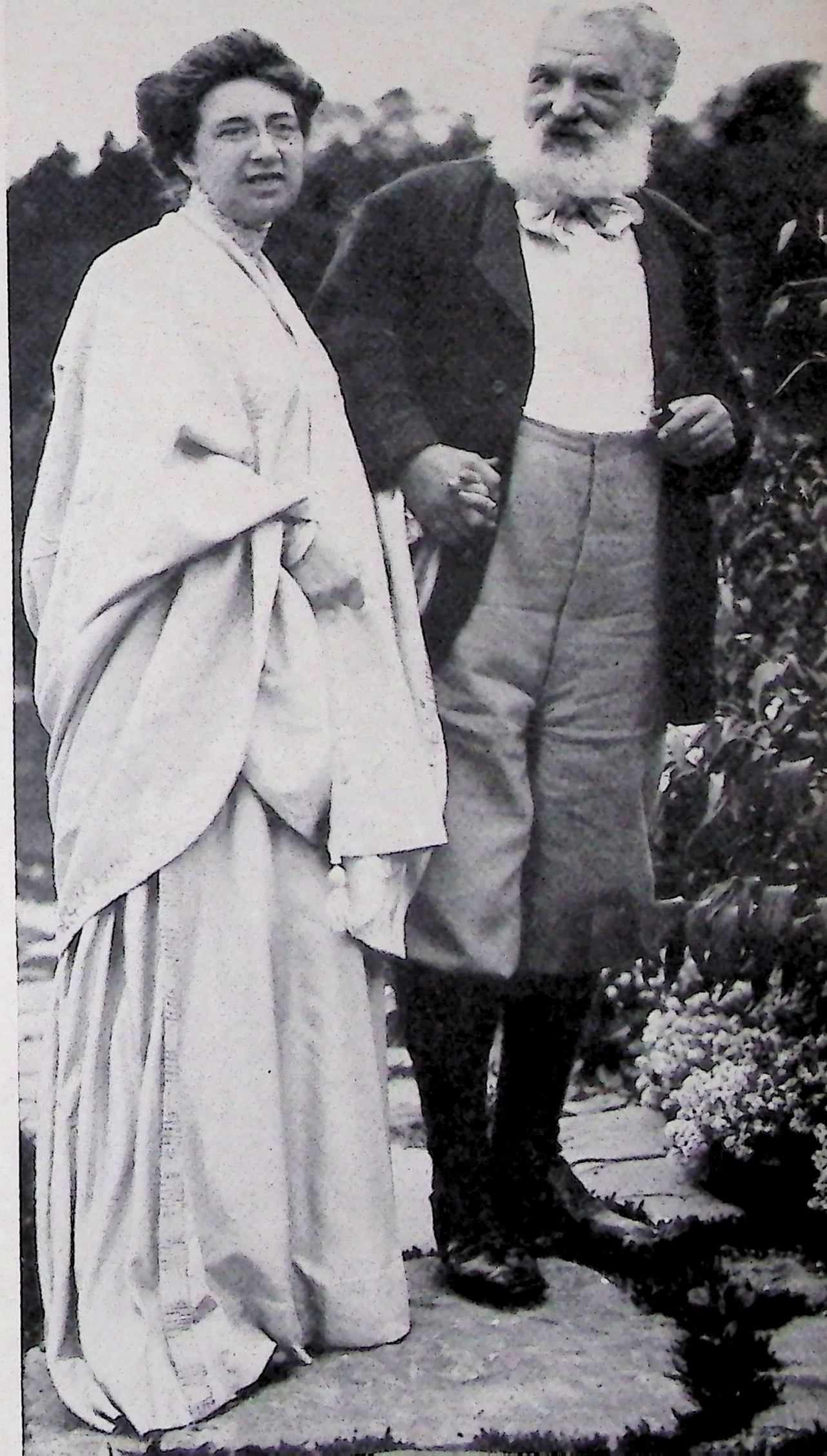
All his life Bell was interested in flight. He helped to finance S. P. Langley's experiments with heavier-than-air machines and used all his influence in Langley's behalf. He himself conducted a long series of experiments with man-lifting kites, for the purpose of testing the lifting power of plane surfaces at slow speeds. In 1907, with J. A. D. McCurdy, Lt. Thomas E. Selfridge, F. W. Baldwin and Glenn H. Curtiss, he organized (and Mrs. Bell financed) the Aerial Experiment Association.

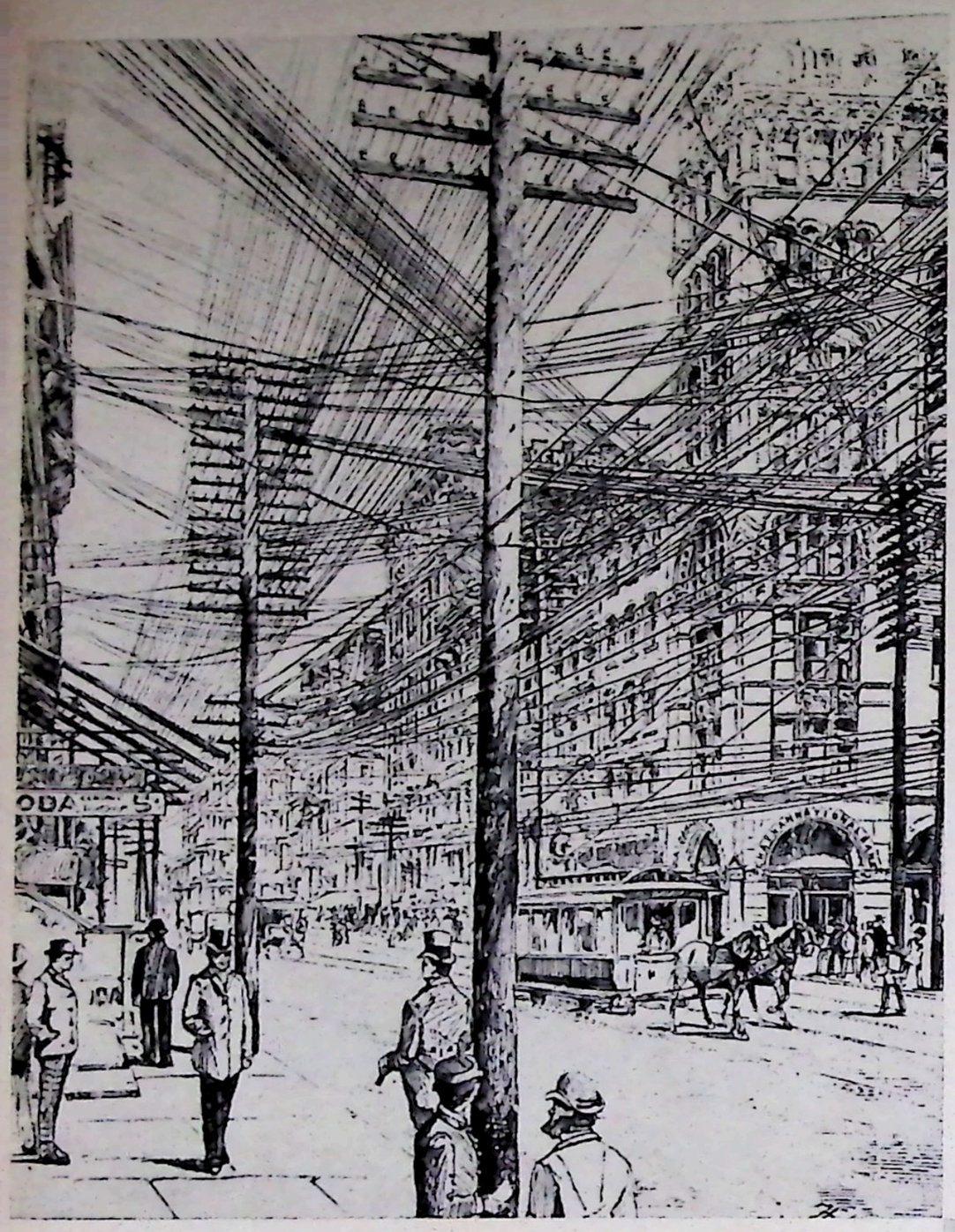
This Association did a great deal to advance the cause of aviation. The Wright brothers had already made many successful flights, but had preferred to avoid publicity. The Association built machines that made three successful *public* flights; these aroused wide interest and were truly milestones in aviation progress. Equally important, the Association used ailerons, rather than the Wright brothers' wing-warping method, to keep their planes in lateral balance, and ailerons are generally used today.

Alexander Graham Bell became a United States citizen in 1882 – a fact of which he was very proud. The Constitution of the United

Mabel Hubbard, left deaf at the age of 4 by scarlet fever, was trained in lip-reading by her mother and a devoted governess. Bell had become her father's friend through his connection with the Clarke School for the Deaf, of which Mr. Hubbard was president. Mabel and Graham soon fell in love, became engaged in 1875 and were married when his invention showed prospects of success. The sketch at right is a self-portrait at the age of 18.

In 1892 Bell bought "Beinn Bhreagh" ("Beautiful Mountain" in Gaelic) near Baddeck Bay, N.S. He and his wife are shown here in the garden.





Wires crossed John Street and Broadway in 1890.

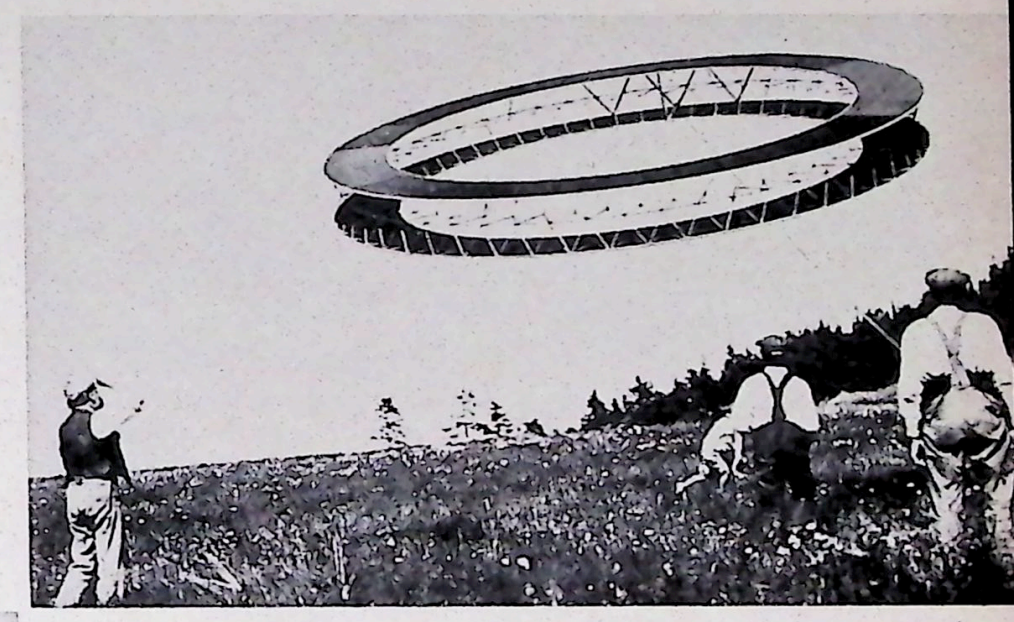
States he once described as one of the most remarkable inventions in the history of man. He died in August 1922 and was buried in Nova Scotia. During the funeral service on August 4, all telephones served by the Bell System were silent for two minutes. At his request, his epitaph reads, "Born in Edinburgh . . . died a citizen of the U. S. A."

He was, however, something more — a citizen of the world, who left a legacy for all men. Bell's work for the deaf hastened the development of enlightened methods for their education, and inspired improvement of institutions devoted to their care. His support of aviation led to the invention of the aileron stabilizer. His telephone has had incalculable influence upon the modern world. The phone industry has given employment directly to hundreds of thousands of men and women engaged in providing communication service, and to hundreds of thousands more who supply raw materials and finished goods.

With the airplane, Bell's telephone has made the world smaller. Swift communication and transport have already had a vast effect on human relations, and will have more. They are, of course, only agencies in the hands of man, but both, because it is their function to bring people together, promise to be mankind's chief physical aids in achieving better understanding among the peoples of the earth. ◆

By 1892, when Bell formally opened the New York-Chicago long distance line, the telephone had come a long way. Some 15 years earlier, Gardiner Hubbard had announced that telephones could be rented for $20 a year, and the lines could be strung by the proprietors for $100-150 a mile. It was admitted that the instruments would not work at a distance greater than 20 miles, and that some practice in articulation might at first be necessary on the part of its users, but the announcement proudly stated that no batteries or operators were needed, and "any person within hearing distance can hear the voice calling."

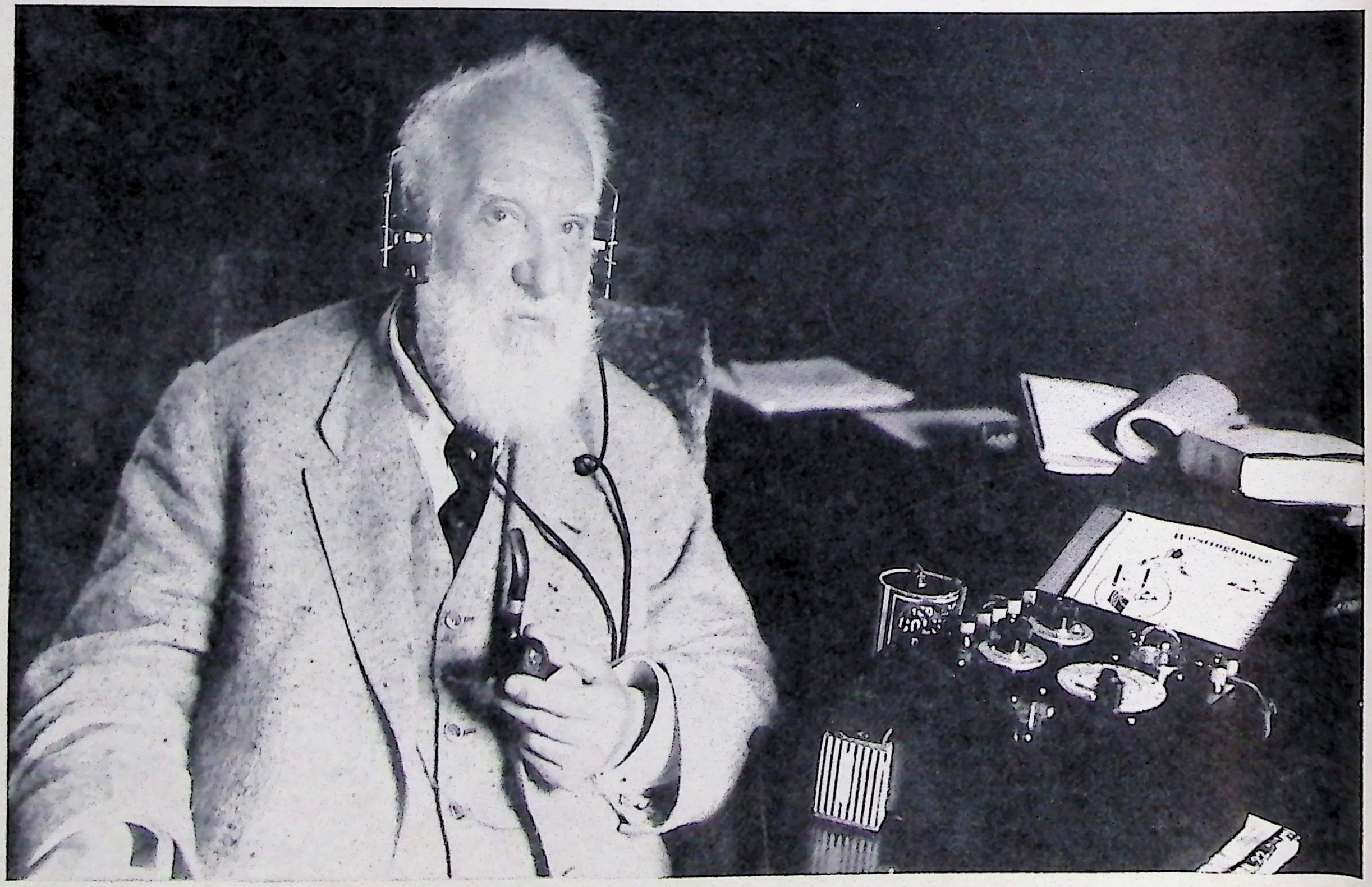
The Aerial Experiment Association: (above, l. to r.) Glenn Curtiss, J.A.D. McCurdy, Bell, F. W. Baldwin and Lt. Thomas Selfridge. The "Silver Dart" (at top), their most famous plane, flew nine miles at Baddeck Bay (near Bell's home) in 1909.

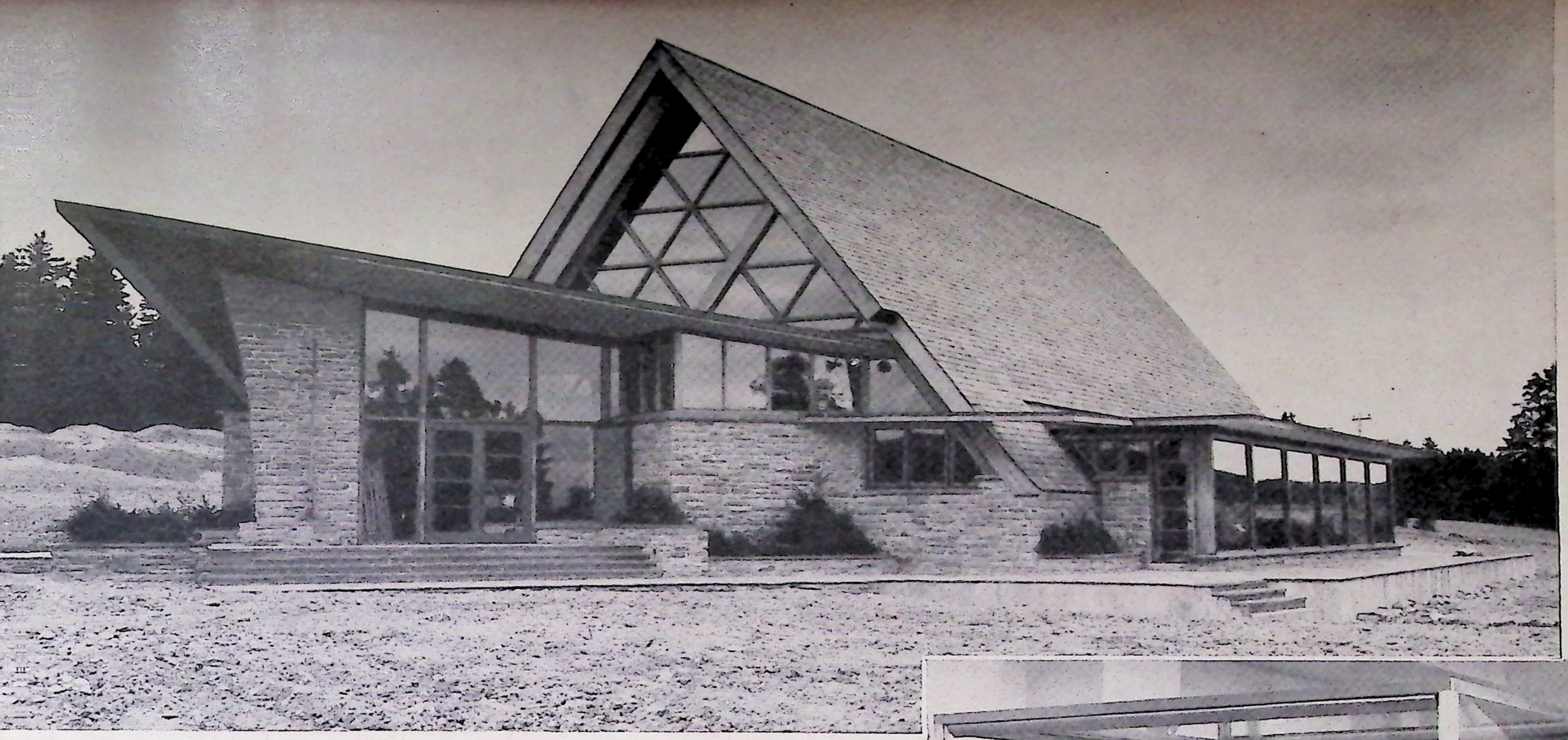


Bell's serious experiments with kites began in 1901 with his invention of the tetrahedral kite (box kite with one or more pyramidal cells), strong enough to lift a man. A workshop was formed at his home in Nova Scotia, and thousands of kites were produced. Bell kept an accurate, filmed record of his experiments; still smarting from lawsuits attempting to break his phone patents, he insisted that a wooden plank with the date appear in each picture. Becoming interested later in applying the principles of powered flight to water craft, he built a hydrofoil boat which set a long-lasting record in 1919 of 70 m.p.h.

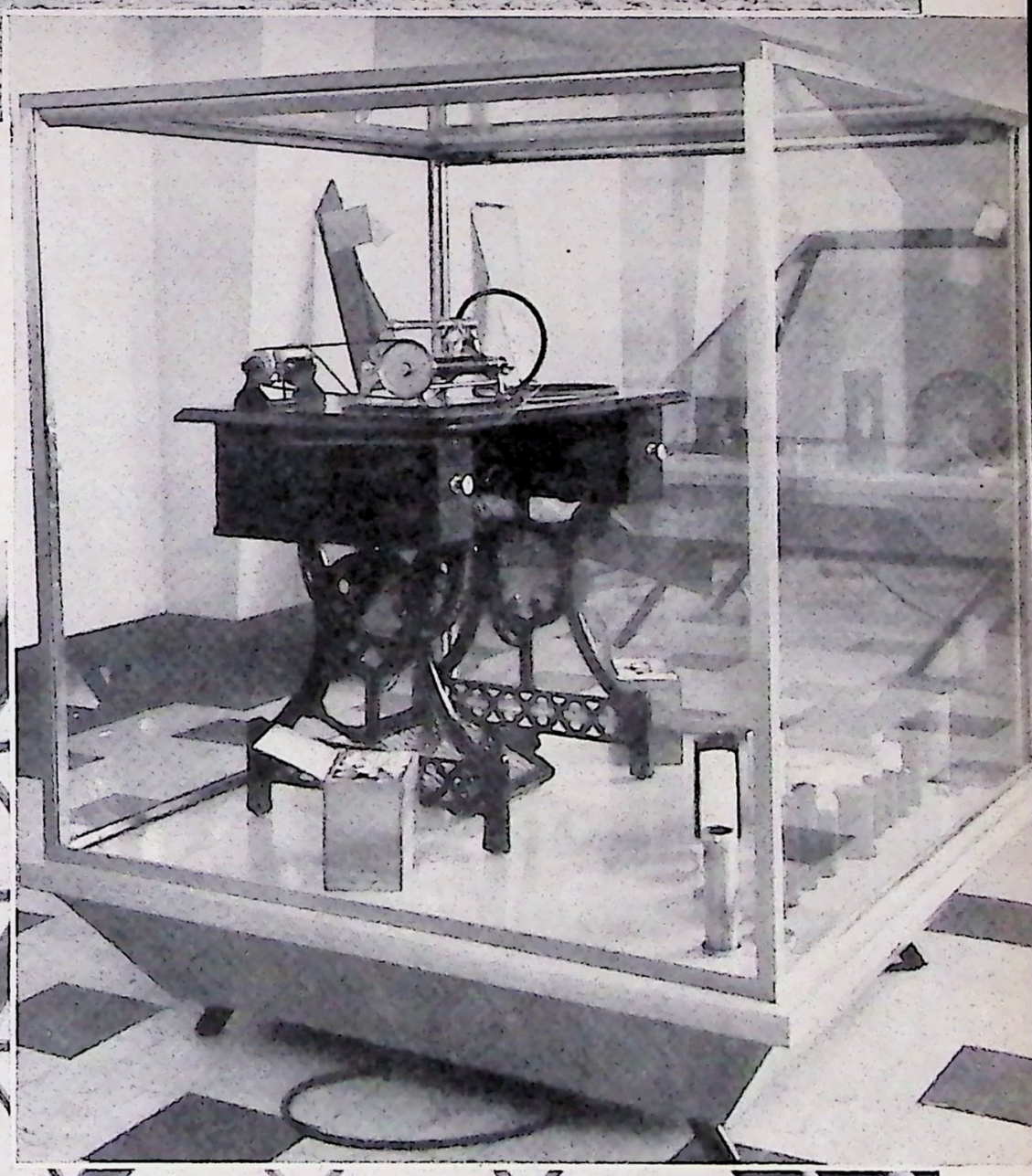
No one was less surprised than Bell when, in 1915, the first transcontinental telephone line was opened, an occasion duly celebrated in New York by Bell and other phone and city officials. As early as 1877 Bell had said: "Cables of telephone wires could be laid underground, or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories et cetera, uniting them with a central office where the wires could be connected as desired, establishing direct communication between any two places in the city. Such a plan as this, though impracticable at the present moment, will, I firmly believe, be the outcome . . . Not only so, but I believe, in the future, a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place." He also was convinced of the real possibility of intercontinental telephone communication.

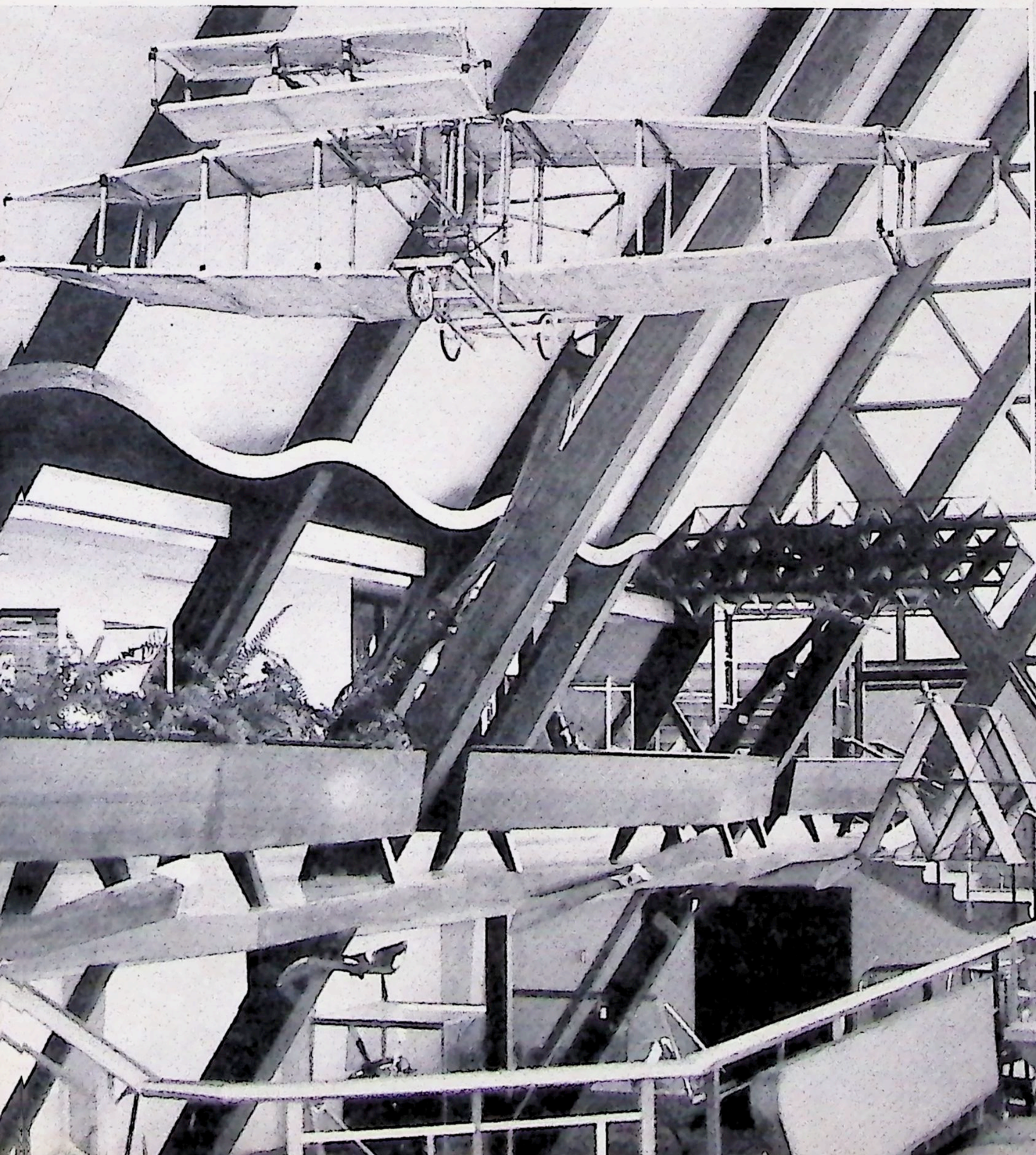
One of the last pictures taken of Bell before his death in 1922

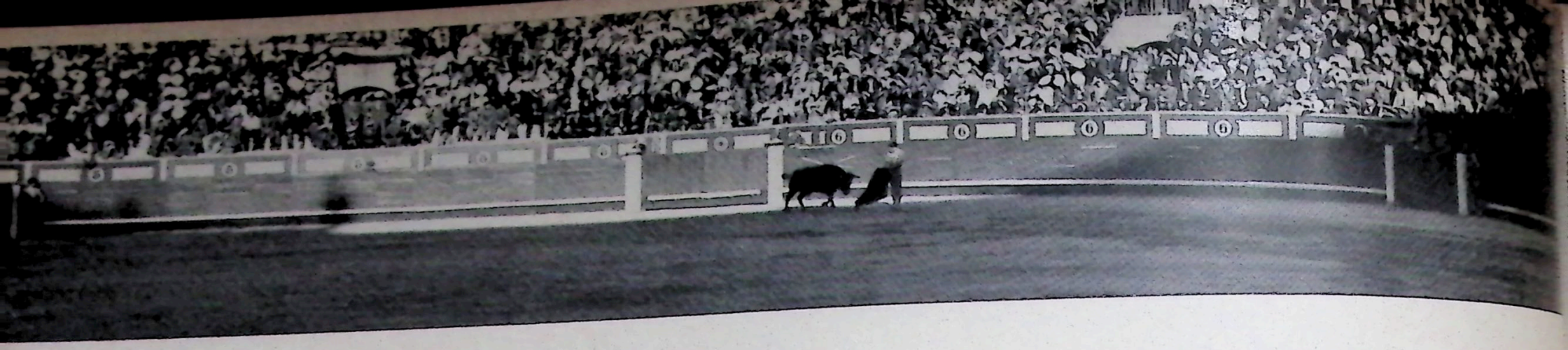




The Alexander Graham Bell Museum (above), tetrahedron-shaped like the four-sided pyramidal cell used in making Bell's kites, was set up in Baddeck, N.S., to preserve and display valuable relics of the inventor's research. One of these objects is a primitive gramophone (right), an experimental model of the first commercially successful recording machine. Below, suspended from the ceiling, are a model of the "Silver Dart" and one of the tetrahedral kites used by Bell in his aeronautical research.







SPAIN

In Segovia (noted for its Roman aqueduct) automobiles and donkeycarts mark the contrast that characterizes Spain.

Spain—the paradox of Europe, where grace is mixed with sudden death to the roar of bullfight crowds, where Roman aqueducts cast their shadows on modern cars, where a unique world awaits the foreign visitor.

Land of Contrasts

by H. John Way

Almost everyone who has been to Spain will tell you a different story – and each will probably be correct. This is a country of contrasts, some surprising and almost paradoxical.

It is very old and very new. It has extremes of wealth and poverty. It has some of the worst roads in Europe – yet it has efficient internal air services. It has fast motorcars and loitering donkeycarts, a streamlined Diesel express from Irún to Madrid – and crawling, uncomfortable thrice-weekly local railways.

In her attitude to visitors Spain is also contradictory. She does not make the sustained effort to attract them that other European countries do, yet she has a wonderful welcome for them when they get there. Rigid convention tends to make the tourist feel he is unduly restricted in matters of dress and general behavior, yet the people are sincerely friendly.

Many people prefer to visit Spain in spring or autumn – May and October are ideal months. At appropriate seasons the fruit trees are an attractive sight, and the pleasant scent of orange blossom can be picked up at considerable distances from the groves. Olives and grapes are grown extensively; there are also areas of corn and sugar and even cotton and rice. Horses are raised in Andalusia, and Salamanca does a flourishing business by specially breeding bulls for a brief reign of glory in the bullrings. Forests of pine, cork and eucalyptus are found in the hinterland of the Mediterranean, where subtropical flowers also grow with great brilliance. Carnations are exceptionally prolific; they sprout from every window box. Tropical plants like oleanders, poinsettias and bougainvillaeas also splash their brilliant flowers. Cacti flourish in the southern provinces.

The towns of the most "natural" importance in Spain have always been its seaports – notably Barcelona and Valencia. Inland towns of considerable interest include Saragossa in the northeast, Segovia and Toledo in the center and Seville, Granada and Córdoba in Andalusia.

There are many other fascinating places – not large, not famous, but picturesque with their characteristic tiled patios and ornamental fountains, gleaming white houses with elaborate wrought-iron gateways, balustrades and grilles, decorated entrances and, in some parts, glass-covered verandas known as *miradores*. Religion and religious tradition have great influence on Spanish life, and there are many old monasteries and sacred shrines, as well as hundreds of fine churches.

"Castles in Spain" has always been an English phrase for dream-building. If you go to the province of Castile you will see your castles in reality. Their towers, battlements and walls, some ruined, some preserved or restored, rise on all sides, and will stamp the landscape unforgettably upon your memory. The fortresses of Guadamur, Coca and Manzaneres are among the most imposing.

The Spaniards seem always willing to subordinate industriousness to the art of enjoying life, and time is of little consequence to them. It is nothing for a man to be half an hour late for an appointment, or for half a village to stop work for several hours to watch a wedding. Yet this attitude often conceals an inner concern for serious things, and not infrequently hides real hardship. To visitors coming from countries where the pace of modern life grows ever faster, the unaccustomed atmosphere of leisureliness has in it the ingredients of a real holiday.

Theater performances usually begin at 11 p.m. (there are sometimes "matinees" at 7). The standard of drama is not high, but there are many gay musicals. Cinemas are very popular (there are over 70 in Madrid alone).

Almost every provincial capital has an art gallery. Finest of all is Madrid's Prado, which has a high place among the great art galleries of the world. It contains some of the best works of both Spanish and non-Spanish painters.

Although the Spaniards have not produced any classical masterpieces, it should not be assumed that their interest in music is small. In fact, Barcelona can boast the second-largest opera house in Europe. Open-air concerts are popular in summer; they begin about 11 p.m.

The guitar is virtually the national instrument of Spain, and the real music of the country (largely inspiring most of its serious composers) is folk music. The gay, rhythmic Gypsy tunes bring to mind the click of castanets, the whirl of flamenco dances and the abandoned yet graceful movements of black-haired, flashing-eyed girls with bright flounced dresses – each with a flower in her hair.

Bullfighting is undoubtedly the most Spanish of all Spanish entertainments. The bullfight (or *corrida* as the Spaniards call it, abbreviating *corrida de toros)* is so popular with the natives that there is no need to tout for foreign custom. In fact, in many cases tickets are extremely difficult to obtain. The bullfighting season opens at Easter and goes on to October, and performances usually take place on Sunday afternoons after siesta-time. They are an inseparable part of most of the *fiestas* and at these gala times they are sometimes staged every day for a week.

Madrid: Avenue de José Antonio

Madrid: Puerta del Sol

Madrid today is a modern metropolis, seemingly on the verge of becoming cosmopolitan, but still lacking the large number of "internationalists" who haunt the boulevards of Paris and the cafés of Rome. Spacious streets such as the Avenue de José Antonio, the main shopping center, cross the city, whose hub is the busy Puerta del Sol, Madrid's Times Square. From this focal point it is only a few steps to the Old Quarter and the Plaza Mayor, a picturesque old square. If Madrid is the "essence of Spain," Barcelona, with a population of one and a half million, is her most progressive commercial and industrial city, her port a bustling center of Mediterranean trade. Her special treat to tourists and natives alike is the Ramblas, a long promenade lined with trees, sidewalk cafés, theaters and flower-vendors. It connects the docks with the new parts of the city.

Port of Barcelona

Madrid: Palacio Real

Madrid's Royal Palace is situated on a bluff from which snow-covered mountains can be seen some 40 miles distant. For over two years during the Civil War, the cliff was the front line of battle, but the combatants spared the palace itself. Shown here is the Plaza de Oriente, a formal garden with a statue of Philip IV in the center; the palace is at rear. Though Spain is still, technically, a monarchy, the palace has not been occupied since Alfonso XIII fled in 1931, and is open to visitors when not being used for Franco's formal receptions. It extends over several acres and has some 3000 rooms, many full of porcelains, Goya tapestries and some of the finest paintings in Spain. Barcelona's Palacio Nacional houses a museum of medieval art with splendid gold and silver plate, glassware, embroideries, parchment, armor, painting and monumental sculpture.

Only a shade less popular than bullfighting is "football" (soccer), and there are some who think the game is rapidly taking first place, so thoroughly does it enter into Spanish life and conversation.

Another ball game, said to be the fastest in the world, is *jai alai*. It has been played for centuries by the Basques, who inhabit some northern provinces of Spain, but has more recently become popular in other parts of the country.

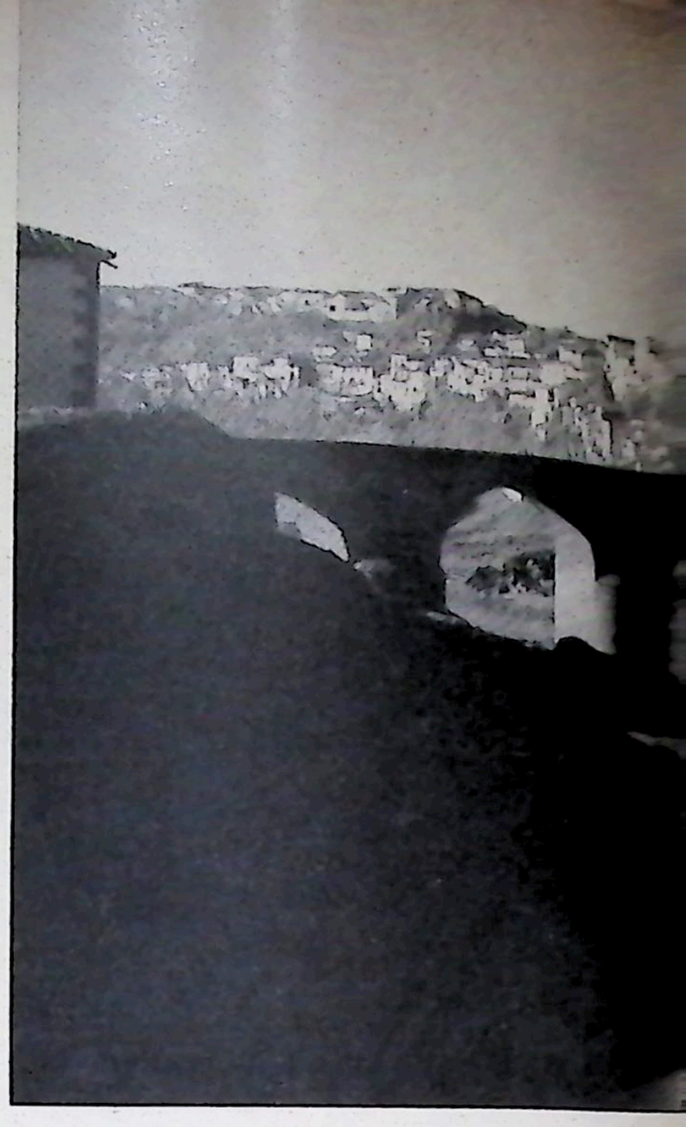
As in most European countries, the colorful costumes of the picture books are, as a rule, to be seen only on special occasions — notably at the *fiestas*. Survivals of regional peasant dress are encountered sometimes in remote areas of the Pyrenees and the Basque provinces, and you may also see some wonderful costumes in the Gypsy colonies (though, since the advent of the motor-coach tourist, these are worn with an eye to the trade).

The *fiestas* are among the most picturesque attractions that Spain has to offer. There are plenty of them throughout the year — in fact, it must sometimes seem to the visitor that they are held on the slightest excuse. Most of them, however, have a very strong traditional religious basis, and that aspect of a *fiesta* is observed with exactness and solemnity by the Spaniards — even though they may afterward let themselves go hilariously.

The best-known *fiestas* take place in Holy Week (Eastertide); there are elaborate and very impressive ceremonies in many parts of the country then and also on such international feast days as Corpus Christi and the Assumption. In addition, almost every town has its own local *fiestas*. There may be several during the year, but the most important one *(fiesta mayor)* is on a day dedicated to a particular saint of local tradition, or in commemoration of a special occasion in the town's history, to bless the crops or give thanks for the harvest.

The central event is usually a long, colorful and solemn procession, either through the streets of a town to a church or cathedral, or out into the country or the mountains to a hallowed shrine of the Virgin Mary or a local saint. Headed by mounted police in picturesque uniforms and with drawn swords, a procession will include priests, monks, animals, several bands, soldiers, choirs in lace-trimmed surplices (chanting as they walk), women in their long black *mantillas* and with combs in their hair, children or hooded figures carrying lighted candles, platforms bearing images and huge branches of trees and, in a place of honor, a life-size image of Our Lady. The bells of the church ring out, people drop to their knees or cross themselves as the procession passes and the words of

Barcelona: esplanade to Palacio Nacional



La Alberca

Every region of Spain has its distinctive terrain, architecture, customs and costumes. Entire cities, such as La Alberca, have been declared to be national monuments because of their colorful fiestas or their artistic points of interest. Sun-baked, whitewashed walls along a river are typical of Andalusia; small villages like Peñiscola dot the Mediterranean coast. Orange sails gliding through rice fields near Valencia are a striking sight, the boats that ply the canals being the chief means of transportation in the area.

Basilica at Covadonga, site of first victory over the Moors

the priest may be relayed to the crowd through loudspeakers. But the serious observances of a festival over, the people really "let their hair down." There are carnivals, battles of flowers and beauty parades (not in scanties, but in attractive traditional regional costumes). Spaniards like noise, and at *fiesta*-time they pour it out in a crescendo of singing, dancing and – finally – fireworks.

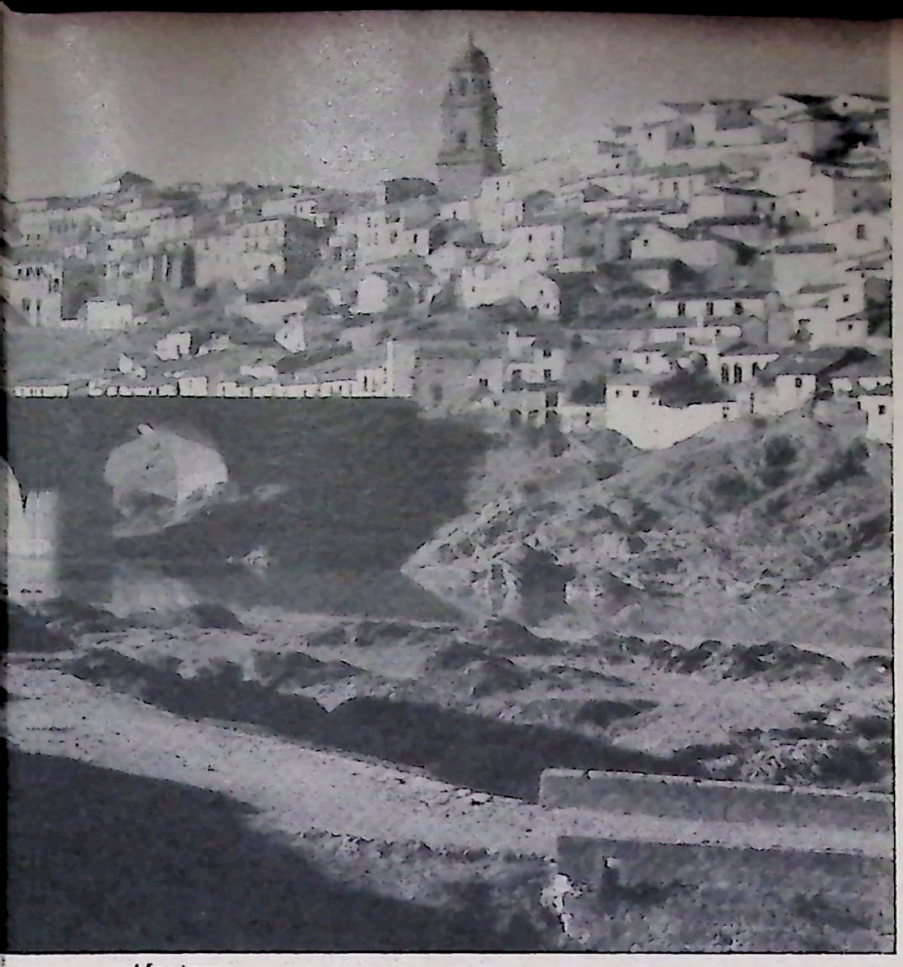
"Come to Sunny Spain" has for a long time been a phrase beloved of the poster designers – and the certainty of settled weather and the prospect of unlimited sunshine are major attractions to visitors. In the height of summer, however, many parts of the country are too hot to be enjoyable, especially if any amount of traveling or sightseeing is contemplated. The size of Spain and its long stretches of uninteresting country make extended touring in the heat too exhausting to be enjoyable.

Most holidayers select a relatively small area and head for a good center, interspersing their sightseeing excursions with rest days. The country may be divided into four main regions of special interest to the visitor: the Mediterranean Seaboard, the North, the South and Central Spain.

The Costa Brava (Spain's Mediterranean playground) has taken a phenomenal leap in popularity during the last few years. It extends roughly from the French frontier southward to Blanes, about 40 miles from Barcelona. Its name ("Rugged Coast") describes it, and its charm is indisputable. Lovely sandy bays, lapped by a clear sea and warmed by a sun that is hot but not unbearably so, are set against a background of subtropical vegetation and forests of pine, cork and eucalyptus. The region has not the sophistication of the French Mediterranean coast, and there are no flamboyant resorts – in fact, no very large places at all. But the small resorts and fishing villages all have hotels and *pensions* of good quality, and more are springing up all along the coast.

Southwestward along the coast known as the Catalan Riviera stands the great port city of Barcelona. In many respects this is a more natural capital of Spain than is Madrid; it has a greater population and is a much more important center of commerce and communication. Its extensive built-up area covers the wide, flat stretch of land between the sea and Mount Tibidabo (1700 ft.), whose top, accessible by funicular railway, offers a fine view.

The city is full of life and people and has every attraction for



Montoro

La Albufera

the foreign visitor. There are many theaters, cinemas and restaurants. Barcelona may be said to have more night life, in the tourist sense, than almost any other place in Spain. Efficient underground railways, as well as tram and bus services, link all parts of the city.

During the Civil War, Barcelona was the headquarters of the Republican government, and large areas of the city, including many fine buildings, were destroyed by air raids. One that escaped was the Gothic cathedral, whose stained-glass windows are regarded as among the best in Spain.

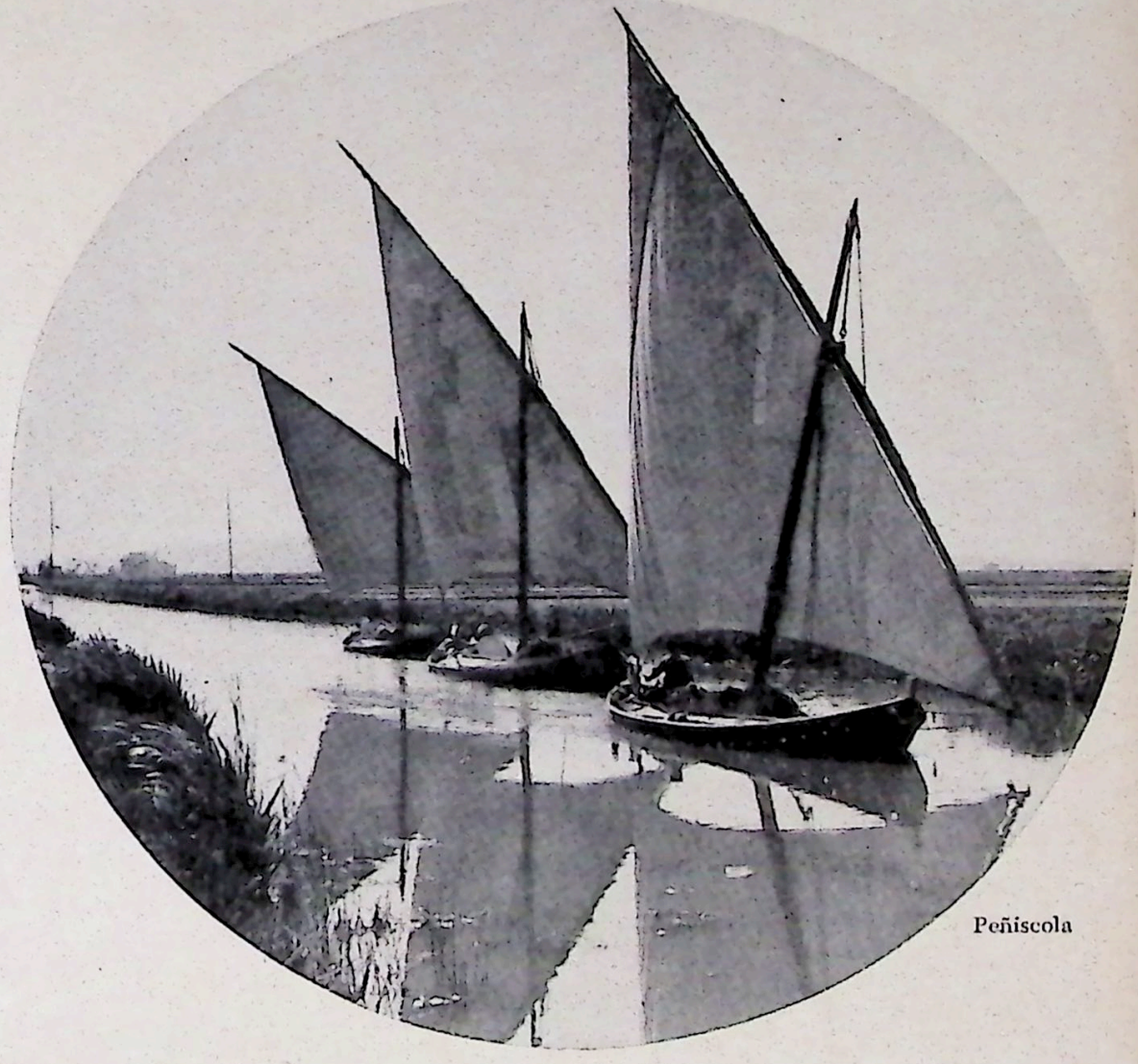
Valencia, the third town of Spain, is known at least by name to most outsiders, and many have enjoyed the oranges grown on the irrigated plain in its hinterland and shipped from its port. It is also noted for such diverse products as silk and rice, the latter being grown around Lake Albufera to the south. The old Silk Exchange in the Plaza del Mercado is one of the town's most interesting buildings.

The chapter house of Valencia's 13th century cathedral contains a chalice claimed to be the Holy Grail. The tower affords a good view over coast and country. Valencia can also boast the largest bullring in Spain and an unusual museum of bullfighting. The art gallery has an exceptional collection of works, and runs a close second to the more famous one in Madrid.

Northern Spain is dominated by the 270-mile Pyrenees range. It rises over 11,000 feet in the center, and in beauty and magnificence it matches any other range in Europe. Stark peaks glower above kinder, greener slopes – wooded in the western parts, cultivated with vines and olives in the east – and at appropriate seasons the rocky uplands are beautiful with wildflowers and shrubs. This is a country for the lover of quiet, lonely places, for the adventurous wanderer who seeks the wild tracks and remote villages.

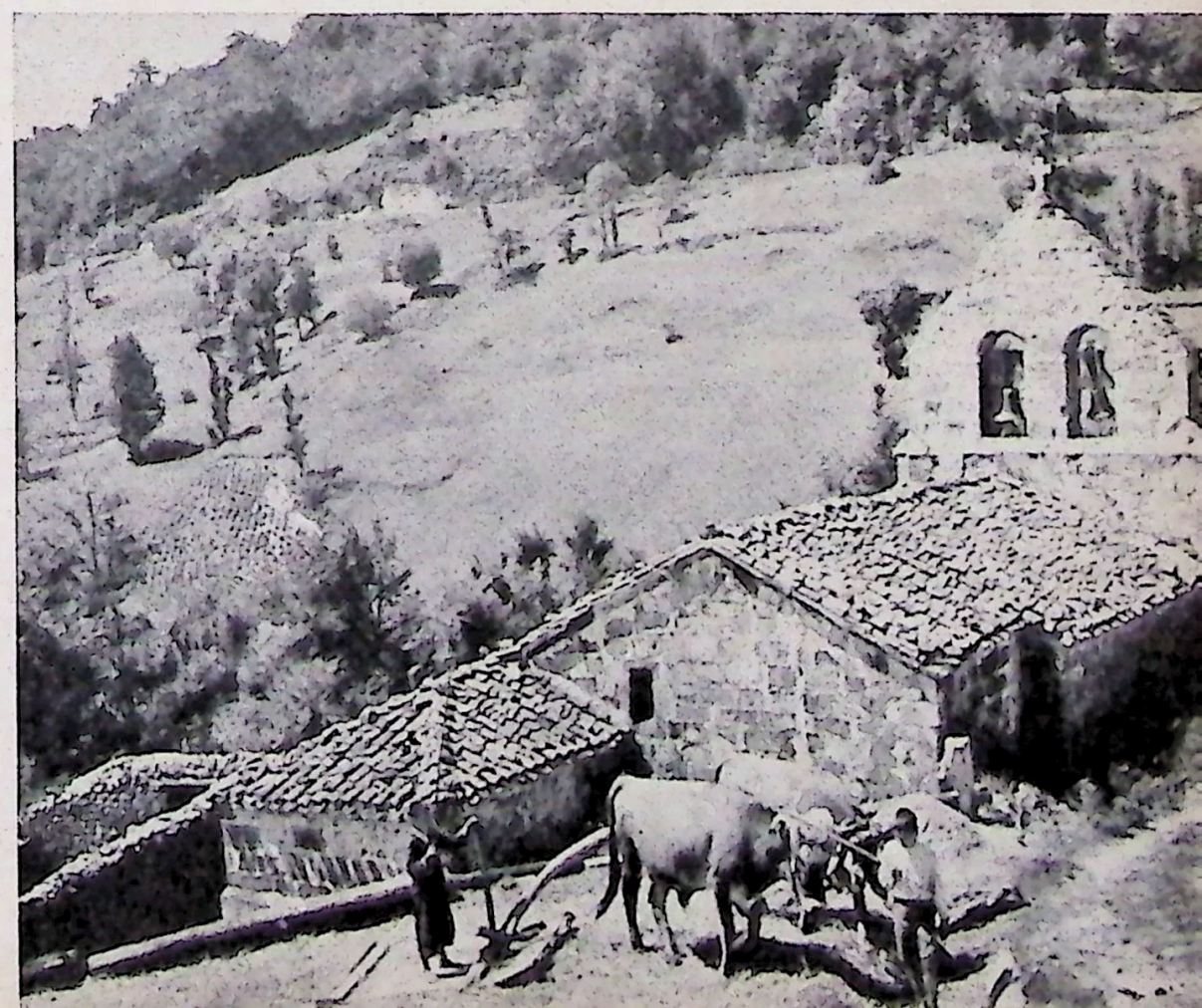
The greater part of the Pyrenees lies in Spain, yet it is the French who have opened up the range to the tourist. They have a *Route des Pyrénées* (from Biarritz to Cerbère) which has made some of the finest scenery accessible to motor traffic – but on the Spanish side there is no comparable way from west to east.

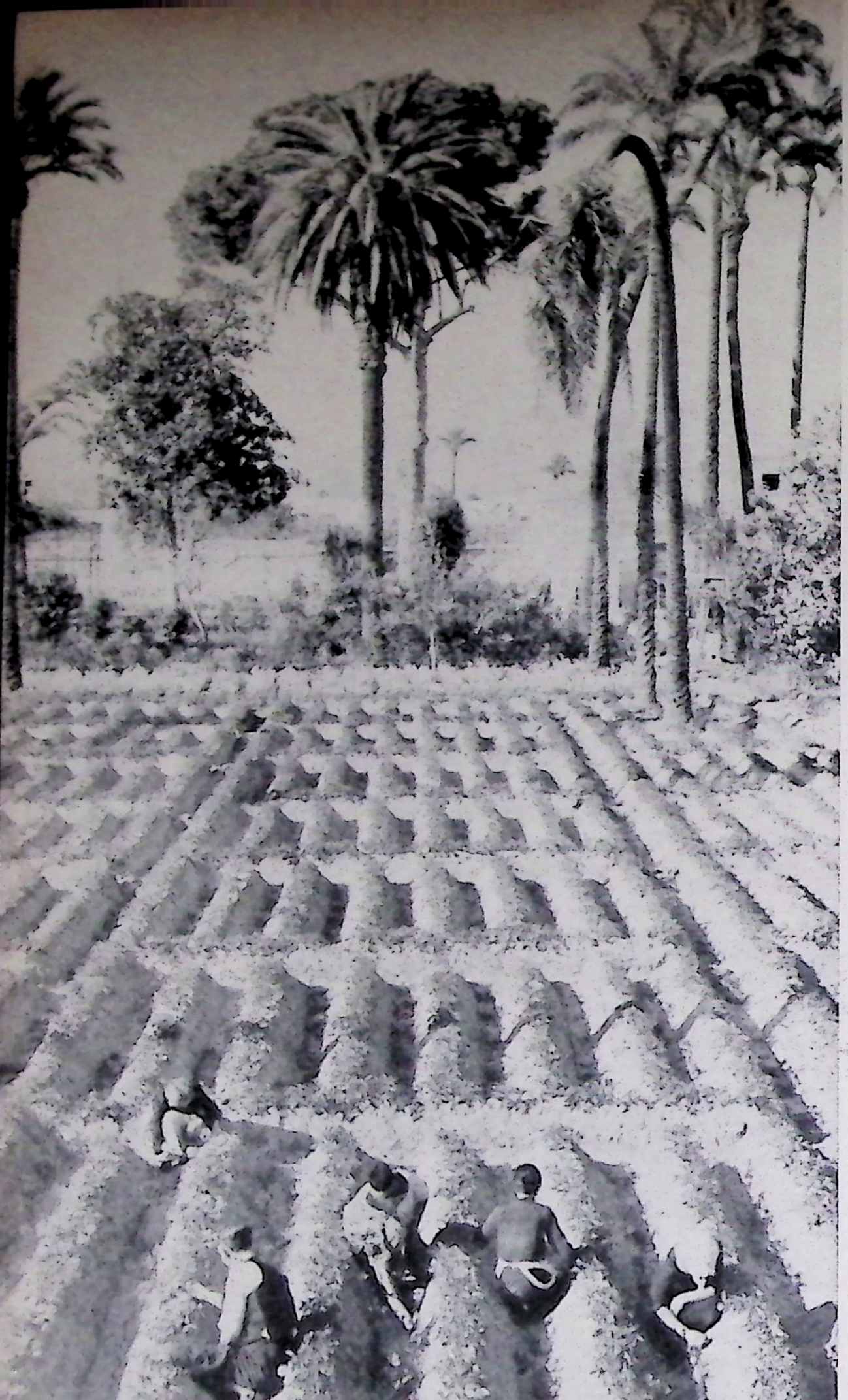
The glory of Central Spain is the legendary region of Castile, with Madrid set like a jewel amid its great plains. Only under the Franco regime has Madrid begun to take its place as the capital. In the past its chief claim to capital status seems to have been



Peñiscola

Castile: church and threshing-floor





Orchards and fields provide much of Spain's wealth.

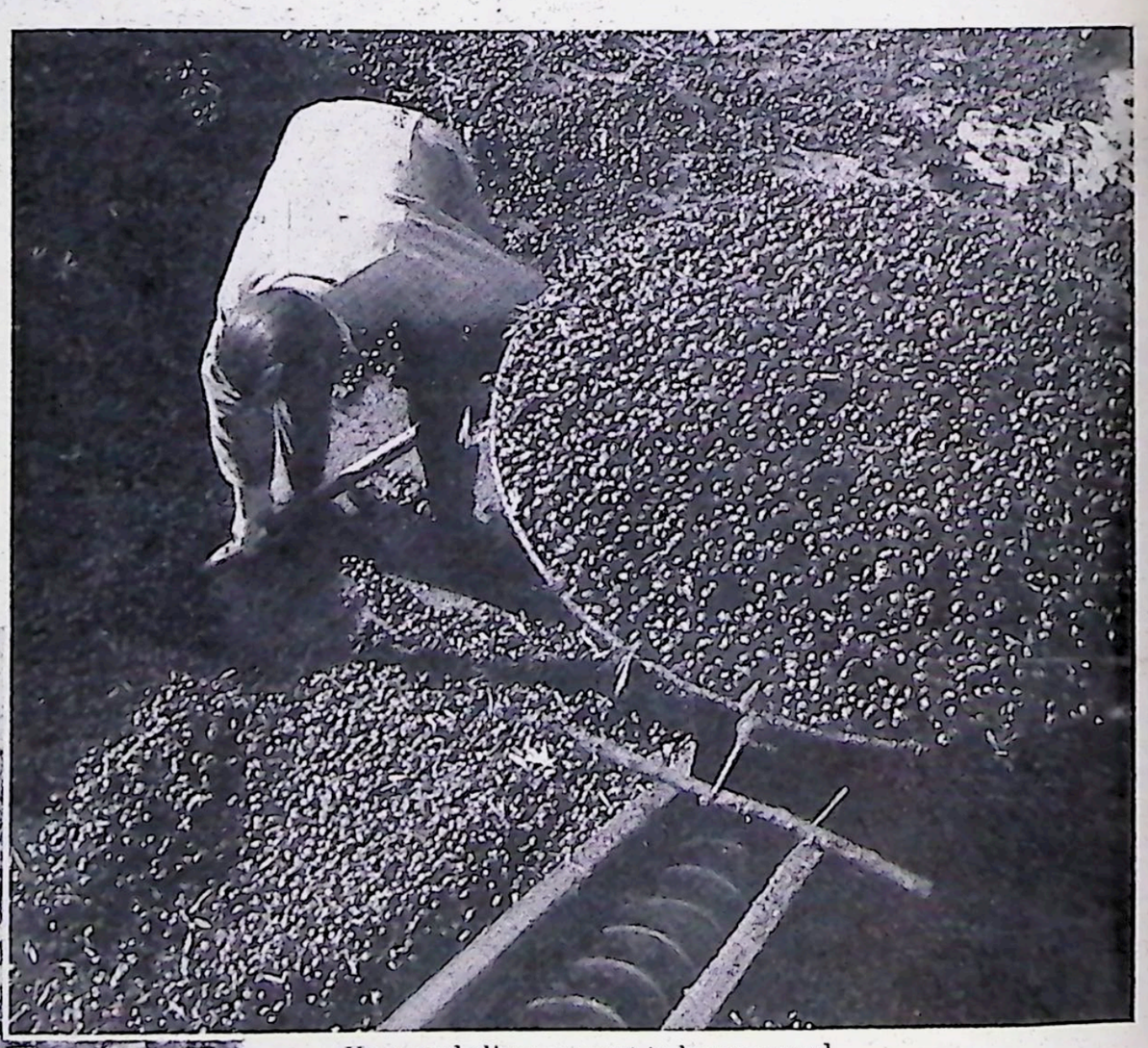
that it was right in the center of the country; today, in spite of the sturdy independence of regions like Catalonia, Andalusia and the Basque provinces, Madrid is rapidly growing and steadily consolidating its authority.

The city stands over 2000 feet up on the great central plateau, runs a summer shade temperature of 100° F. and is extremely cold in winter. It is a bright, busy city, full of life, where the 20th century rubs shoulders with the 17th. One's first impression is of fine, wide streets, spacious squares and huge blocks of flats and offices built since the Civil War, but there is an older, more picturesque part for those who wish to explore it.

There are hundreds of hotels of all categories, and restaurants, bars, nightclubs, swimming pools, theaters and cinemas. Smart shops display attractive goods, and there is also a "flea market," known as the Rastro, where you can watch the stalls for bargains – or simply spend an entertaining half-hour.

Perhaps most typically Spanish, to a tourist's eyes, is the South–Andalusia, the largest region of Spain (taking in eight provinces). It is also the hottest. Temperatures in summer climb to 110° and more, and the favorite time to go there is, naturally, spring or autumn. The south coast also attracts winter visitors. Many of the inhabitants have Moorish blood, and the region has much of the atmosphere of North Africa (which is, of course, closer to it than are many parts of Spain).

Seville, the Andalusian capital on the River Guadalquivir, is the fourth city of Spain, a manufacturing town and a flourishing port, exporting oranges, wines, oil, cork and copper. It also has some buildings of great architectural interest: the Alcázar–a per-



Harvested olives are sent to be processed.

The variety of Spain's climate, altitudes and soils has given it a larger number of botanic species than any other area its size in Europe. Principal crops are wheat, olives (a mainstay of the Spanish cuisine), grapes, potatoes and barley; in her subtropical area, enough citrus products are raised for foreign markets. Other exports are raisins, nuts and, of course, sherry. Cultivation of basic crops has been increased in recent years, and new products, such as silk, introduced.

fect specimen of Moorish architecture, an immense 16th century cathedral and the Giralda Tower, the 12th century minaret of a mosque. Seville is also the birthplace of Velázquez and Murillo, two of Spain's greatest 18th century painters.

Ninety miles northeast of Seville is Córdoba. This town is world-famous for its mosque (now called a cathedral). A very ancient town, Córdoba has many picturesque quarters. It has a fine art gallery and a Roman bridge that crosses the River Guadalquivir. Also of interest are the 13th century Romanesque Church of San Miguel and a 14th century synagogue.

But the finest of all – the showpiece of Andalusia and one of the best-known towns in all Spain – is Granada. This ancient city is set in a beautiful spot backed by the great snowcapped peaks of the Sierra Nevada that rise to the south. It is renowned for the Alhambra, the incomparable palace of the Moorish kings, which overlooks the city and is not only the finest of the many fine Moorish buildings in the country, but also one of the most remarkable relics of any age in Europe.

In some respects, Spain herself is a relic. In no other country does one feel so thoroughly abroad. Spain is "different"; it belongs, one feels, almost to another continent, and even to another age. Much of this land and its way of life still remain in the 18th century – and where the 20th century intrudes it does so uncertainly, as though it were unwanted. Despite her apparent drawbacks, however, Spain is attracting visitors in tremendous numbers – which increase impressively every year. Most of them return well pleased with their holidays in this warm, friendly, intensely interesting land. ◆

Open-pit mines trace canyons through the mountains.

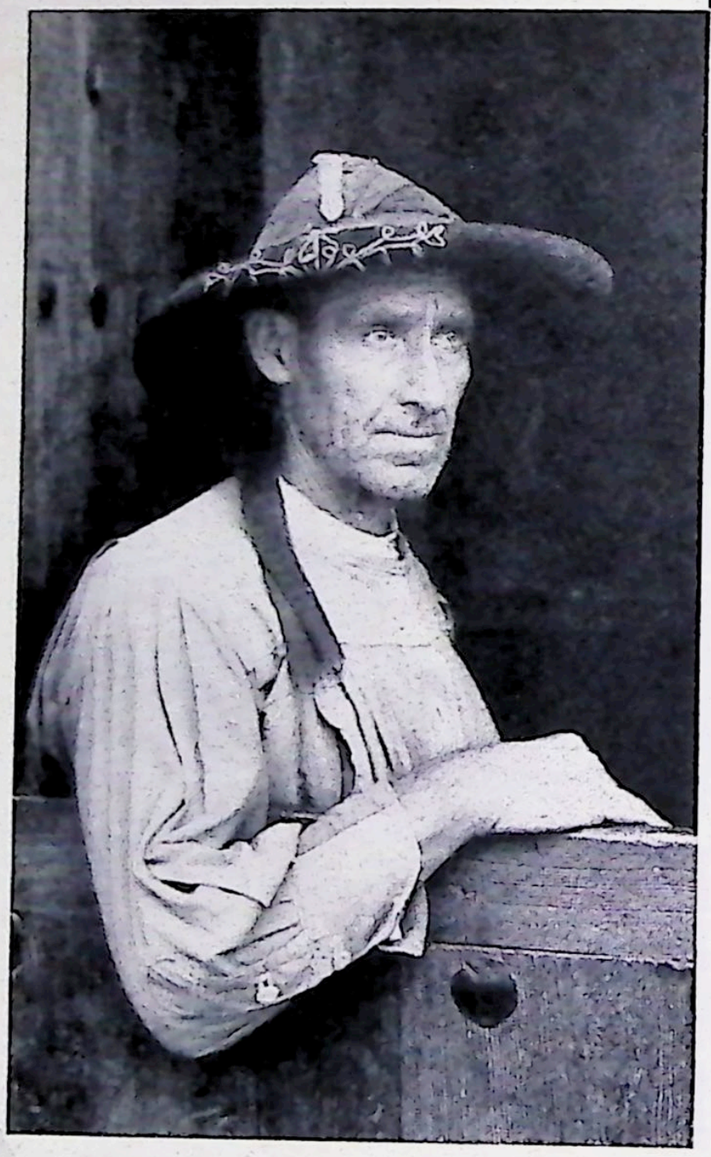
Canary Islanders make pottery for export.

Sitges is a fishing port and important resort.

The mineral wealth of Spain, second only to that of its agriculture, includes coal, lignite, mercury, tungsten and potash. Except for textile manufacturing in Catalonia, industry is fairly primitive for a European nation; perhaps Spain's best-known products are those of handicrafts – lace from Majorca, for example, or Canary Island pottery. Fishing is a major occupation in the coastal provinces, many of which – along the Costa Brava – also enjoy a heavy tourist trade.

A "stick dance" performed at La Alberca

Typical citizen of Avila



A Basque shepherd

Canary Islanders at

THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN

The early history of Spain, more perhaps than that of other countries, was one of invasions – out of Africa or down through the Pyrenees. Iberians, Celts and Celtiberi were faced successively with Berbers, Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Visigoths and, with lasting effect, the Moors. Thus the faces of the Spanish people reflect many strains (the Basques and Aragonese in the North are almost separate races today); further, the mountainous terrain has enabled many regions to maintain their own distinctive customs. As late as 1930, the Catalonian provinces attempted violently to secede from Spain.

Salamanca cowboy and friend

Basque sports festival

A young Spanish beauty

Traditional costumes of the Valley of Ansó in Northern Aragon

Moorish woman

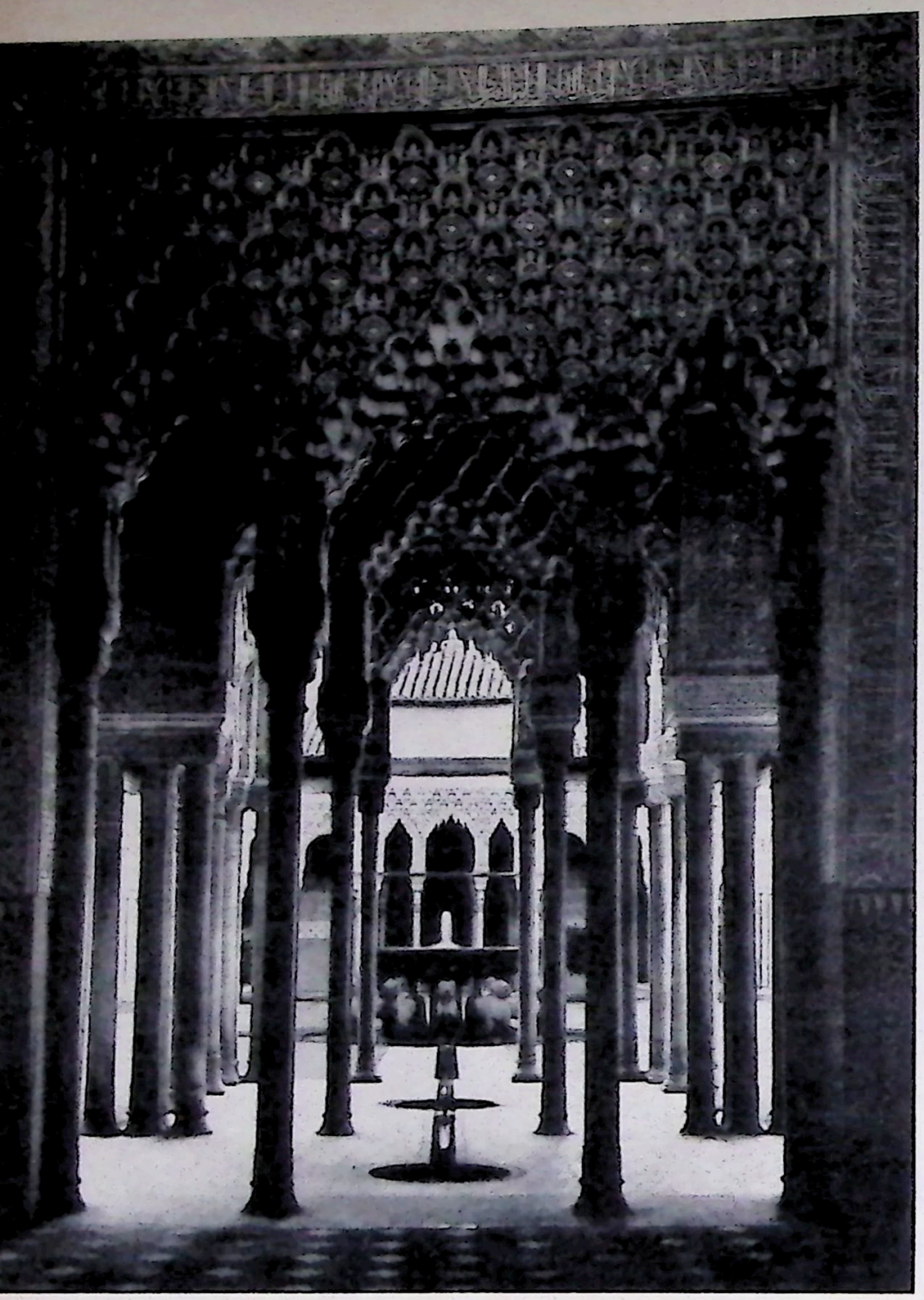
The isolation of many of Spain's communities, especially those in the Pyrenees, has not only enabled them to keep intact regional differences under the pressure of a centralized State; it has also preserved many customs and costumes dating from the Middle Ages. Gypsies and (particularly in the South) Moors, while less isolated, still cling to age-old habits. In such urban centers as Seville, however, traditional dress appears only at fiesta-time. Many fiestas — thus, perhaps, some of the ceremonies and costumes — trace their origins beyond even their Christian inspiration, for often the Church, unable to quell pagan religious observances, incorporated into Christianity the early gods and ceremonies.

nicelded against wind-blown lava ash)

Gypsy entertainers at Sacro Monte, Granada

Celebrants at Seville's Spring Fair

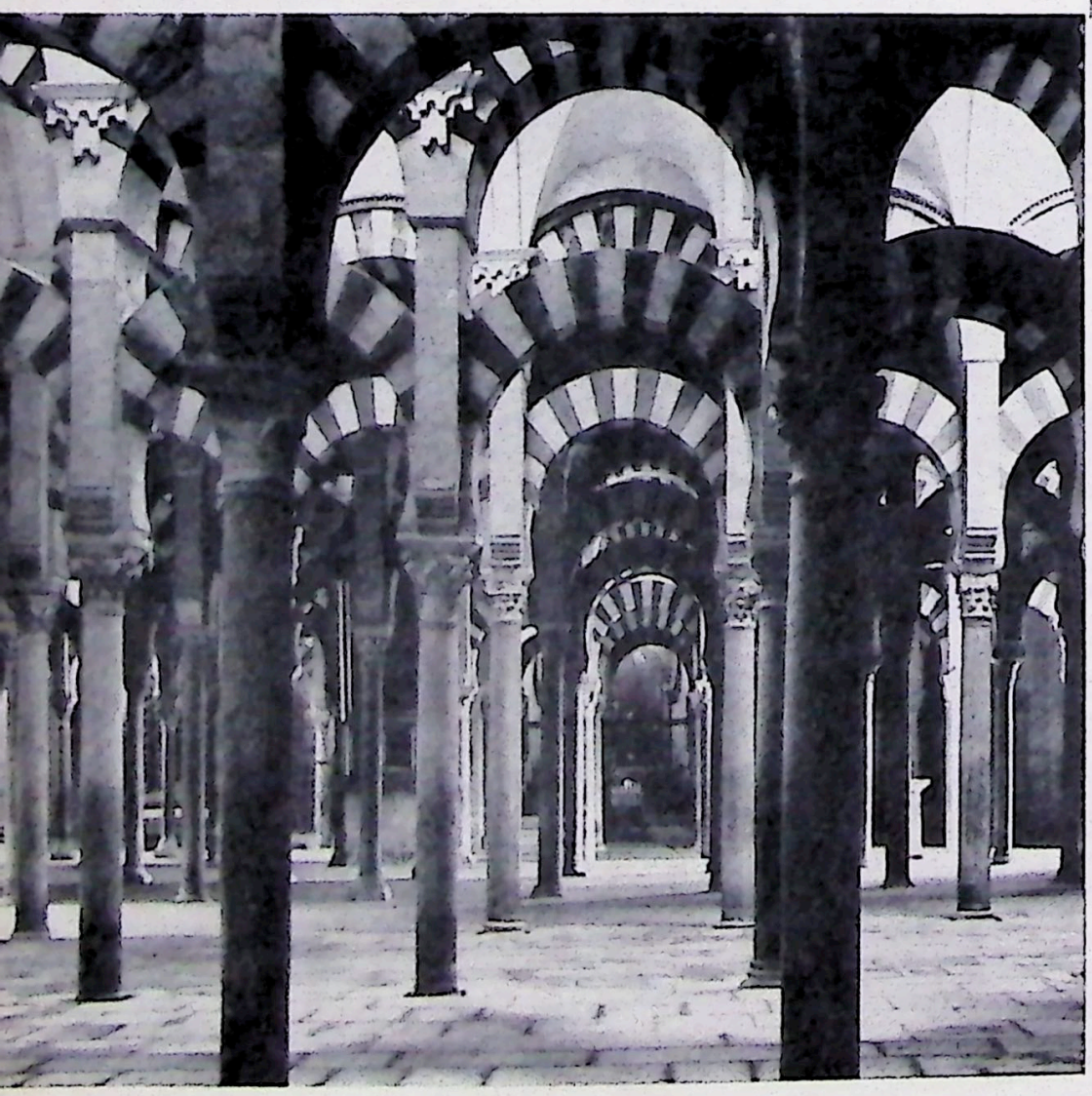
Moorish influence, which permeates so much of Spain, dominates its architecture, and her most famous structures are those left by the Moors. Most prominent is Granada's Alhambra, conquered in 1492 by Ferdinand and Isabella — a loss still remembered in the prayers of the exiled Arabs. Seen here, through the delicate tracery of prayers to Allah, is the Lion Fountain, where a jealous sultan had 36 princes beheaded. At Córdoba is a mosque (second in beauty only to El Kaaba at Mecca), begun in the 8th century on the site of a Roman temple, and now converted into a cathedral; its thousands of onyx, jasper, marble and granite columns soar impressively into round arches. A more transient beauty appears in the Canary Islands on Corpus Christi Day; a carpet of artistically placed petals awaits the procession.



Granada: the Alhambra

Canary Islands: flower-carpeted streets

Córdoba: the Mosque



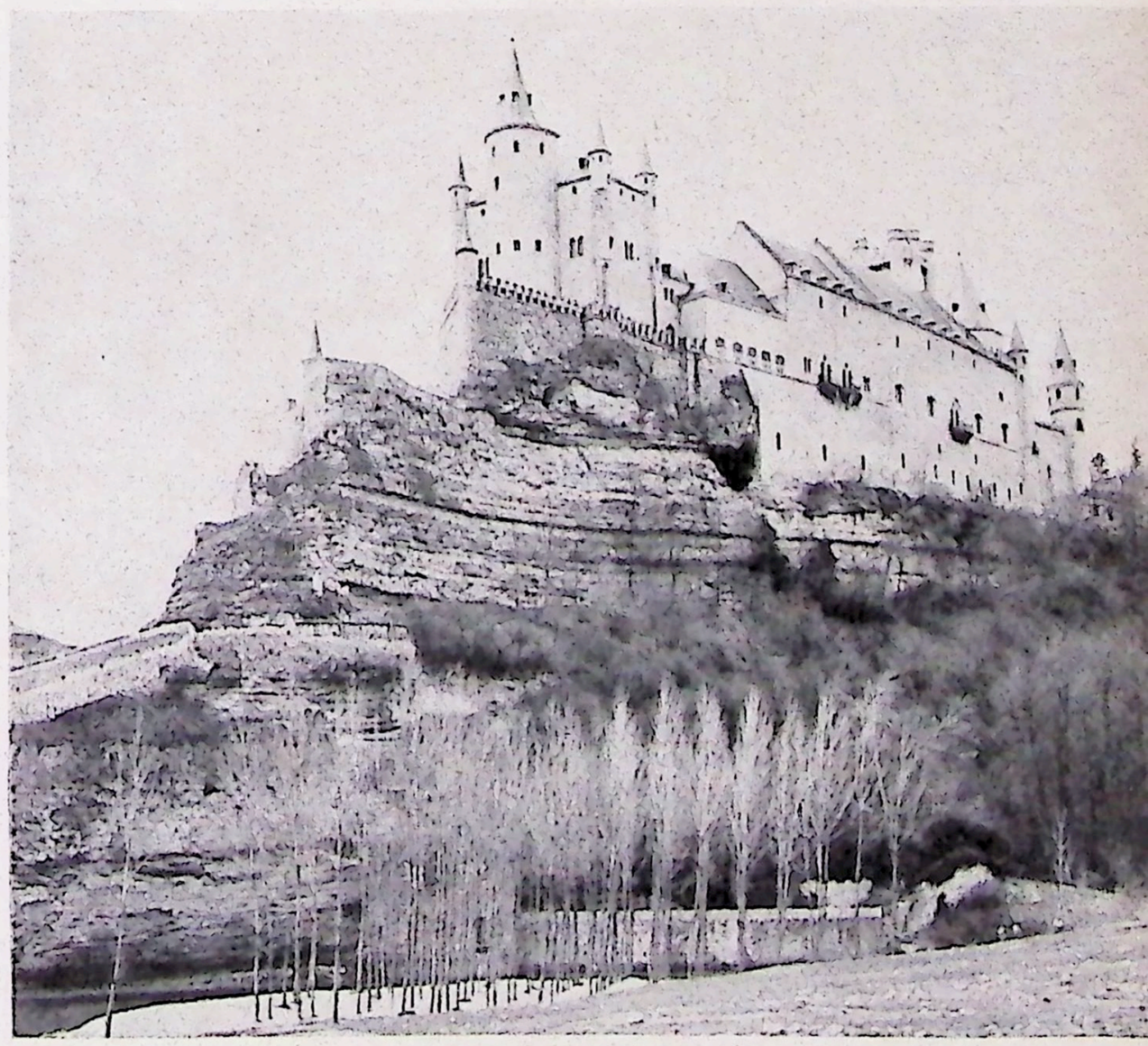
Avila: the walled city

Seville's magnificent 16th century cathedral incorporates the 300-foot Giralda Tower, the 12th century minaret of a mosque that had stood on the site; across the square is the Alcázar, another Moorish masterpiece of arabesques and traceries. Segovia's Alcázar, a palace-fortress once inhabited by Isabella, is one of Spain's most fairylike castles. Another Alcázar, in Toledo (across the city from the nearly pure 13th century Gothic cathedral), was gutted during the Civil War. Toledo was El Greco's home — he painted the same view shown here — and is now a national monument, no construction having been permitted there for many years. Avila, perhaps best-known as the home of St. Teresa, is one of the finest extant examples of a walled city; the walls, begun in the 11th century, entirely enclose the town.

A view of Toledo

Seville: the Giralda Tower

Segovia: the Alcázar



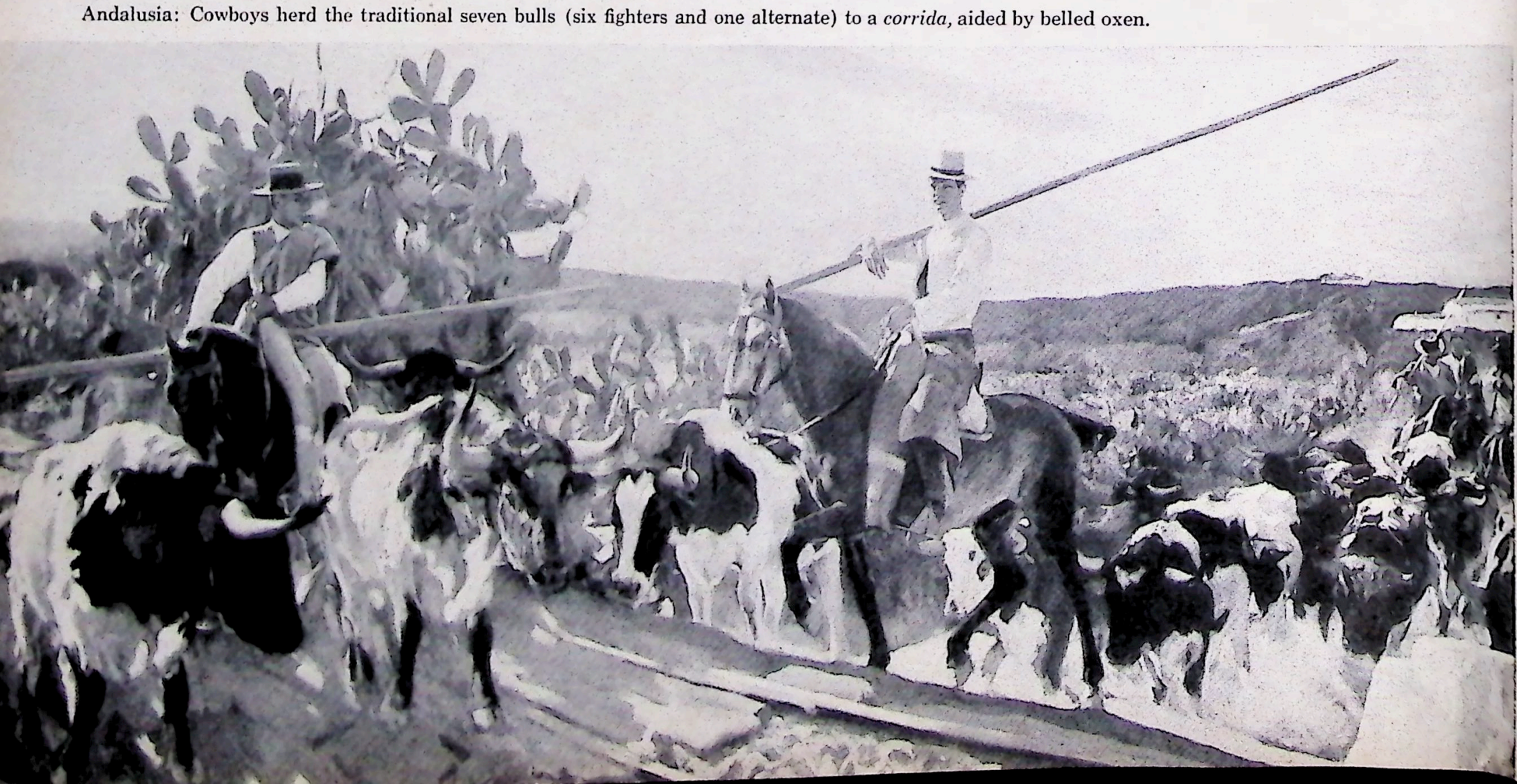
Customs and Costumes of SPAIN

AS PAINTED BY SOROLLA

JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA *was born in Valencia in 1863. His paintings won early acclaim in Madrid and were awarded the Grand Prix at the 1900 Paris Salon. In 1911 he was commissioned to record costumes and important aspects of Spanish life; some of this work (completed in 1919, four years before his death) is shown here.*

Seville: Bullfighters parade to salute the president of the *corrida.*

Andalusia: Cowboys herd the traditional seven bulls (six fighters and one alternate) to a *corrida,* aided by belled oxen.



Extremadura: The Plasencia Hog Market has a busy day.

Seville: Girls dance in a patio during the May Festival of the Cross.

The 14 paintings commissioned by the Hispanic Society of America are now displayed (with a bust of the artist) in its Sorolla Room. Sorolla named each of the works for a region, and sought to record the fast-vanishing folkways of that area. The largest painting of the series, measuring over 45 feet in width, is devoted to Castile, the wheat center of Spain; a broad panorama shows sacks of flour, Castilians in native costume and a procession in honor of the staff of life. Aragon is represented by men and women of Ansó, dancing the jota on a threshing-floor overtopped by sheaves of ripe grain. The fish market at Cataluña, a date harvest in Alicante, leather-aproned men bargaining for hogs in Extremadura, Galician ranchers listening to a native bagpipe while waiting for buyers at their market – these scenes complement the simple pastorals. Further, Sorolla recorded equally typical – if less basic – activities: A Basque game of ninepins, bulls and the opening parade of a bullfight, dancing señoritas and religious processions round out his portrait of Spain.

Aragon: Harvesters dance in the shadow of the Pyrenees.

Seville: Penitents of a religious brotherhood march in a procession.

Cervantes

Spain's Crusading Satirist

by Samuel Putnam

DESPITE ALL THE LABOR that has been expended by modern scholars, the life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, like that of Shakespeare, remains shrouded for the most part in darkness, with only a formal document here and there to serve as a reliable guidepost; all the rest is patchwork or conjecture. His works, naturally, have a certain light to shed upon his career, but it is always difficult and somewhat perilous to undertake to separate the autobiographic strands. Cervantes seems to have been on terms of friendship with but few of the literary men of his day; as a result, not many allusions to him are to be found in the writings of his contemporaries, and no attempt at a biography was made until more than a century after his death.

The day on which the author of *Don Quixote* was born remains unknown, but it may have been Michaelmas Day, September 29, since it was this saint whose name he bore. We do know that his birth occurred at Alcalá de Henares, a former university town and a printing center some 20 miles northeast of Madrid, and that he was christened there, in the Church of Santa Maria, on October 9, 1547. From mountainous Northern Spain, he came of an old family that had seen better days, and it is possible that among his ancestors had been more than one knight-errant.

His father, Rodrigo de Cervantes, was an apothecary-surgeon and something of a wanderer and ne'er-do-well, though he passed for a gentleman. His grandfather, the advocate Juan de Cervantes, an individual of some prominence, had held important public posts, but Miguel's immediate family circle was disunited and harassed by debt and financial worries. Of his three brothers, one died in youth, another was killed in the wars. One of his sisters became the prioress of a convent, which appears to indicate that she was possessed of some intelligence and strength of character; the other two led lives that were, to say the least, unconventional.

For the first 21 years the Cervantes biography is a blank so far as documentary evidence of any kind is concerned. Regarding his adolescence, there can be only surmises, but it is safe to assume that he was fond of reading and that he was drawn to poetry and the drama. It may be that his family moved from Alcalá to Madrid when he was about 13 or 14, and there are some who see the household as settled in Seville around 1564 and who believe that Miguel attended the Jesuit college there, a supposition that is unlikely in view of the comparatively slight knowledge of the classics that he reveals. There is nothing to show that he had a university education. He may have left school, however, to serve with the army in Flanders, and then perhaps returned to complete his studies, for his soldiering began at an early age.

The first dependable date that we have, following his christening, is 1568, when he was a student in the City School of Madrid. By December of the following year he was in Rome as chamberlain to Cardinal Acquaviva. Some months before, in September 1569, a warrant had been issued in Madrid for one Miguel de Cervantes in connection with wounds that had been inflicted in a duel, and he may have fled the country on this account. When he left the Cardinal's service, Miguel enlisted in the Spanish Legion stationed on the Italian peninsula. In 1571 he took part in the campaign under John of Austria that culminated in the battle of Lepanto on October 7.

In this famous naval encounter between Christian and Turk, Cervantes is said to have displayed an almost incredible degree of bravery and endurance. Lying ill with malarial fever, the story goes, he insisted that his comrades carry him on deck so that he could take part in the fight, and even after he had been severely wounded he fought on. Two of his wounds were in the chest; a third was to deprive him of the use of his left hand for the rest of his life. For him this was a glorious day which he was never to forget, and in later years he could assert: "If it were possible now to work a miracle in my case, I still would rather have taken part in that prodigious battle than be today free of my wounds without having been there."

He continued his military career in the Tunis campaign in the fall of 1573, but by November of the following year his military service in Italy was at an end. That he had acquitted himself well is indicated by the letters of commendation to the King that were given him by John of Austria himself and by the Duke of Sessa, the Spanish Viceroy in Naples.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

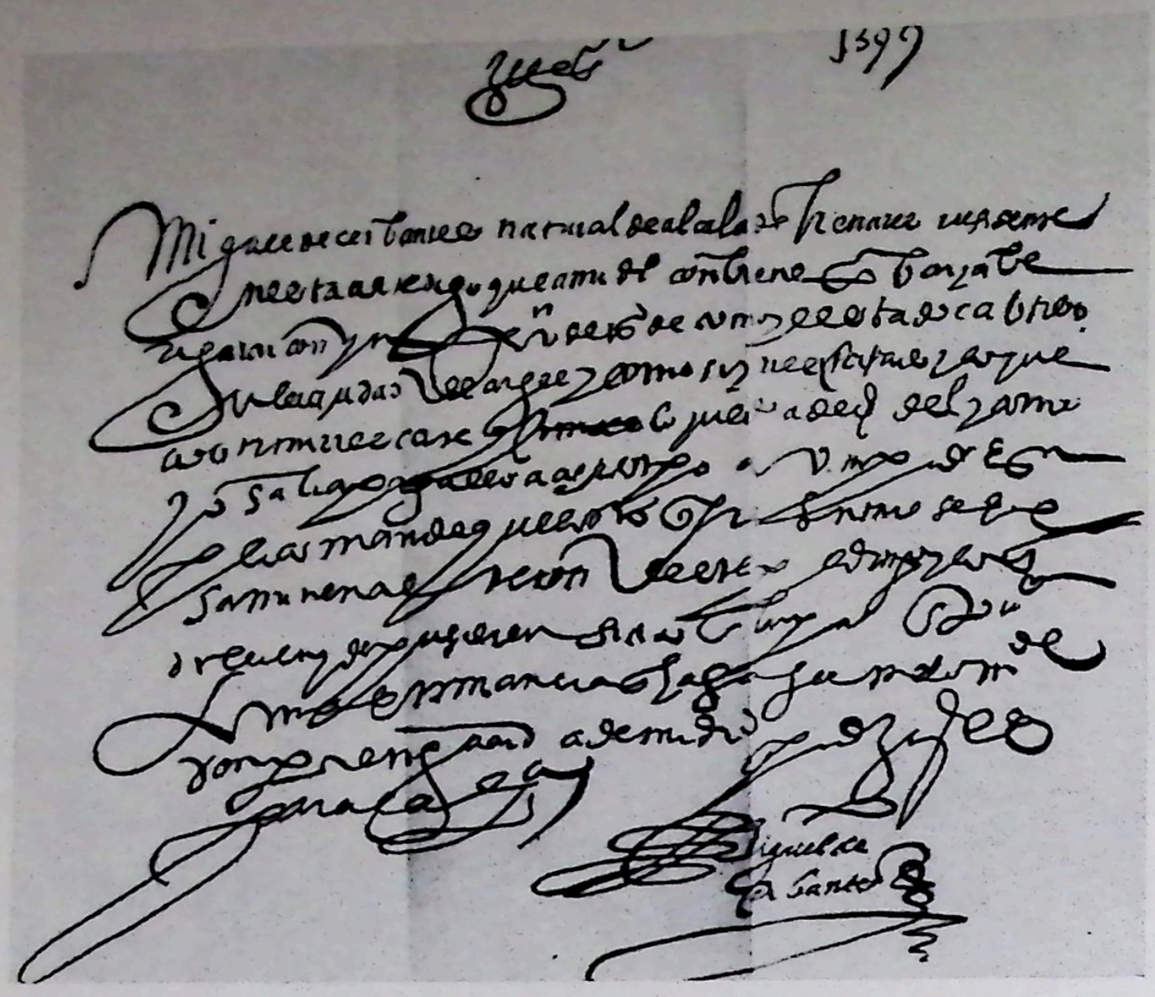
In September 1575 Miguel and his soldier-brother Rodrigo embarked for Spain, but on the way they had the misfortune to be captured by Algerian pirates. As a captive, Cervantes again exhibited remarkable courage and ingenuity and was the ringleader in a number of unsuccessful attempts at escape. Despite his rebellious spirit he was treated rather well, it seems, by his Moorish master, who looked upon him as a person of some importance, worth a sizable ransom.

After five years his release was finally arranged, and by December 1580 he was back in Madrid.

He was by now 33, and in May 1581 we find him in the service of the King as a messenger. During these years following his captivity he became the father of a natural daughter, Isabel, whose mother was possibly an actress, for his career as an aspiring playwright had begun, and he was also trying his hand at fiction. His first published literary work was an Arcadian romance, *Galatea*, which, like its author, saw the light at Alcalá, in 1585. This, it is to be remembered, was the age of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney in England, but it was from such Hispanic writers as Montemayer, Gil Polo and Montalvo that Cervantes drew his inspiration.

While *Galatea* was on the press, Cervantes married, on December 12, 1584, Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, daughter of an Esquivias peasant who seems to have been a man of means. Doña Catalina, however, brought her husband but a neglible dowry, and from then on he was saddled with family cares. They had no children, but for a good part of his life Miguel was to have a houseful of womenfolk to support: his wife, his two sisters, his daughter Isabel, a niece and a maidservant. The pair probably set up housekeeping in Esquivias and later moved to Seville. There, in 1587, he eked out a precarious livelihood by jobs of various sorts.

In 1588 he was appointed deputy purveyor to the fleet, his task being to requisition supplies for the Invincible Armada, for which



In 1580 – when he was already on a galley, ready to be sent to Constantinople – Cervantes was ransomed by two redemptionist monks. He then had to compile the document above, signed by witnesses of his bravery and proving he had not been a turncoat.

preparations were under way at that time. The territory assigned him was Andalusia, and it was while roaming the countryside as a government commissary that he became familiar with the speech and folklore of that colorful province, an influence clearly to be discerned in *Don Quixote*. His position was anything but a sinecure, and it was not long before he was in trouble. Having seized certain supplies belonging to the dean of the cathedral chapter at Seville, he was temporarily excommunicated, and on two, perhaps three, occasions (in 1592, 1597 and possibly again in 1602) he was thrown into jail because his accounts failed to balance.

For this the Andalusian peasants and not Cervantes were no doubt to blame. They likely made life hard for him, and his was the temperament of a poet, not that of an auditor. One thing that Cervantes the writer acquired from his prison experiences was a firsthand knowledge of underworld types, of which he was to make good use in his plays and stories.

It was in May 1590 that, obviously desirous of bettering his condition, he applied to the King for a New World appointment, only to be told that he should "look for something nearer home." From November 1598, when he was in Seville, until 1603, when he was summoned to Valladolid in connection with money due the government, the records are silent as to his whereabouts. He may have been living in retirement with his wife at Esquivias, or possibly at Valladolid, but in any event he must have been at work on Part I of *Don Quixote* – off the press by the end of 1604.

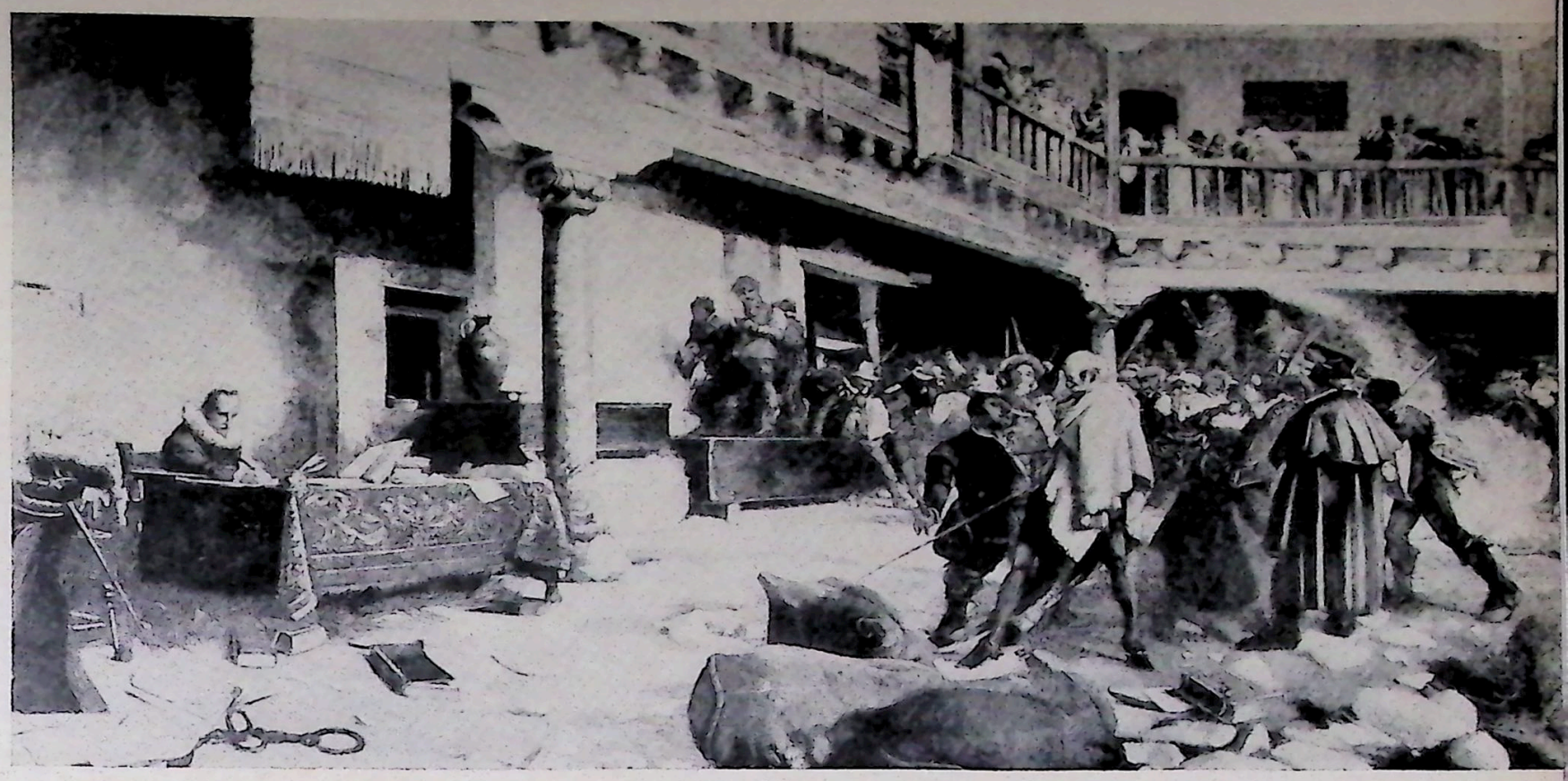
The fame that this work brought its author, even while he lived, still does not enable us to penetrate to any extent the shadows that envelop the final decade of his life. His burdens, seemingly, were not appreciably lightened, and misfortunes continued to pursue him. About the time the book appeared on the market, in 1605, he was involved in an investigation concerning the death of a nobleman who had been slain in a duel near the Cervantes home. From 1605 to 1608 he disappears from view completely; from 1608 until his death his chief residence was in Madrid, where he labored upon the two productions that represent the ripened fruit of his creative powers: Part II of *Don Quixote* and the *Exemplary Novels*, as well as upon his plays, his long poem, *Journey to Parnassus*, and (assuming it was written at this time) his *Persiles and Sigismunda*. Thus, between the ages of 58 and 69, did Miguel de Cervantes enjoy a youth of the mind and spirit that any writer well might envy. It is one of the miracles of literary history.

It may seem strange to us that he delayed so long in providing a sequel to a work that had achieved so startling a success as *Don Quixote*. It surely would not happen today: One cannot conceive of a best-selling author's waiting 10 years to cash in on his gains. But Cervantes had other irons in the fire. For one thing, he clung to his ambition to become a dramatist, and a year before his death his *Eight Comedies and Eight Interludes*, which, he tells us significantly, had "never been performed," were given to the public by way of the printed page. And it is likely, too, that his shorter *novelas* (published under the title of *Novelas Ejemplares* in 1613) and his poetry (*Viaje del Parnaso* appeared in 1614) took precedence with him over a tale that he was still inclined to look upon as something of a potboiler.

Cervantes was thrown into prison several times for supposed discrepancies in his government audits. He was also imprisoned in La Mancha by the peasants for attempting to collect the tithes they owed, though some say it was for an insult to a Tobosan girl.

In any event, we are justified in believing that he worked on Part II by fits and starts. He was careless with revisions and the proofs, and although he was in Madrid at the time this second part was on the press, he seems to have paid no attention to it, being more interested at that moment in his plays. On the other hand, even though he may have wearied of the theme upon occasion, and there is internal evidence that he did, there can be no doubt that he had come to realize the magnitude of his creation, a consciousness which was further heightened when, in 1614, there fell into his hands a "sequel" supposed to have been written by one Alonso Fernández de Avellaneda, "native of the town of Tordesillas."

The Avellaneda volume is one of the most disgraceful performances in all literature. Wholly lacking in originality and stylistic grace, it is an utter betrayal of a great work, filled with vulgarities and obscenities of which Cervantes never would have been guilty,



Faced with public indifference to "Don Quixote," Cervantes spread the rumor that it contained a number of lively allusions to prominent contemporaries – a ruse soon successful in arousing interest in the book. His use of the speech and terrain of La Mancha indicates that he was thoroughly at home in that section, and it is now known that in parts of the novel he satirized those who had wronged him, no rare maneuver among writers. Is the insulted girl of Toboso, who allegedly had caused his imprisonment, the model for the famous Dulcinea? No one knows. But Cervantes created a living world of his own and regardless of any basis in "real" life, the many creatures of his pen have achieved permanent reality.

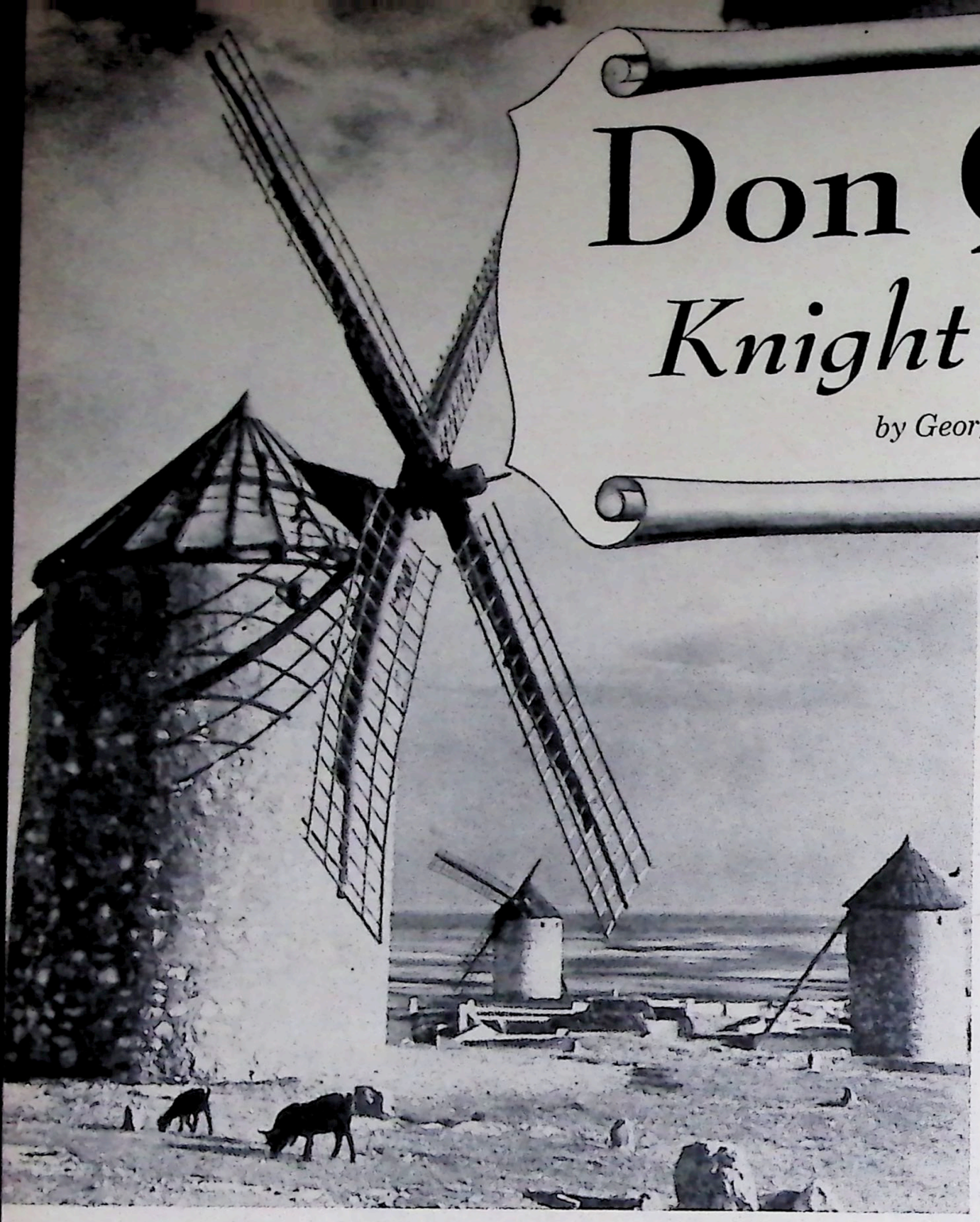
while the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are debased beyond recognition. In addition, it contains a vicious personal attack on the original author, in the course of which his crippled hand (to him a glorious symbol of Lepanto), his old age and his poverty are held up to ridicule. Who the real perpetrator of this outrage was, and what his motives were, are questions that have not as yet been answered.

The apocryphal "*Don Quixote*" had a galvanizing effect on the creator of the real one. Cervantes had reached Chapter 59 of his second part when Avellaneda's book came into his possession. How he reacted to it may be seen from the later chapters that he wrote and from his angry but severely controlled Prologue. In a way, his embittered preoccupation with Avellaneda led him to distort the concluding portion of the narrative – and to kill off his hero once and for all to save him from being manhandled again.

The life of Miguel de Cervantes was a hard one, and his troubles were with him to the edge of the grave; nevertheless it would be a mistake to assume that his last years were spent in bitterness of spirit. His works, alone, tell us that in spite of all disillusionments he had succeeded in preserving to the very end his profound humaneness and geniality, which must mean that, somewhere, there was an underlying faith to sustain him. He had had many buffetings, but there had also been flashes of splendor, and it is clear that he died with the conviction that his name would live. In his latter days he had two patrons, the Count of Lemos and the Archbishop of Toledo, but they did little to render his existence easier.

It was, rather, to the Church that he turned as the shadows fell and deepened. A couple of years before his death he joined the Tertiary Order of St. Francis, and it was the Franciscans who in 1616 carried him to his last, unknown resting place. Four days prior to his death, which occurred April 23 of that year, he penned the Dedication to his *Persiles*, a touching farewell addressed to the Count of Lemos: "With one foot already in the stirrup, and with the agony of death upon me, great Lord, I write to you. Yesterday they gave me extreme unction . . . the time is short, my pains are increasing, my hopes are diminishing; and yet, with it all, the desire I have to live keeps me alive." It is at once a cry for life and a courageous acceptance of the inevitable. ♦

His faculties still keen, Cervantes died peacefully after receiving extreme unction. His wife (who never understood him) and his loving niece Constanza were at his bedside; his natural daughter stayed away. His last words were, "Goodby, pleasant fancies, goodby, merry friends . . . I am dying with the wish to see you happy in the other world."



Don Quixote

Knight of Illusions

by George Edward Woodberry

DON QUIXOTE is the book of Spain. Its theater is the Spanish land. It is a book of the open air and the broad world. It has for landscape the burning plains, the desolate, romantic mountains, the strip of blue by the coast. Its outlook is along the Mediterranean world by the highway of the islands that Cervantes had traveled in youth, whence men came with tales of sea fight and captivity. It is a book written in Spain as from the center of the world, and this Spain was filled with its own folk; the race-mark of "the old Christian blood," of dark-skinned Moor and Gypsy, was stamped on them; they came forth in all their variety of life: hidalgo and bourgeoisie – picaresque, ducal, provincial, intellectual, young and old, good and bad – soldiers, students, priests, innkeepers, criminals, players, peasants, lovers, highwaymen, barbers, carriers, judges, officials, doctors, menagerie men, damsels, duennas – an endless list. Scarce any book has so many people in it. This mass is put in constant movement, which gives unwearied liveliness to the scene. It is a book of life on the road. All the world is *en voyage*. The galley slaves are there; even the dead are going on a journey.

The delineation of manners is on the national scale. Only the high dignitaries of Church and State are exempt from the general conscription. The Court and the great ecclesiastics are not seen, but their absence only proves how small a part exalted officials have in constituting the character of a people. The Spanish folk is represented in its racial life without them, and the portrayal is nationally complete.

Cervantes deals with this multitude easily, taking characters individually and a few at a time. It is a book of short flights, of incidents lightly dovetailed, of scenes strung together, of combinations rapidly formed and dissolved. The book is, by its surface, representative of all Spain, of the look of the land, the figures of the people, the daily event and business of life. But it exceeds the mere flat pictorial method. It is more richly bodied.

About all this panorama there is that which gives wholeness to life. There is a contemporaneity like that found in Shakespeare's plays, and here signified by means of the continuous inroad of the Turkish power into the story. There is a historical background, most clearly reflected in the popular knowledge of chivalric romance and in the fact that everyone knows of chivalry. Each character, no matter how humble, takes up a natural instantaneous attitude toward Don Quixote, almost as if he were an expected guest.

There is also an emotional *fond*, a part of national character, interpreted here in operatic episodes by the incessant gallantry of love: the shepherds, the serenades, the runaways, the youthfulness of love, its sentimental sufferings, the folly of its escapades, all its charms and senselessness. And there are in the Spanish nature of the book qualities more abstractly felt – intrigue and trick, ceremony, grandiloquence, boasting, gullibility, mendacity,

From the plains of his native La Mancha, Don Quixote set forth to right wrongs, rescue maidens in distress and earn himself a place in chivalric history. Tilting at windmills and battling sheep, he traveled across Spain (see map), immortalized in literature, honored at last by a statue in Madrid.

coarseness, cruelty – human qualities all, but here with their Spanish physiognomy. *Don Quixote,* even in its national aspects, is a book that has all the dimensions of life: It is personal, geographical, historical, emotional, moral. It sweats Spain as an olive does oil.

But all this is only the environment of the action and the means of its operation in the tale. Cervantes knew a more admirable way of setting forth the soul of Spain. It is not merely because Don Quixote and Sancho are always on the scene that they surpass the other characters in power of interest; they also have a higher life. Cervantes stamped the genius of the race with a double die, on both the loftier and the humbler sides. Noble and peasant, the mad hidalgo and the deluded boor, divide between them the spiritual realm of Spain. The illusion of one and the duping of the other only intensify their racial traits and perfect them.

Don Quixote achieves his ideal in his soul, however badly he fares with fortune in the outer world. He is complete in true knighthood, and when his madness leaves him it cannot take away the nobility of nature which it has brought the gentleman whom it found nameless and unoccupied on his little estate and made one of the world's heroes. The vocabulary of moral praise cannot exhaust his virtues. He is brave, resolute, courteous, wise, kind, gentle, patient. What tenacity there is in his resolution, what recklessness in his courage, what fatalistic sweetness in his resignation, what endurance in a land of lost causes, what sadness of defeat accepted in the quiet of adversity! If these are not the most obvious, they are perhaps the deepest Spanish traits in the noble natures of that birth and soil. In Sancho – faithful, affectionate, dubious – nationality has lower relief, since he shares more simply the universal peasant nature of the South, but he is as abundantly Spanish in his peasanthood as is Don Quixote in his sublimated chivalry. No nation has cast ideal types of itself more summary, exemplary and real.

Later ages have seen in Don Quixote a type even more profound, and far beyond the reach of Cervantes to know, as no one can know the depths of his own personality. Don Quixote was a man of the past, bringing outworn arms against a changed world. Spain is a backward nation, ill-furnished for modern times. Other lands have persisted in seeing in Spain the Don Quixote of nations, whose life was a dream of past glory, whose thoughts and appliances were antiquated, whose career in the modern world must have been foredoomed. So they saw her set forth lately in full tilt in the lists against the best-equipped, the most modern, the youngest nations of the earth.

As the book of Spain, in the external and to some extent in the internal sense, *Don Quixote* was fed from the active life of Cervantes in his goings up and down in the country as a tax-gatherer and his journeys as a young soldier on the sea. He had,

however, another and perhaps more engaging life in the world of books. He was as full of ideas as of experience. He was a scholar, and, using this side of his nature, he made his work as expressive of the literary power of Spain as it was representative of her active genius. *Don Quixote* was literary in its origin, a crusade by parody against a particular kind of literature. Besides, the hero became a knight-errant through the reading of books, and he retained on his adventures that interest in literature of all kinds which makes the book as much one of letters as of arms.

Cervantes loved the old romances he destroyed as Plato loved the poets he exiled. He had a soul that felt the swell of great enterprises. He knew the spell of the lonely deed of high emprise appealing to individual prowess, the call of the adventure reserved for the destined knight.

Don Quixote was welcomed by foreign nations, but not altogether as a foreigner. It is a European book. Cervantes, besides what the genius of his race and country gave him, received a gift from destiny. He embodied a great moment of time, the passing hour of the old European ideal. It was a living ideal: that of chivalry. It was sprung from real conditions and greatly ruled the minds and, somewhat, the lives of men through a long era. It belonged to a world of social disorder – the thinly populated, scarce-reclaimed wilderness of feudal Europe. It belonged, too, to a world of marvel, where the unknown (even in geography) was a large constituent element, and magic, superstition and devildom were so rife as to be almost parts of the human mind, but such as the world was, there this ideal moved with power.

The military spirit never took form more nobly than in the chivalric type. It combined and reconciled two of the greatest motive powers in the human spirit: the idea of sacrifice and the force of self-assertive personality. The perfect knight would die for his faith, his loyalty and his love, but he died in battle. The reality of this ideal is shown by the depth, the richness and the long continuance of its appeal to the bosoms of men. The idea of rescue, generated from medieval misery and helplessness in an environment of brutal physical force, is its ethical core, but its efflorescence in the imagination of men was as many-colored as a sun. Beginning in the British waste marshes and the Frankish Court, it annexed the farthest Orient to the forests, deserts and seas of its adventures; it remade the genealogies of history and drew all the great, emperors and saints alike, into the lives of its parentage; it absorbed into its own tradition all past heroic excellence; it developed a ceremonial ritual; it gathered to itself the mighty power of symbolism in its most august and passionate forms; it gave forth a great legendary literature, one of the richest products of human effort and faith, written in every European tongue and splendid with the deeds of every soil. Laughter at chivalry, from the lips of Italy, had already filled the world before Cervantes came. In his day chivalry was dead and buried. The madness of Don Quixote was but its ghost, wandering in the staring daylight of a new age, forlorn, without place or use in the world.

Whether Cervantes was himself conscious of this note of tragedy in his work must remain forever obscure; if he was aware of it, he very successfully concealed his knowledge. He began with pure comic intention and made fun of the chivalric tradition, and very rough fun it was – nor did it grow less rough. His treatment of the knight is not free from coarseness, and is unremitting in cruelty: Here are the standards of the practical joker and the buffoon-stage; but it may be usefully remembered that the Cervantes scale of cruelty in life included a familiarity with the ways of the Turk and the pains of the Christian victims in Algiers.

Don Quixote contains the experience, the thought, the doubt of man. This comedy is found to be the tragedy of all idealism. If this is not the aspect under which it has most widely spread as a book of popular amusement, it is thus that it has most profoundly affected the mind of modern times. Mephistopheles and Don Quixote are the two great myths that the modern world has generated out of itself, as characteristic as Achilles in Homeric times or Roland in the Middle Ages or Amadis in the Renaissance. They are forms of its deepest consciousness, types created in its own image, planets cast from its own orb.

The modern world is psychological, and this book contains a psychology seemingly as elementary and comprehensive as a law of nature; it is skeptical, and this book utters, as no other does, the *double entendre* of life; it is pessimistic, and this book makes the most destructive impeachment of life. Doubtless one goes far from Cervantes with such thoughts, but if he did not fathom we may well believe that he felt the deeper meanings of his book, for even in the eyes of the comedian it is a book of much sadness.

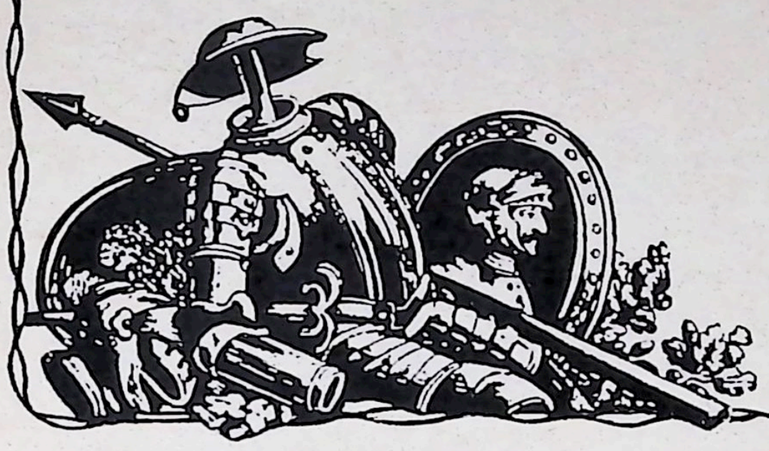
The double nature of life is put to the fore. There is an opposition in human nature, and this is set forth by the contrast of Don Quixote and Sancho. It is rendered in them by divers ways as the antithesis of the imagination with the senses, of the life of thought with the life of fact, of illusion with reality, of the eloquent discourse with the proverb, of the poetry with the prose of life, but essentially this polarity is in the double aspect of life as soul and sense. Cervantes decides for neither; he presents both as liable to error. He portrays Don Quixote with the characteristic defect of the soul: imaginative illusion. He gives to Sancho the characteristic defect of the material man: self-interest. The higher nature betrayed by its own nobility, the lower duped by its own baseness – that is the two-edged sword of life. That is the human comedy.

A man of one or few ideas does not differ from Don Quixote psychologically, except in degree. Whether his experience is bookish or real, he confines his attention to a specially selected and usually narrow theme, neglects the correctives that life furnishes and becomes absorbed in his mastering preconception of life; he is infatuated. Often he exhibits a like complicity with his own partial madness, suppresses irreconcilable facts and refuses to think in their direction. Often, too, he passes on from the stage of self-deception, in which he is only his own victim, and becomes the victim of others practicing on him – whom they profess to take at his own estimate – for gain, convenience or amusement.

The parallel is easily followed out, and the word "quixotic" has become a familiar term in all languages. Such quixotism is inherent in the social ideal, especially as held in youth, which – having necessarily an inaccurate idea of life – indulges those hopes natural to the human breast which can have no accomplishment in reality. It is embedded in inherited beliefs and the tradition of education, which contain an element of the past inapplicable to the changing present. The outworn creed, the lost cause, all shells of past faith and passion are its strongholds. In this lies the permanent truth of the book to life. Illusion, and specifically the illusion of the noble mind inheriting a great past, is the original mark of quixotism, and the moral which men have read into it is: The finer the soul, the more utter its earthly defeat.

Cervantes is disillusioned; he has accepted the disillusionment; he smiles at it. The peculiarity of *Don Quixote* is that all this is set forth with loud laughter, with frank and overflowing sympathy with the world as it is, with delight in all its various material life and people. It is this acceptance of life as it is, of the lower element in life, that is the complement in the book to the denial of the old ideal. Here is the victory of realism, of the positive spirit, of the oncoming age: prose, sense, actuality – the modern time. ♦

The Adventures of Don Quixote



Chivalry was dead when Cervantes began to write, although his own life reflected many of its ideals. The romances of chivalry, however, lingered on: stories of knights who set out to redress grievances, succor ladies in distress and do combat with villains or with other sportive knights. These tales had become inaccurate and incredible, espousing false or even dangerous standards, such as adulterous affairs or bloody codes of honor. "Don Quixote" probably started as a burlesque, to eradicate these noxious growths through ridicule, and much of it *(see page 49)* *is almost pure parody. But the story of the old man who, drunk on books of chivalry, set out on a wretched nag, with a peasant for squire, to earn lasting glory as a knight, expanded into a panorama of Spain and of mankind, with a social satire that is still trenchant today. As Cervantes grew to love Don Quixote, the old knight's wanderings came to symbolize the tortuous route traveled by a noble human soul attempting to shape the world to its own ideals; for, though his deeds are foolish, his speeches are often wise, and he never abandons his fine ideas, despite the buffetings of fate and the blows of his fellow men. When the knight, on his deathbed, renounces his former life, there is a sense of loss. For Alonzo Quixada is a good, sensible, dull old man, but Don Quixote, with his engaging lunacy, is one of the most unforgettable figures in world literature.*

(HIGHLIGHTS OF DON QUIXOTE'S LIFE ARE ILLUSTRATED ON FOLLOWING PAGES)

DON QUIXOTE STUDIES BOOKS OF CHIVALRY

"Domiciled in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse and a greyhound for coursing . . . His family consisted of an elderly housekeeper, a niece not quite 20 and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning hook. The age of our hidalgo bordered upon 50 years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meager visage, a very early riser and a keen sportsman. It is said his surname was Quixada . . . You must know, then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, gave himself up to the reading of tales of chivalry, with such relish that he nearly forgot all the sports of the field and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness for them reached that pitch that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry . . . His imagination was full of all that he read: enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that the whole system of chimeras he had studied was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon . . . In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered into the head of any madman—which was . . . that he should commence knight-errantry, and wander through the world with his horse and arms in quest of adventures, to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practiced by knights-errant, redressing all kinds of grievances and exposing himself to danger on all occasions so that, by accomplishing such enterprises, he might acquire eternal renown."

DON QUIXOTE BEING KNIGHTED BY A RASCALLY INNKEEPER

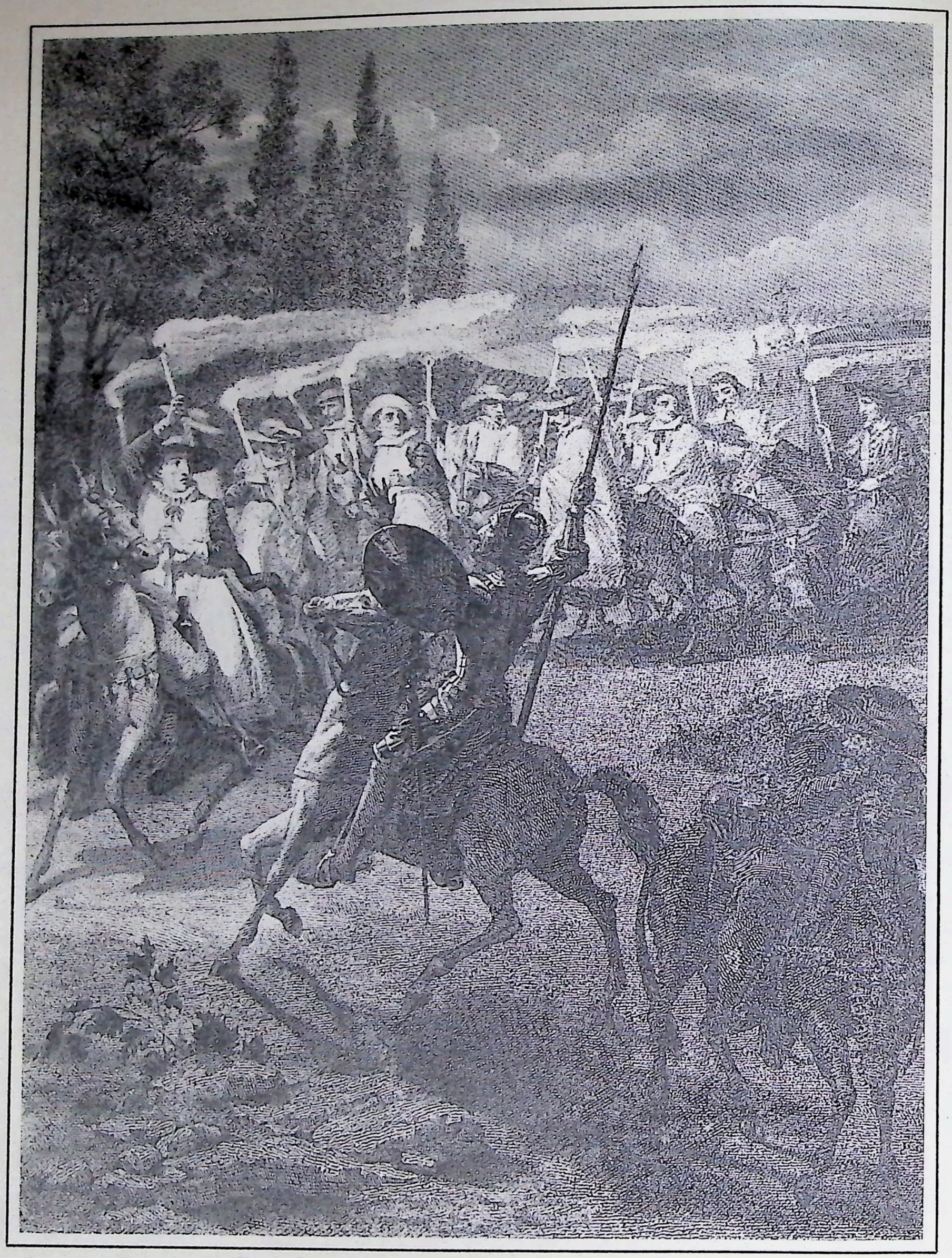
[*Having scrubbed his great-great-grandfather's armor, renamed himself Don Quixote, his horse Rosinante and his lady (a peasant wench) Dulcinea del Toboso, he sets out in search of adventure. He takes lodging at an inn, which he thinks is a castle, and demands that the landlord knight him. The joke of having him guard his armor in the yard all night backfires; the host determines to be rid of him.*]

"The constable presently brought the book, in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers. Then, with the two damsels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them), he came to Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual (as if he had been saying some devout prayer), in the midst of the reading he lifted up his hand and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering within his teeth as if he were praying. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom and discretion – of which latter, not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies."

DON QUIXOTE'S WOUNDS ARE TREATED IN AN INN

[*Humiliated in combat, Don Quixote is taken home. His niece, his housekeeper, the priest and the barber burn his books, but to no avail. He takes Sancho Panza as squire, promising to make him a governor, and they set out. Mistaking windmills for giants and a lady's entourage for kidnapers, he attacks them both. Then Rosinante and he are beaten by horsemen, and Sancho carries him to a "castle."*]

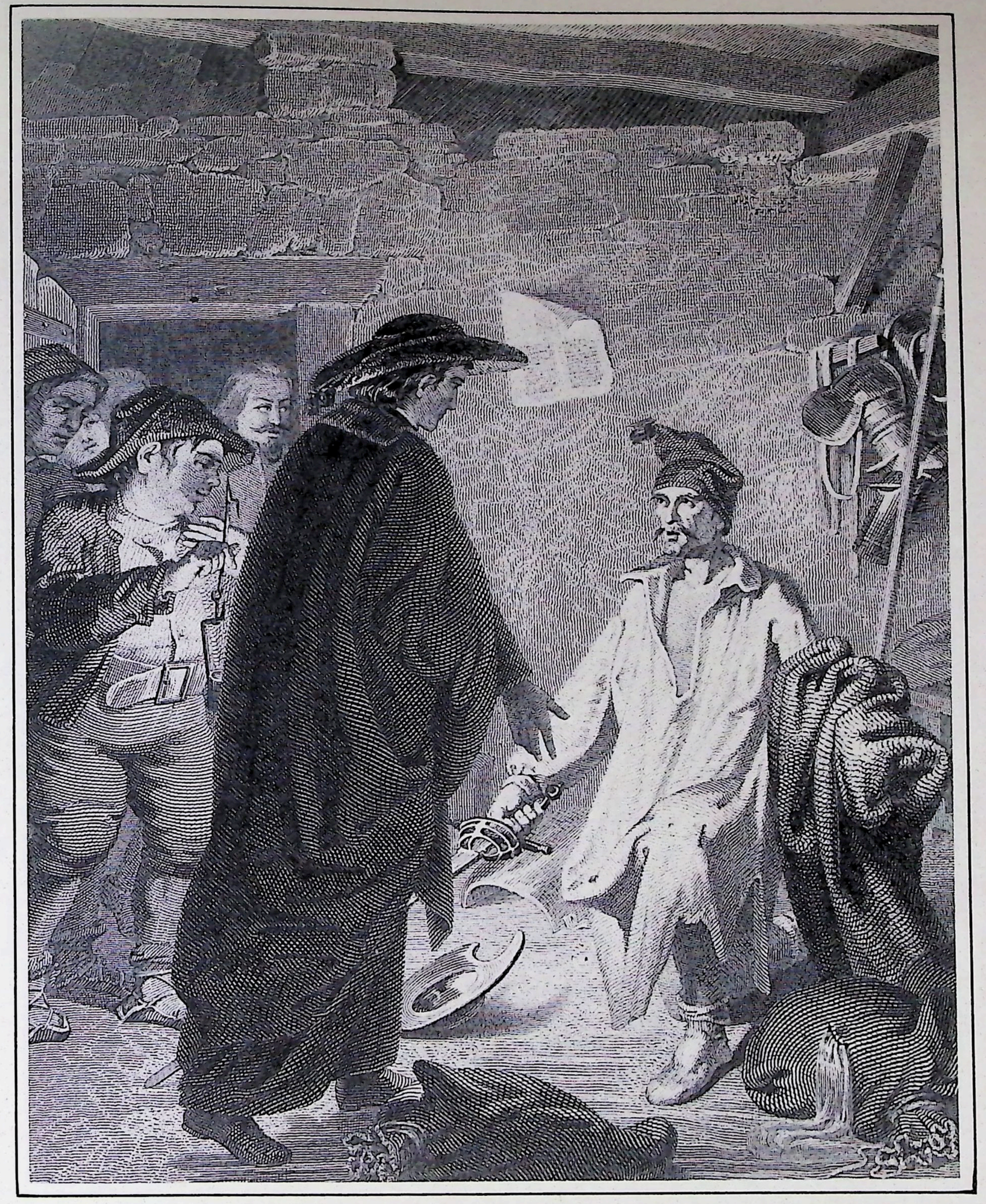
"The innkeeper, seeing him, inquired of Sancho what ailed him. Sancho answered that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortune of her neighbors, so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her . . . The hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. 'They were no blows,' said Sancho, 'but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark.' "



DON QUIXOTE CHALLENGES A FUNERAL PROCESSION

[*Sancho is tossed in a blanket when Quixote, finding he is at an inn, not a castle, refuses to pay. The knight charges a flock of sheep he mistakes for an army, and enraged shepherds knock out his teeth. One evening he spies a mysterious group of lights.*]

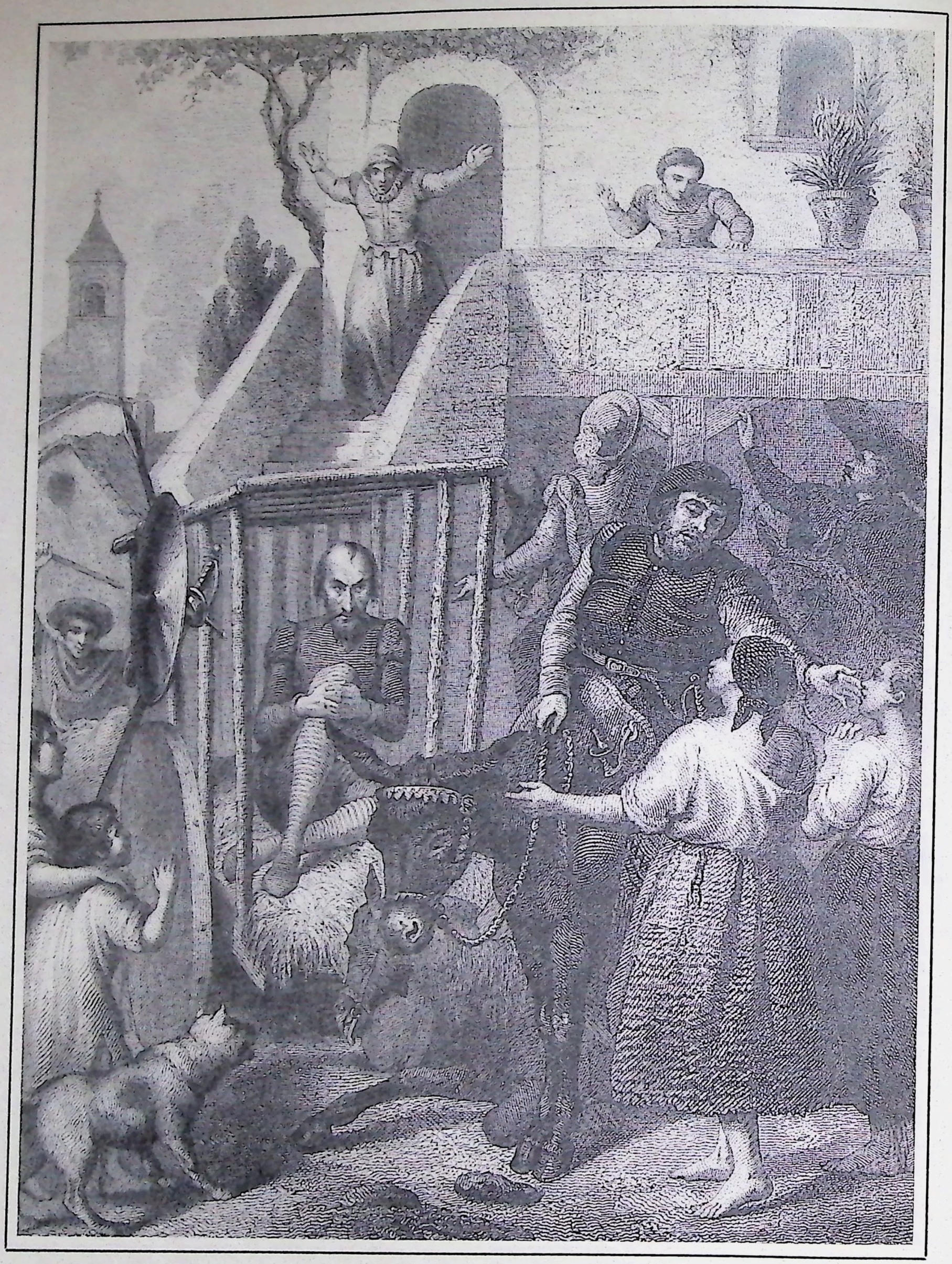
"This dreadful apparition entirely sank Sancho Panza's courage, and his teeth began to chatter; his trembling increased when he saw distinctly what it was. For now they discovered about 20 persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, behind whom came a litter covered with black, followed by six persons in deep mourning; the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black, down to their heels . . . Those in white came along muttering to themselves in low and plaintive tones . . . [Don Quixote] raised his voice and said: 'Hold, knights, whoever you are. Give me an account to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going and what it is you carry upon that bier. For, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done or to revenge you of the wrong done you.' "



DON QUIXOTE DOES COMBAT WITH "GIANTS" IN HIS SLEEP

[*Sancho prevents his master from investigating a frightful noise made, it turns out, by a mill pounding cloth. Don Quixote takes a brass basin – which he calls "the golden helmet of Mambrino" – from a barber. In the wilds, he acts the sad lover for "Dulcinea"; the disguised village barber and priest trick him into starting home. They stop at an inn.*]

"They found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind. His legs were very long and lean, full of hair and not over clean. He had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the innkeeper. In his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant. The best of it was that his eyes were shut, for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant . . . He had given the skins so many cuts that the whole room was afloat with wine . . . The poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well and soused it all over his body at a dash."

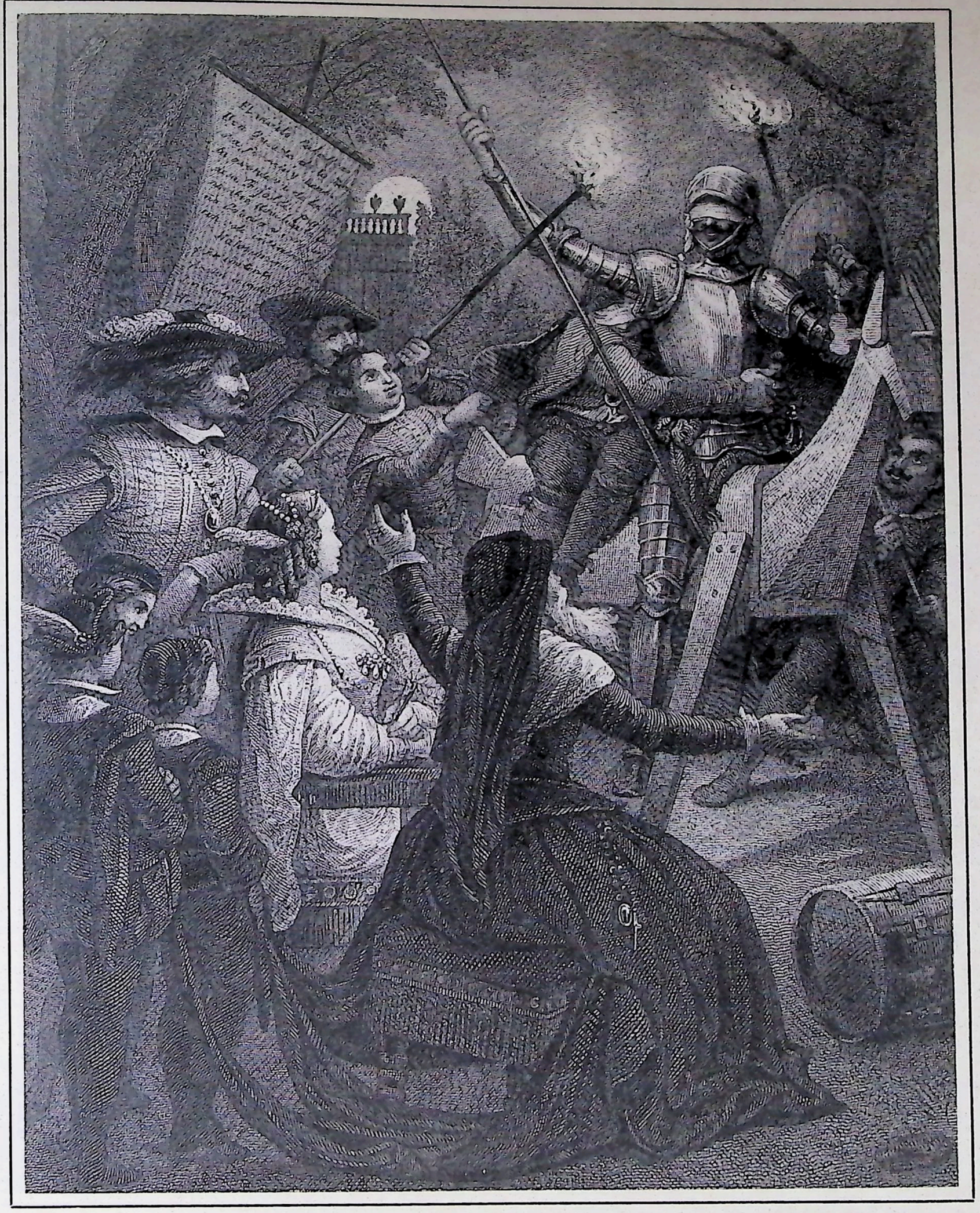


DON QUIXOTE, ENCHANTED, IN A CAGE

[Still trying to take Don Quixote home, the priest and barber have a cage made, into which the bound Quixote is placed by disguised guests of the inn.]

"Presently he fell into the usual conceit that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him. He persuaded himself that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could neither stir nor defend himself . . . Before the wagon moved forward, the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes came out to take their leaves of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears of grief at his misfortune. Don Quixote said to them: 'Weep not, excellent ladies. These kinds of mishaps are incident to my honorable profession, and if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a knight-errant of any considerable fame . . .'

"On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village. All the people were standing in the market place . . . A boy ran full-speed to inform the housekeeper and niece that their master and uncle was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a wagon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the good women raised . . ."



DON QUIXOTE SETS OUT TO BREAK AN ENCHANTMENT

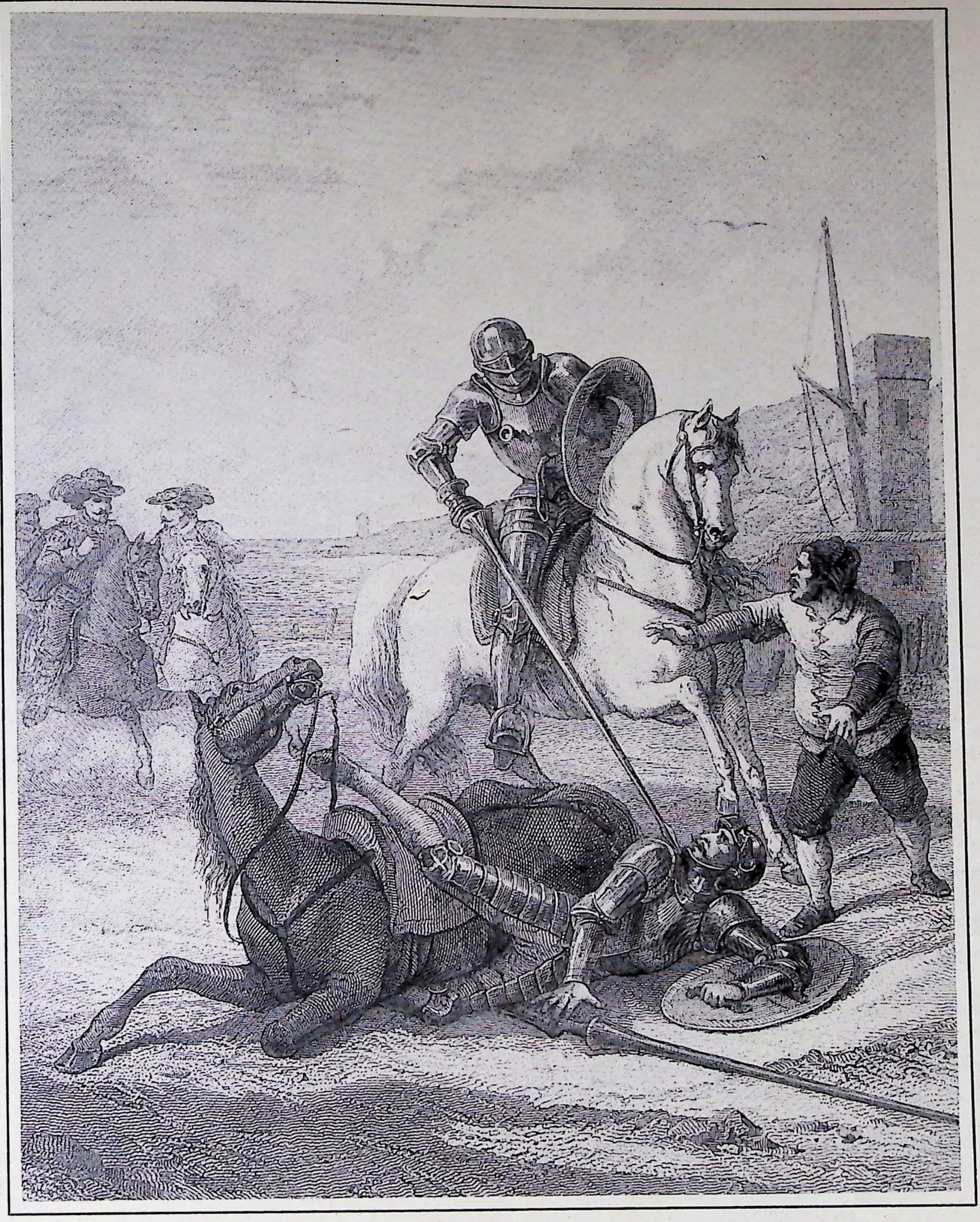
[*Despairing of keeping Don Quixote in La Mancha, the barber, priest and a neighbor, Sampson Carrasco, plot to have the latter (masquerading as the Knight of the Mirrors) defeat him in battle. When Quixote unhorses him, Carrasco swears revenge. After many adventures, Quixote meets a Duchess and entertains her and the Duke, but they play tricks on him and Sancho and persuade him to ride a "magic horse" to fight a wizard.*]

"Finally they were both effectually blindfolded, and Don Quixote, finding himself fixed as he should be, began to turn the peg . . . When Don Quixote felt the wind: 'Without doubt, Sancho,' said he, 'we must by this time have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed. Thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region, and if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the regions of fire. Sooth to say, I know not how to manage this peg, so as not to mount where we shall be scorched.' . . . Sancho, the first to feel the heat, now cried: 'May I be hanged if we are not already at that same region of fire, or very near it, for it has singed a great part of my beard.' "

SANCHO AND HIS DONKEY ARE RESCUED FROM THE CAVE

[*The Duke gives Sancho an island to govern, as Don Quixote had promised to do. He rules wisely for a week, but is so harassed by his subjects that he departs for the Duke's castle. He and his donkey fall into a pit. Don Quixote, passing by, hears his calls and goes to fetch help from the castle.*]

"Finally they sent ropes and pullies; and, by dint of a great many hands and a great deal of labor, the donkey and Sancho were drawn out of those gloomy shades to the light of the sun. A scholar, seeing him, said: 'Thus should all bad governors come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss, starved with hunger, wan and, I suppose, penniless.' Sancho, hearing him, said: 'It is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island that was bestowed upon me, in all which time I had not my stomach full one hour. I was persecuted by physicians and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites or receive my dues.' . . . 'If a governor comes rich from his government [said Don Quixote] they say he has plundered it; and if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool.' "



DON QUIXOTE IS DEFEATED BY THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON

[*Don Quixote and Sancho continue their travels, meeting many of their countrymen. They are captured by bandits and entertained by jesting nobles. Quixote is challenged by the Knight of the White Moon (Sampson Carrasco, again disguised). Sampson, careful not to hurt Quixote, unhorses him.*]

"He immediately advanced again to the knight, and, clapping his lance to his visor, said: 'Sir Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge . . . All the satisfaction I demand is that the great Don Quixote retire home to his own town for a year . . .'

"They raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale and in a cold sweat. Rosinante was in so poor a way that he could not stir for the present. Sancho, sorrowful and with tears in his eyes, knew not what to do or say. He fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and that all this business was a matter of enchantment. He saw his master vanquished, reduced to mercy, and under an obligation not to bear arms during a whole year. He beheld in imagination the light of the glory of his achievements obscured, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated like smoke by the wind . . ."

The Character of

by John A. O'Brien

OF ALL THE QUALITIES of character which provoke admiration of men, there are few which do so with such spontaneity and universality as that of courage. It makes an appeal to something deep in human nature which neither friend nor foe can resist. Regardless of the changes of fashion in human conduct, courage is never outmoded. Its appeal is timeless, changeless and universal. If moderation may be said to be the silken thread running through all the virtues, courage may be said to be the foundation of all. For, as Sir James M. Barrie has observed, "All goes, if courage goes." Similar is the conviction of Doctor Johnson: "Unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other."

Like the hardy perennial that shoots forth its blossoms not only amid the soft zephyrs of May but also amid the blustery winds of December, courage has blossomed in every season of the race's history and knows no limitations of border or race. It is the monopoly of no race, the heritage of no tribe. Its fatherland is the earth and all men are its potential heirs.

In the mythology of every race there are a Hector, a Hercules, an Achilles, a Beowulf, an Arthur, a Lancelot, a Cid. In the authentic chronicle of every people there are an Alexander, a Horatio, a Leonidas, a Caesar, a Richard the Lion-Hearted, a Napoleon, a Foch, a Robert Emmett, a Stonewall Jackson, a Rickenbacker, a MacArthur, a Colin Kelly. Their likenesses are perpetuated in statues and paintings; their names are enshrined in song and story; their memories live in the heart-throbs of the race. In the melodies that lilt the story of their fame, the recurring overtone is that of courage under fire, of gallantry in the face of impending doom.

Although it is so highly prized in every land, courage is not a common virtue. The feet of most men are weighted with the lead of fear. "Mankind," observes Benjamin Franklin, "are dastardly when they meet with opposition." It was none other than a general, Lord Wellington, who declared: "Uniforms are often masks." Most men shy away from danger as instinctively as a horse shies away from an unfamiliar object in the road. The generality of mankind is quite content to plod safely along the middle of the road, leaving the edges of the gullies and the brinks of the precipices to more venturesome and fearless spirits.

The dominant need of our day is courage. Courage for the fields of endeavor which encircle the globe, embrace the waters of the deep and reach into the skies of all the world. Courage for the herculean task of building a new and better world out of the ruins of the old. Courage for the task of preserving our clearness of vision, our capacity for calm thinking and the control of our emotions, instead of yielding to hysteria and frenzy. The building of a world organization that will relegate war to the limbo of outmoded institutions demands that we "screw our courage to the sticking-place."

Courage is a quality of the mind which enables one to meet danger and difficulties with firmness and valor. It implies a subordination of fear or pain to a fixed purpose or a steadfast resolution. Bravery is daring, often defiant courage. Boldness is the antithesis of timidity. Dauntlessness connotes courage of a lofty and unintimidated character. Gallantry implies a dashing and adventurous courage. Fortitude is passive courage, especially in the endurance of pain or adversity. Heroism is a contempt of danger from a noble and self-forgetful devotion. At the opposite pole from courage is cowardice.

Courage is never to be confused with recklessness, which is lacking in prudent caution. Courage must have eyes as well as hands and feet. That is a high type of courage which first measures the formidableness of the danger and then takes effective means to cope with it. Not without purpose has the sense of fear been rooted in the race; prudent fear is the beginning of wisdom as it is of courage. Not long would we live if the inhibitions of prudent fear were removed from us.

The results of a scientific investigation of fear, conducted under the direction of the National Research Council, show that fear is nature's method of mobilizing in an all-out way for an all-out emergency—it pulls all the body's resources into a state of preparedness for an ordeal. Fear in the form of prudent concern increases strength and endurance.

There are a few men in every army, the study discloses, who know no fear. Fortunately, just a few. For such individuals are not normal. They would be readily recognized by a psychiatrist as mentally deficient. Their callousness of mind makes them incapable of emotion, and hence incapable of fear; their lack of the wholesome inhibitions of prudent fear makes them tend toward mere recklessness. Great accomplishments, calling for sustained courage and intelligence, are achieved by normal men who have learned to subjugate their fear for worth-while causes. Courage and fear are not opposites. Courage does not mean the absence of fear, but its subordination to a steadfast resolution.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the fact that prudence and courage walk hand in hand, and are never to be viewed as

COURAGE

pulling in opposite directions. The man who takes risks needlessly and without due preparation is not courageous, but rash. Far, then, from acting without the guidance of reason, courage utilizes all the light to chart its way and then plunges resolutely onward. "Be sure you are right," cautioned Lincoln, "*then* go ahead." His appeal was for courage lighted by reason—the most commendable and fruitful kind of courage.

The fact of the matter is that, after all the consequences are carefully weighed, vacillation should yield to decision and action. Courage is required in every decision: Nothing ventured, nothing gained. There is no crown without its cross; there is no prize without a struggle, no victory without a contest.

It is interesting to note that exhibitions of courage and daring provoke admiration even from the enemy. Courage of friend or foe seems to strike a spot in the human heart which renders it impossible for one to withhold his admiration: Respect for courage outstrips self-interest and is coextensive with humankind.

Why does courage provoke its need of admiration even from the adversary who succumbs before it? Deploring his own defeat, he yet finds himself *compelled* to admire the courage and daring which enable his opponent to mount the shining peak of victory. Is it not because deep down in the hidden depths of the human soul there is the universal conviction that there are values which far transcend one's own self-interest, and which are worth risking one's own personal welfare and life to achieve?

It was of this truth which the great poet A. E. Housman declared: "That is the most important truth which has ever been uttered, and the greatest discovery ever made in the moral world." In the cheerful willingness to face danger, hardship, suffering, death itself, for a cause which transcends one's own self-interest, is found the hidden core of that inner compulsion forcing all men to pay tribute to the courage and daring of friend and foe.

That is doubtless why we find ourselves withholding admiration from (and looking somewhat scornfully upon) the person who sets too high a premium upon his own self-interest when compared with the public weal. As with a sixth sense, we discern a certain pusillanimity in the exaggerated sense of self-importance in the individual who is in the chronic attitude of thinking of himself and of his own petty interests first, and only second, if at all, of the welfare of society.

The sense of self-preservation can be developed to such an extent that the universe is regarded as existing for the solitary purpose of providing for the ease, security and comfort of oneself, while the feeling for others becomes blurred and vestigial. Such an attitude, even when dimly felt, never fails to provoke an unfavorable reaction.

True courage, therefore, is anchored in reason; it is educated fear; it assumes risks only for causes worth while. It demands a *quid pro quo*—a justification and a compensation for a risk. It leaves to the so-called daredevil the reckless assumption of risks of life and limb for vainglorious exhibitionism. Because they are fundamentally stupid and irrational, mere recklessness and daredeviltry are unworthy of the respect and admiration so universally accorded to true courage. This fact is recognized in most communities in the laws which exist forbidding reckless risks, which are veerings toward suicide and not infrequently reach it.

To differentiate true courage from the humbuggery and the lunatic fringe aping it, it is necessary to stress the eminently *rational* character of the virtue, and to point out that it has eyes as well as fists. Otherwise, the noble virtue would come under the odium rightly attached to the antics of the semilunatic who flirts with death on the steeple of a lofty building to thrill a morbid crowd and to satisfy his own pathological vanity.

Life is filled with occasions which challenge our courage and our fortitude. Courage is not confined to the doing of the spectacular and the unusual. Courage of a high order is required to face the daily grind and do it not grudgingly but cheerfully and well. The prosaic and homely tasks which face the father in earning a living for his family, the menial duties which dog a mother's footsteps from sunup to sunset in caring for her brood call for genuine courage to fulfill them with joyous serenity.

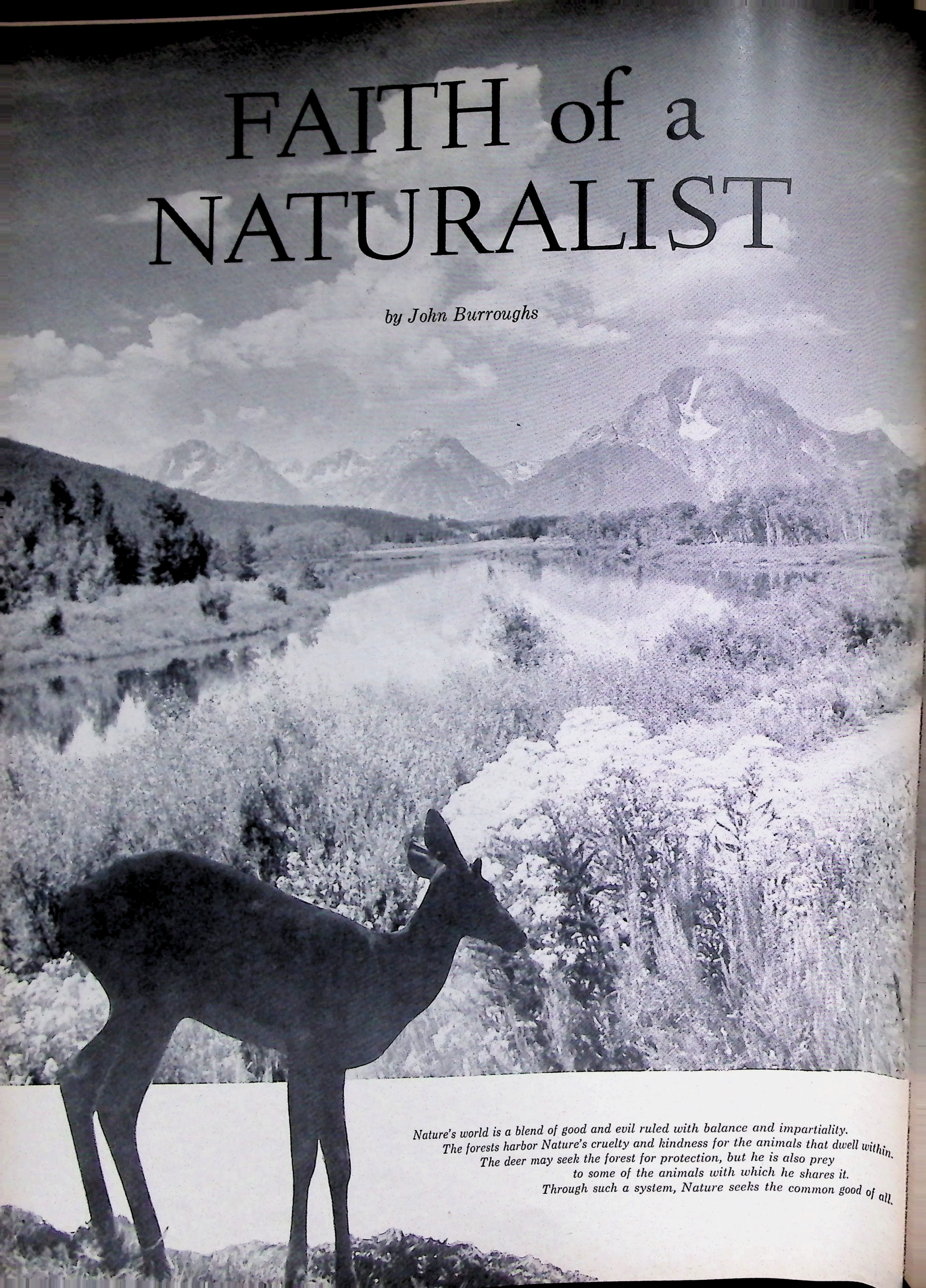
The note of cheerfulness is inherent in courage. It demands that a difficult and often painful duty not only be done, but also be done cheerfully. Whining, petulance, sourness and strain begrime the splendor of a difficult deed and strip it of the shining radiance of cheerful willingness—the authentic mark of true courage. How many there are who have spoiled a good deed and robbed it of its radiance by complaining about it, either before they did it or afterward.

"A true knight," observed Sir Philip Sidney, "is full of gay bravery in the midst of danger." Similar is the observation of Emerson: "And that which takes my fancy most in the heroic class is the good humor and hilarity they exhibit."

Courage, then, is the alchemy which will transmute not only a dull and monotonous task but even an excruciating ordeal into a labor of cheerfulness and joy. ♦

FAITH of a NATURALIST

by John Burroughs



Nature's world is a blend of good and evil ruled with balance and impartiality.
The forests harbor Nature's cruelty and kindness for the animals that dwell within.
The deer may seek the forest for protection, but he is also prey
to some of the animals with which he shares it.
Through such a system, Nature seeks the common good of all.

Amid the decay of creeds, love of Nature has high religious value. This has saved many persons in this world – saved them from mammon-worship and the frivolity and insincerity of the crowd. It has made their lives placid and sweet. It has given them an inexhaustible field for inquiry, for enjoyment, for the exercise of all their powers, and in the end has not left them soured and dissatisfied. It has made them contented and at home in Nature – in the house not made with hands. This house is their church; the rocks and the hills are the altars, and the creed is written in the leaves of the trees and the flowers of the field and the sands of the shore. A new creed every day, and new preachers, and holy days all the week through.

Every walk to the woods is a religious rite; every bath in the stream is a saving ordinance. Communion service is at all hours, and the bread and wine are from the heart and marrow of Mother Earth. There are no heretics in Nature's church; all are believers; all are communicants. The beauty of natural religion is that you have it all the time; you do not have to seek it afar in myths and legends, in catacombs, in garbled texts, in miracles of dead saints or winebibbing friars. It is of today; it is now and here; it is everywhere. The crickets chirp it, the birds sing it, the breezes chant it, the thunder proclaims it, the streams murmur it, the unaffected man lives it. Its incense rises from the plowed fields; it is on the morning breeze, in the forest breath, in the spray of the wave. The frosts write it in exquisite characters, the dews impearl it and the rainbow paints it on the cloud. It is not an insurance policy underwritten by a bishop or a priest – it is not even a faith; it is a love, an enthusiasm, a consecration to natural truth.

The God of sunshine and storms speaks a less equivocal language than the God of revelation.

Our fathers had their religion and their fathers had theirs, but they were not ours, and could not have been in those days and under those conditions. Still, their religions lifted them above themselves, healed their wounds and consoled them for many of the failures and disappointments of this world; they developed character; they tempered the steel in their natures.

A man is not saved by the truth of the things he believes but by the truth of his belief – its sincerity, its harmony with his character. Any creed that ennobles character and opens a door or a window upon the deeper meanings of this marvelous universe is good enough to live by – and good enough to die by.

Viewed from the sun, the earth is a mere speck in the sky, and the amount of the sun's total light and heat that is received on the earth is so small relatively that the mind can hardly grasp it. Yet for all practical purposes the sun shines for us alone. Our relation to it could not be any more direct and sustaining if it were created for that purpose. It is immanent in the life of the globe. It is the source of all our energy and, therefore, of our life. Its bounties are universal. The other planets find it is their sun also. It is as special and private to them as to us. We think the sun paints the bow on the cloud, but the bow follows from the laws of optics. The sun knows it not.

It is the same with what we call God. His bounty is of the same universal, impersonal kind, and yet for all practical purposes it exists especially for us and is immanent every moment in our lives. There is no special Providence. Nature sends the rain upon the just and the unjust, upon the sea as upon the land.

Everything in organic nature (trees, grasses, flowers, insects, fishes, mammals) is beset by evil of some kind. The natural order is good because it brought us here and keeps us here, but evil has always dogged our footsteps. Leaf-blight is an evil to the tree; smallpox is an evil to man; frost is an evil to the insects; flood is an evil to the fishes.

We accept the tornadoes and earthquakes and world wars, and do not lose faith. We arm ourselves against them as best we can. We accept the bounty of the rain, the sunshine, the soil, the changing seasons and the vast armory of nonliving forces, and from them equip or teach ourselves to escape, endure, modify or ward off the destructive and nonhuman forces that beset our way. We draw our strength from the Nature that seems (and is) so regardless of us; our health and wholeness are her gifts. The evils and dangers that beset our way have been outmatched by the good and the helpful.

The deep-sea fish would burst and die if brought to the surface; the surface life would be crushed and killed in the deep sea. Life adapts itself to its environment; hard conditions make it hard. Winds, floods, inclement seasons have driven it around the earth; the severer the cold, the thicker the fur; compensations always abound. If Nature is not all-wise and all-merciful from our human point of view, she has at least placed us in a world where our own wisdom and mercy can be developed; she has sent us to a school in which we learn to see her shortcomings and imperfections, and to profit by them.

Good and evil are inseparable. We cannot have light without shade, or warmth without cold, or life without death, or development without struggle. The struggle for life, of which Darwinism makes so much, is only the struggle of the chick to get out of the shell, or the flower to burst its bud or the root to penetrate the soil. It is not the struggle of battle and hate, the justification of war and usurpation. It is for the most part a beneficent struggle with the environment, in which the fittest of the individual units of a species survive, but in which the strong and the feeble, the great and the small species alike survive. The lamb survives with the lion, the wren with the eagle, the Eskimo with the European. All manner of small and delicate forms survive with the great and robust. One species of Carnivora, or rodents or Herbivora, does not, as a rule, exterminate another species.

It is true that species prey upon species, that cats eat mice, that hawks eat smaller birds and that man slays and eats the domestic animals. Probably man alone has exterminated species. But outside of man's doings, all the rest belongs to Nature's system of checks and balances, and bears no analogy to human or inhuman wars and conquests.

We say that Nature cares nothing for the individual, but only for the race or the species. The whole organic world is at war with the inorganic, and, as in human wars, the individuals are sacrificed that the army, the whole, may live; so, in the strife and competition of Nature, the separate units fall that the mass may prosper.

In early summer comes the June drop of apples. The trees start with more fruit than they can carry, and if they are in vigorous health, they will drop the surplus. It is a striking illustration of Nature's methods. The tree does its own thinning, but only if at the top of condition. It takes health and strength simply to let go; only a living tree drops its fruit or its leaves.

Man's effort is to save waste, to reduce friction, to take short cuts, to make smooth the way, to seize the advantage, to economize time, but the physical forces know none of these things.

Go into the woods and behold the evil with which the trees have to contend (all typical of the evil with which we have to contend): too great a crowd in places – one tree crushing another

by its fall; specimens on every hand whose term of life might be lengthened by a little wise surgery; borers, blight, disease, insect pests, storm, thunderbolts – evil in a hundred forms besetting every tree, and sooner or later leaving its mark. A few escape (oaks, maples, pines, elms) and reach a greater age than the others, but they fail at last, and when they have rounded out their green century, or 10 centuries, and go down in a gale, or in the stillness of a summer night, how often younger trees are marred or crushed by their fall! But come back after many long years and their places are filled and all the scars are healed. The new generation of trees is feeding upon the accumulations of the old. Evil is turned to good. The destruction of the cyclone, the ravages of fire, the wreckage of the ice storm are all obliterated and the forest-spirit is rank and full again.

There is no wholesale exemption from this rule of waste and struggle in this world, or probably in any other. We have life on these terms. The organic world develops under pressure from within and from without. Rain brings the perils of rain, fire brings the perils of fire, power brings the perils of power. The great laws go our way, but they will break us or rend us if we fail to keep step with them. Unmixed good is a dream; unmixed happiness is a dream; perfection is a dream; heaven and hell are both dreams of our mixed and struggling lives, the one the outcome of our aspirations for the good, the other the outcome of our fear of evil.

Man specializes; he selects this or that – selects the wheat and rejects the tares; but Nature generalizes; she has the artist's disinterestedness: All is good; all are parts of her scheme. She nourishes the foul-smelling cat brier as carefully as she does the rose. Each creature, with man at the head, says, "The world is mine; it was created for me." Evidently it was created for all – at least all forms are at home here. Nature's system of checks and balances preserves her working equilibrium. If a species of forest worm, under some exceptionally favoring conditions, gets such a start that it threatens to destroy our beech and maple forests, presently a parasite, stimulated by this turn in its favor, appears and restores the balance.

I am only trying to say that after we have painted Nature as black as the case will allow, after we have depicted her as a savage beast, a devastating storm, a scorching desert, a consuming fire, an all-engulfing earthquake, or as war, pestilence, famine, we have only depicted her from our limited human point of view. But even from that point of view the favoring conditions of life are so many, living bodies are so adaptive, the lift of the evolutionary impulse is so unconquerable, the elemental laws and forces are so overwhelmingly on our side that our position in the universe is still an enviable one. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Slain, I shall nourish some other form of life, and the books will still balance – not my books, but the vast ledgers of the Eternal.

In the old times we accounted for creation in the simple terms of the Hebrew Scriptures: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." We even saw no discrepancy in the tradition that creation took place in the spring. But when we attempt to account for creation in the terms of science or naturalism, the problem is far from being so simple. We have not so tangible a point from which to start.

It is as if we were trying to find the end or the beginning of the circle. Round and round we go, caught in the endless and beginningless currents of the Creative Energy; no fixity or finality anywhere; rest and motion, great and small, up and down, heat and cold, good and evil, near and far – only relative; cause and effect merging and losing themselves in each other; life and death perpetually playing into each other's hands; interior within interior; depth beneath depth; height above height; the tangible thrilled and vibrating with the intangible; the material in bonds to the nonmaterial; invisible, impalpable forces streaming around us and through us; perpetual change and transformation on every hand; every day a day of creation, every night a revelation of unspeakable grandeur; suns and systems forming in the cyclones of stardust; the whole starry host of heaven flowing like a meadow brook. But where, or whence, who can tell? The center everywhere, the circumference nowhere; pain and pleasure, good and evil, inextricably mixed; the fall of man, a daily and hourly occurrence; the redemption of man, the same! Heaven or hell waiting by every doorstep, boundless, beginningless, unspeakable, immeasurable – what wonder that we seek a short cut through this wilderness and appeal to the supernatural?

When I look forth upon the world and see how, regardless of man and his well-being, the operations of Nature go on – how the winds and the storms wreck him or destroy him, how the drought or the floods bring to naught his industries, how not even the least force in heaven or earth turns aside for him or makes any exception to him – in short, how all forms of life are perpetually ground between the upper and nether millstones of the contending and clashing natural material forces – I ask myself: "Is there nothing, then, under the sun, or beyond the sun, that has a stake in our well-being? Is life purely a game of chance, and is it all luck that we are here in a world so richly endowed to meet all our requirements?" Serene Reason answers: "No, it is not luck as in a lottery. It is the good fortune of the whole. It was inherent in the constitution of the whole, and it continues because of its adaptability; life is here because it fits itself into the scheme of things – it is flexible and compromising."

We find the world good to be in because we are adapted to it, and not it to us. The vegetable growth upon the rocks where the sea is forever pounding is a type of life; the waves favor its development. Life takes advantage of turbulence as well as of quietude, of drought as well as of floods, of deserts as well as of marshes, of the sea-bottom as well as of the mountaintops. Both animal and vegetable life trim their sails to the forces that beat upon them. The image of the sail is a good one. Life avails itself of the half-contrary winds; it captures and imprisons their push in its sails; by yielding a little, it makes headway in the teeth of the gale; it gives and takes; without struggle, without opposition, life would not be life.

The faith and composure of the naturalist or naturist are proof against the worst that Nature can do. He sees the cosmic forces only; he sees nothing directly mindful of man but man himself; he sees the intelligence and beneficence of the universe flowering in man; he sees life as a mysterious issue of warring elements; he sees human consciousness and our sense of right and wrong, of truth and justice, as arising in the evolutionary sequence, and turning and sitting in judgment upon all things; he sees that there can be no life without pain and death; that there can be no harmony without discord; that opposites go hand in hand; that good and evil are inextricably mingled; that the sun and blue sky are still there behind the clouds, unmindful of them; that all is right with the world if we extend our vision deep enough; that the ways of Nature are the ways of God if we do not make God in our own image, or make our comfort and well-being the prime object of Nature.

Our comfort and well-being are provided for in the constitution of the world, but we may say that they are not guaranteed; they are contingent upon many things, but the chances are on our side. He that would save his life shall lose it – lose it in forgetting that the universe is not a closed corporation or a patented article, and that it exists for other ends than our own. But he who can lose his life in the larger life of the whole shall save it in a deeper, truer sense. ◆

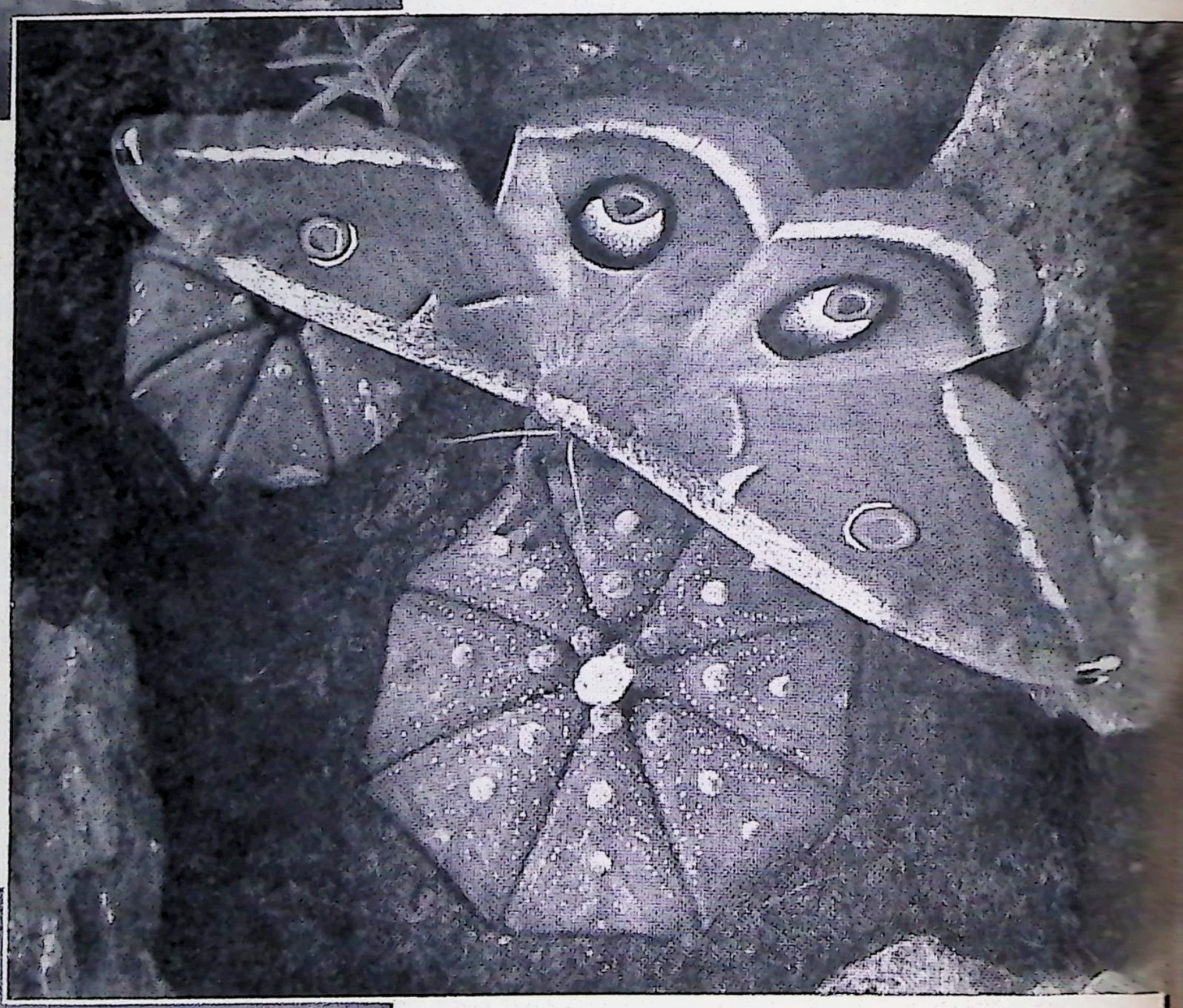
The trees of the forest are probably the most long-lived organisms in Nature, many types able to thrive for centuries, even milleniums. Such longevity in Nature presupposes strength and ability to adjust to adverse conditions. While most trees shed their leaves seasonally, the evergreens do not, but they gradually replace their foliage so that they are never bare. The cold and the drying winds of winter necessitate certain adaptations. The leaves will be either tough and leathery or they will be formed in the shape of needles so as to expose minimum surface area to inclement weather. Despite their great strength and endurance, trees, like most of the species in Nature, have their enemies. Storms, lightning, winds and blight take their toll. As the big trees fall, they crush and trample the younger ones. New growth never fails to replace the old; growth is continuous and thinning is continual.

A PICTORIAL

Pageant of Nature

Life would not be possible in any of its forms if it were not for water. Primitive science recognized this importance by considering water one of the four elements then thought to compose the world. The earth's waters are no less bound and controlled by Nature than is the animate world. Moisture from the earth is evaporated and condensed in the atmosphere, from which it returns to earth as rain or snow. Dead foliage in mountain forests retards the flow of rainwater, preventing uncontrollable deluges, and the spreading limbs of the trees avert too rapid melting of snow. Nature's own conservation methods control the flow of water by retaining it during the winter months and then allowing it to run slowly during the drier months of spring and summer. The cyclic pattern of absorption and precipitation repeats itself over and over. Few of Nature's phenomena, whether animate or inanimate, can long exist or function independently.

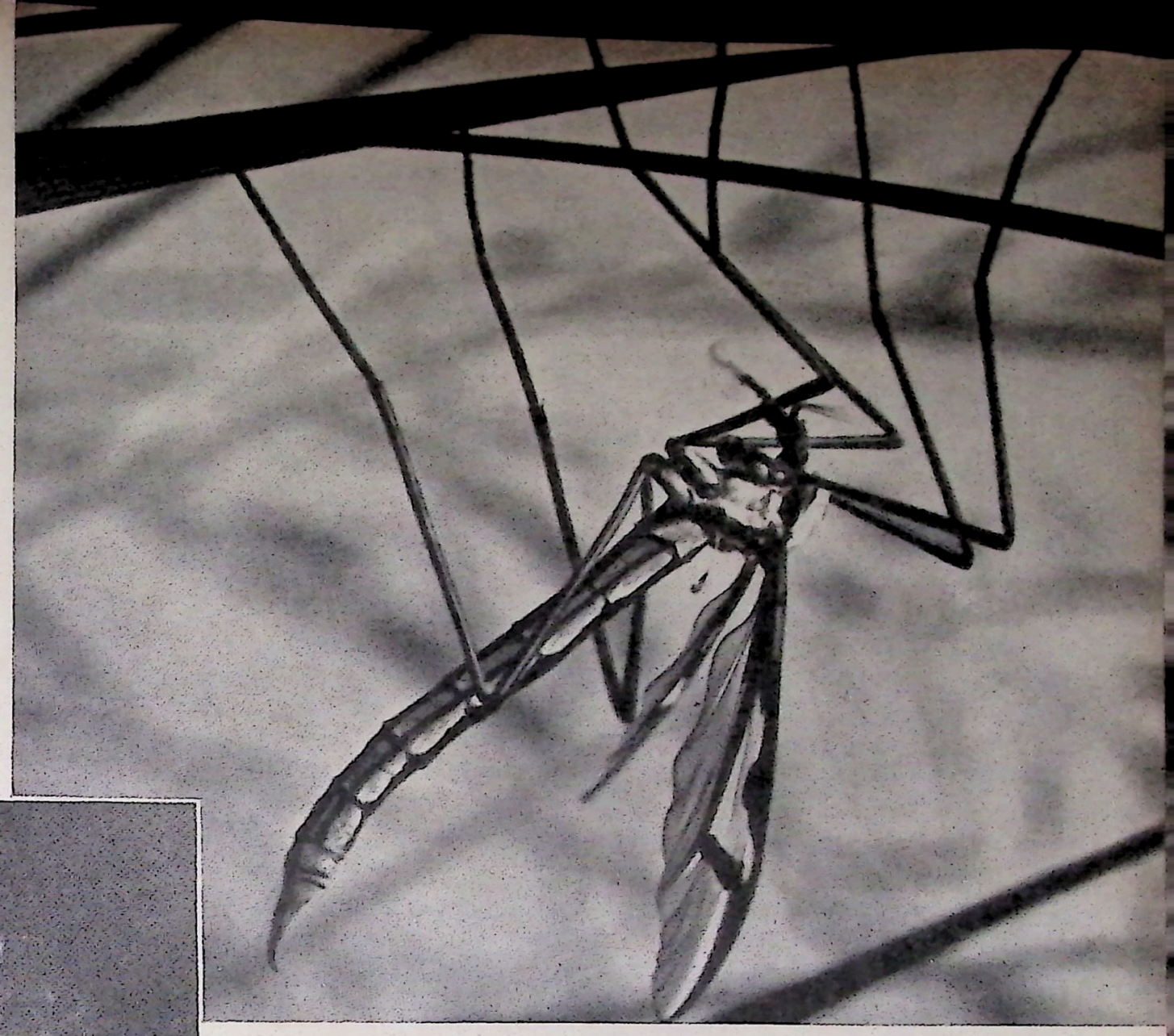
Aphids, the common plant parasites, are so adaptable that they can exist almost anywhere. They reproduce their kind alternately in winged and nonwinged generations, the winged ones simply moving to new quarters when the old are overcrowded or undesirable. Protected and prized by worker ants for a sweet, sticky substance they secrete, aphids serve the ant colonies much as dairy herds serve man.



The life cycles of the insects are usually characterized by what could be called Nature's legerdemain, and none is more fascinating than that of butterflies and moths. The process by which a caterpillar enters a silky cocoon and emerges as a butterfly or moth is among Nature's most intriguing tricks. The lovely, light-brown Polyphemus moth here begins life a green-and-yellow caterpillar.

Each caterpillar is either a moth or butterfly in the making. Some caterpillars take as long as four years to grow into their wings; others may take only a few days. They are either "furry" or have bare skins, the latter type being frequently mistaken for worms. Caterpillars cause widespread damage to flowers, trees and crops because they eat enormous quantities of food in preparation for the pupal stage of their development.

Although it is often mistaken for a giant mosquito, the crane fly (or "daddy longlegs") does not bite. His long, awkward legs actually make him a poor pedestrian, and he flies slowly on thin, delicate wings. There are approximately 500 species of the crane fly in North America alone, a large branch in a family tree which includes such pestiferous relatives as the common housefly, the mosquito and the carrier of sleeping sickness, the tsetse.



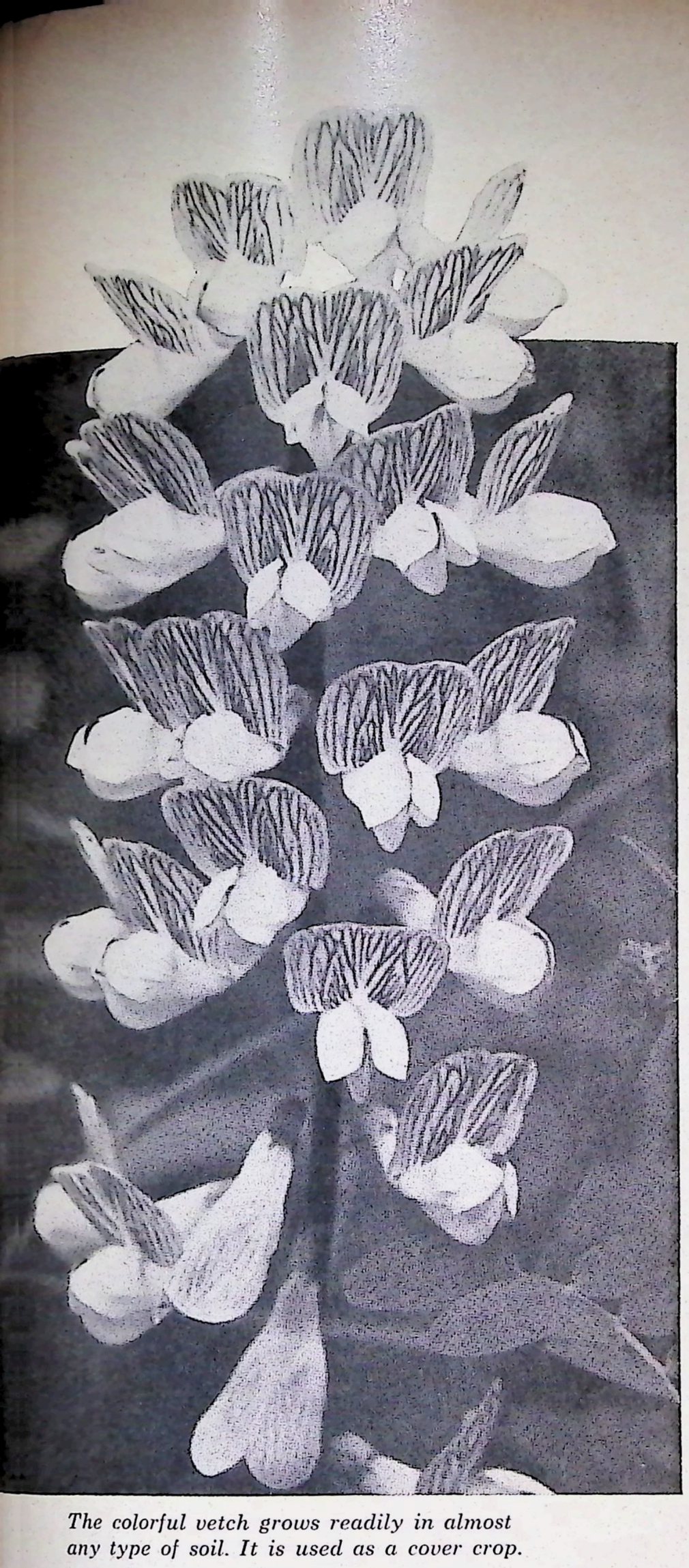
The cross spider (so-called because of a cross design on the body), a common European garden variety, is a good example of Nature's artistic handiwork. Bright markings provide its warning as well as its beauty.

Harmless in spite of his fearsome appearance, the dragonfly is basically unchanged in design from his ancestors of 250 million years ago. He is fast and extremely maneuverable, with exceptionally sensitive vision. His eyes cover about one-half of the head surface, and each of the compound eyes is made up of 1000 or more individual "camera lenses." Such eyes are not unique, but their size and field of vision are remarkable.

The beech is now important as a source of fine wood, but in early times, thin sheets of it were used as writing tablets.

Flowering plants are marvelously complex in both form and function as a result of the necessity to survive under often difficult conditions. The "flower" itself is not primarily an ornament but a special part of the plant related to the production of seeds. Some flowers produce seed by pollinating themselves, but a hardier plant results if cross-pollination occurs. Consequently, most flowers depend upon insects to carry pollen. Bright colors, perfume and fragrant nectars entice animal life, which picks up pollen and spreads it. Generally, the bright, multicolored plants depend upon insects which work by day; they close at night to protect their delicate anthers and stigmas. Those which need the night-flying insects are open only at night and are nearly always white or pale-yellow, colors most easily seen at night. Still other forms take on special shapes to suit special insects, and some are modified so that they can be pollinated by only one insect. The trap of the common snapdragon, for example, can be opened only by the massive bumblebee. The flowers that depend upon animal life for pollination are usually the most complex. These produce pollen in small quantities because there is not much lost in insect pollination. Wind-pollinated flowers, on the other hand, tend to be more simple in design, less colorful and not perfumed. They produce pollen in larger quantities to compensate for that scattered uselessly by the wind. Flowers as a group exhibit an impressive number of adaptations that fit special parts to special activities. Intricate design is rarely without purpose and generally enables the plant to survive in its surroundings.

The sweetness of the calla lily attracts the luna moth in the plan of cooperation between plant and animal.



The colorful vetch grows readily in almost any type of soil. It is used as a cover crop.

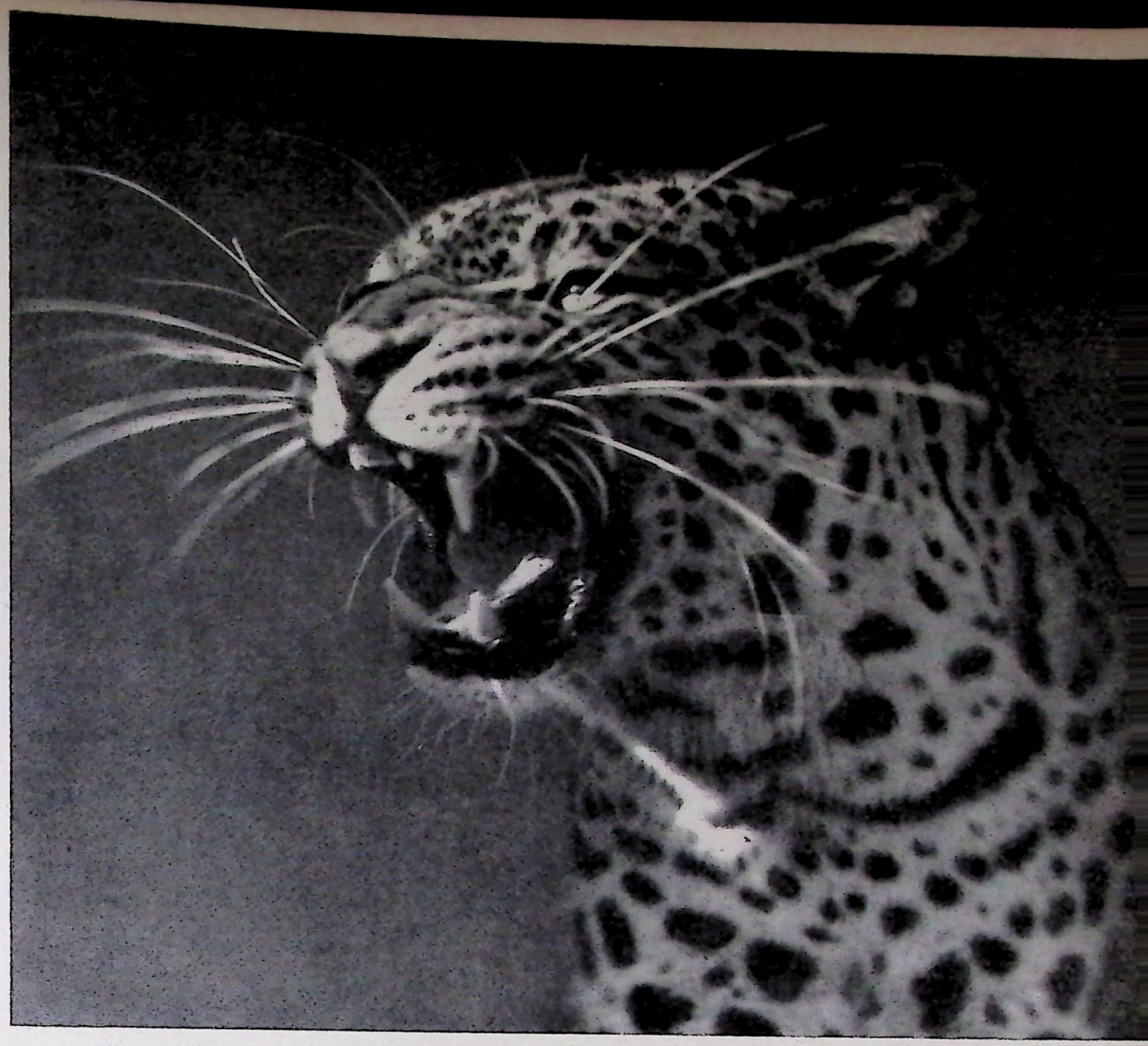
The gorgeous and delicate tiger flower is of the iris family and a native of Mexico. It is orange, yellow or white in color.

Combining beauty and utility, the gentian is valuable as a source of several drugs.

A combination of timidity and curiosity, the chipmunk is inclined to be an explorer with a quick getaway. Because of his vulnerability to many predatory enemies, he has developed an uncommon wariness and the instinct for self-concealment. The entrances to his underground burrows are often very cleverly hidden under large stones or trees. Like his relative the squirrel, the chipmunk is a great forager, bringing his booty back to the burrow in his expansible cheeks. Chipmunks remain active throughout most of the winter, hibernating only during the months of extreme cold.

The fox has become synonymous with cleverness because of his uncanny ability to elude traps and pursuers. It is difficult to explain his resourcefulness in avoiding entrapments, since he is primarily a predator and has no natural enemies with the exception of man. Birds and small mammals comprise the major portion of the fox's diet, although he is flexible in the matter of food and is known to eat fruit when nothing else is available. Most of his hunting is done at night, and he does not hibernate. Despite the fox's sneaky depredations, he leads an almost sedate family life. The male fox helps care for the young and probably mates for life.

Beauty and cruelty are often coexistent in Nature but nowhere more dramatically than in the leopard. As cruel and vicious as he is beautiful, this cat is somewhat smaller than his near relatives, tigers and lions, although he is considerably fiercer. Unlike the lion and tiger, the leopard will climb trees in pursuit of prey and will attack man even though not provoked. He is adapted for hunting by bright colors and spots which serve as camouflage among trees and branches. The larger leopards of India are panthers (the black panther is merely a variety), which are equally bloodthirsty. The leopard's favorite prey is the tree monkey, but birds, reptiles and other mammals are also on his menu. He does not as a rule devour his victim at the scene of the kill, but prefers to carry it to his lair for a quiet meal.

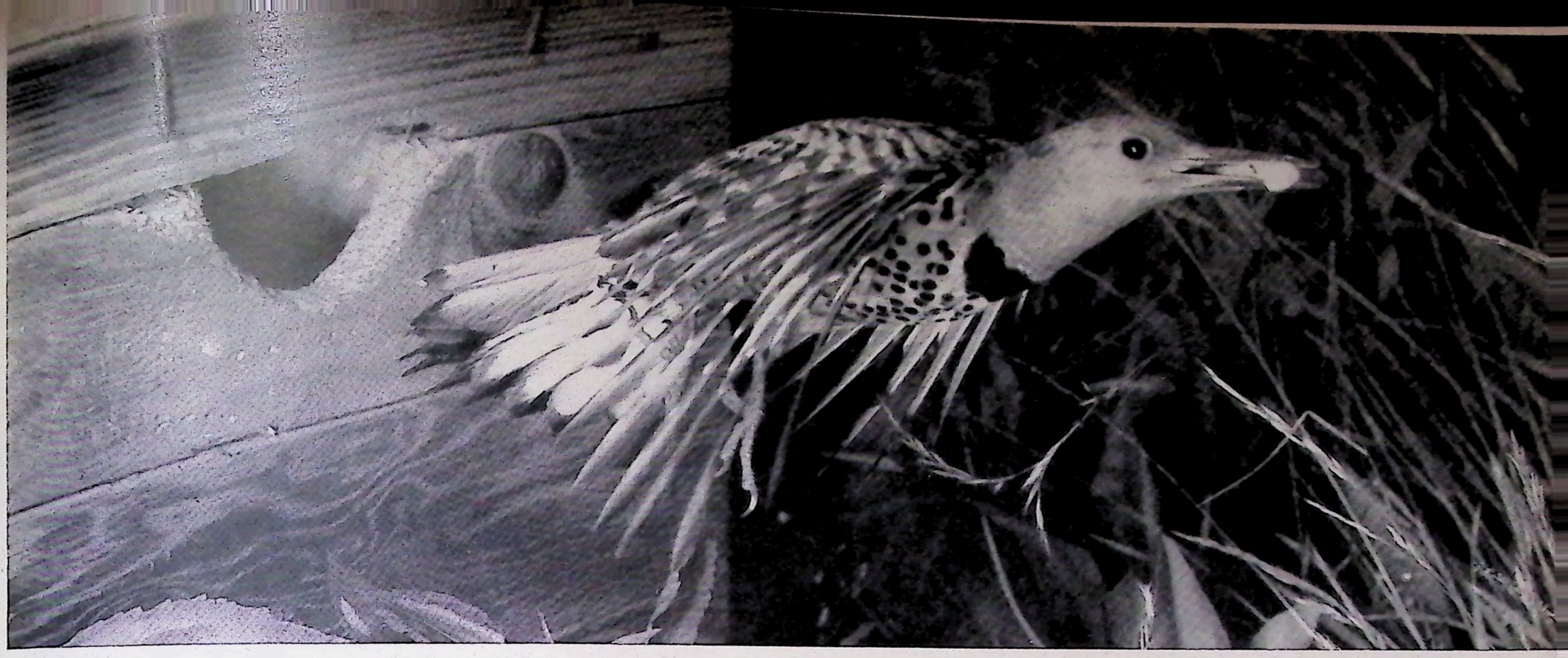


Appearances in the world of Nature are often deceptive. Despite his "nursery toy" look, the little hamster is a pugnacious (sometimes vicious) brawler and will fight his fellows for possession of a female. Closely related to the chipmunk, he, too, is a pouch-cheeked, burrowing rodent. Industrious by nature, he builds an elaborate, multichambered burrow, one room of which is used as a granary. Partially because he is very prolific, the hamster is used widely as a laboratory animal.

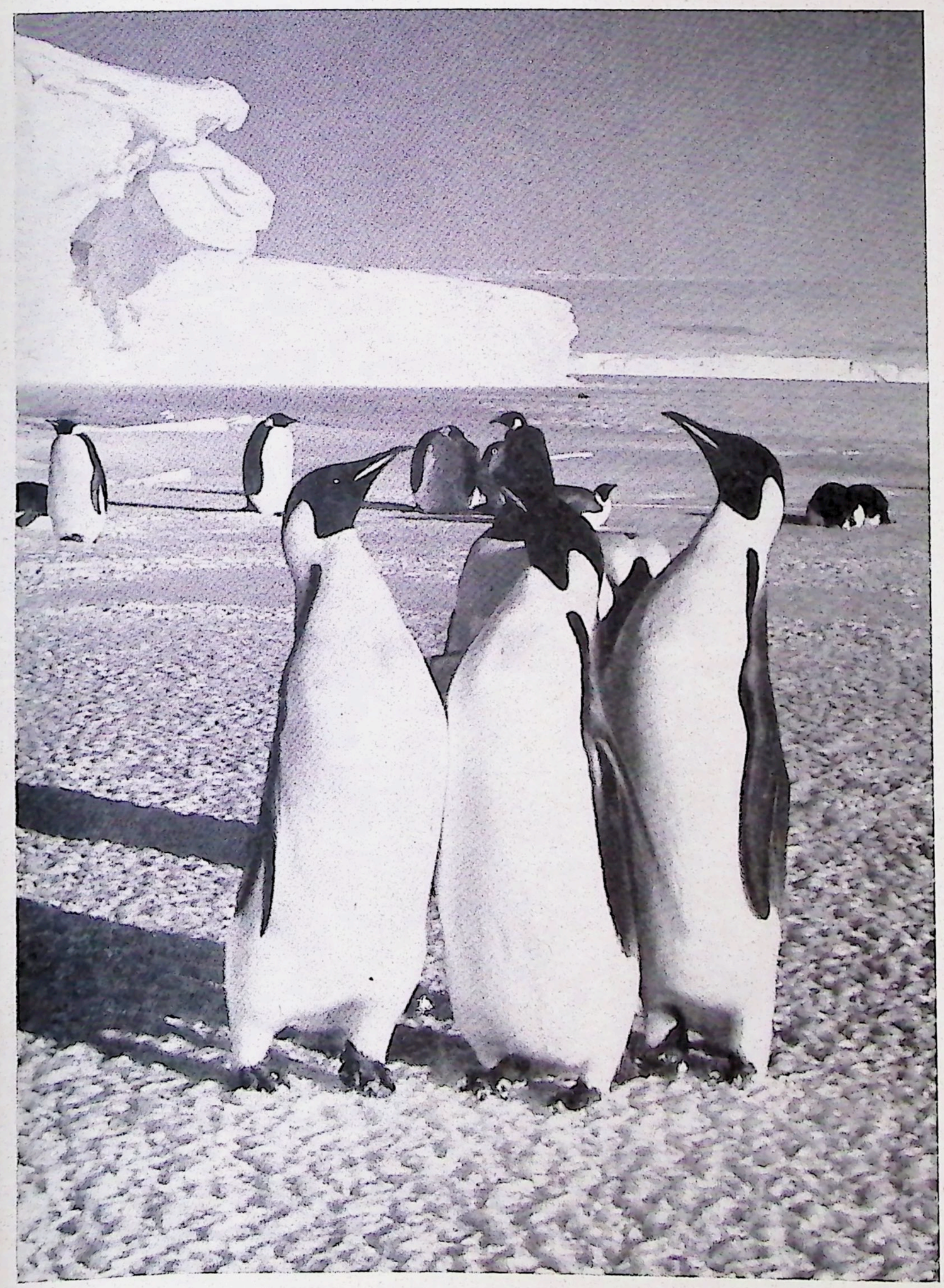
Fond of swimming, and diving from banks, the otter is well equipped by Nature for aquatic life. Webbed feet, a tail like a rudder and an extremely flexible and agile body make him a spectacular swimmer. The ears are buried beneath his fur and are closed in the water – as are the nostrils. Fun-loving and playful, otters can be seen sliding down snowbanks into the water during the winter or playing with their mates along the shore. They are probably monogamous and take great delight in their pups. The parents will swim on their backs in order to carry their young, which will be perched on the exposed side of the elders' bodies. Now protected, otters were at one time in danger of extinction because they were relentlessly hunted for their valuable fur.

Fairly common throughout the world, the young deer is one of Nature's most delightful animals. Helpless and ungainly during the first weeks of life, the fawn is extremely dependent upon the aid and protection of its mother. In an environment where parents leave their young at an early age, the mother deer responds to the fawn's needs with a devotion that is at once touching and symbolic of all that is gentle in Nature. The doe keeps her young well hidden for four or five weeks following birth, and nurses them every four hours during that period. The young does may stay with the mother for as long as two years, whereas the young bucks remain with her for only about one year.

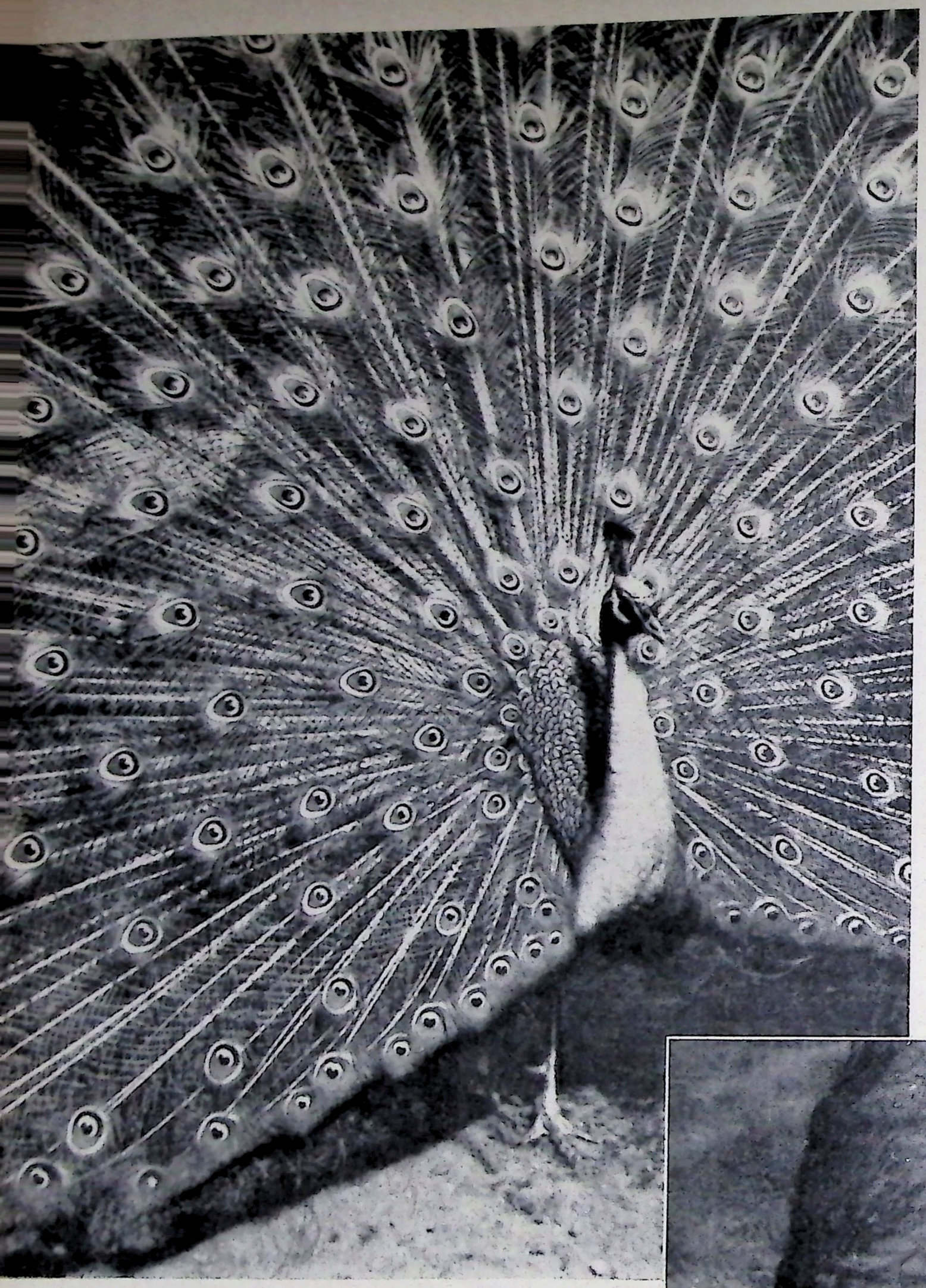
Folklore and a very unfortunate appearance have given the bat a sinister reputation. Actually, the bat is not a villain but a fairly distinguished member of the mammalian family – distinguished because he is the only mammal that can fly. The erratic appearance of his flight is not indicative of his ability, since bats capture their prey on the wing. Most species are possessed of a homing instinct, and, contrary to common belief, they are not blind. They have at least a rudimentary vision, but seem to depend entirely upon their "radar" system for navigation. The appendages of the bat are so poorly adapted for walking that he depends upon wings for mobility. The striking specimen pictured here is the long-eared bat.



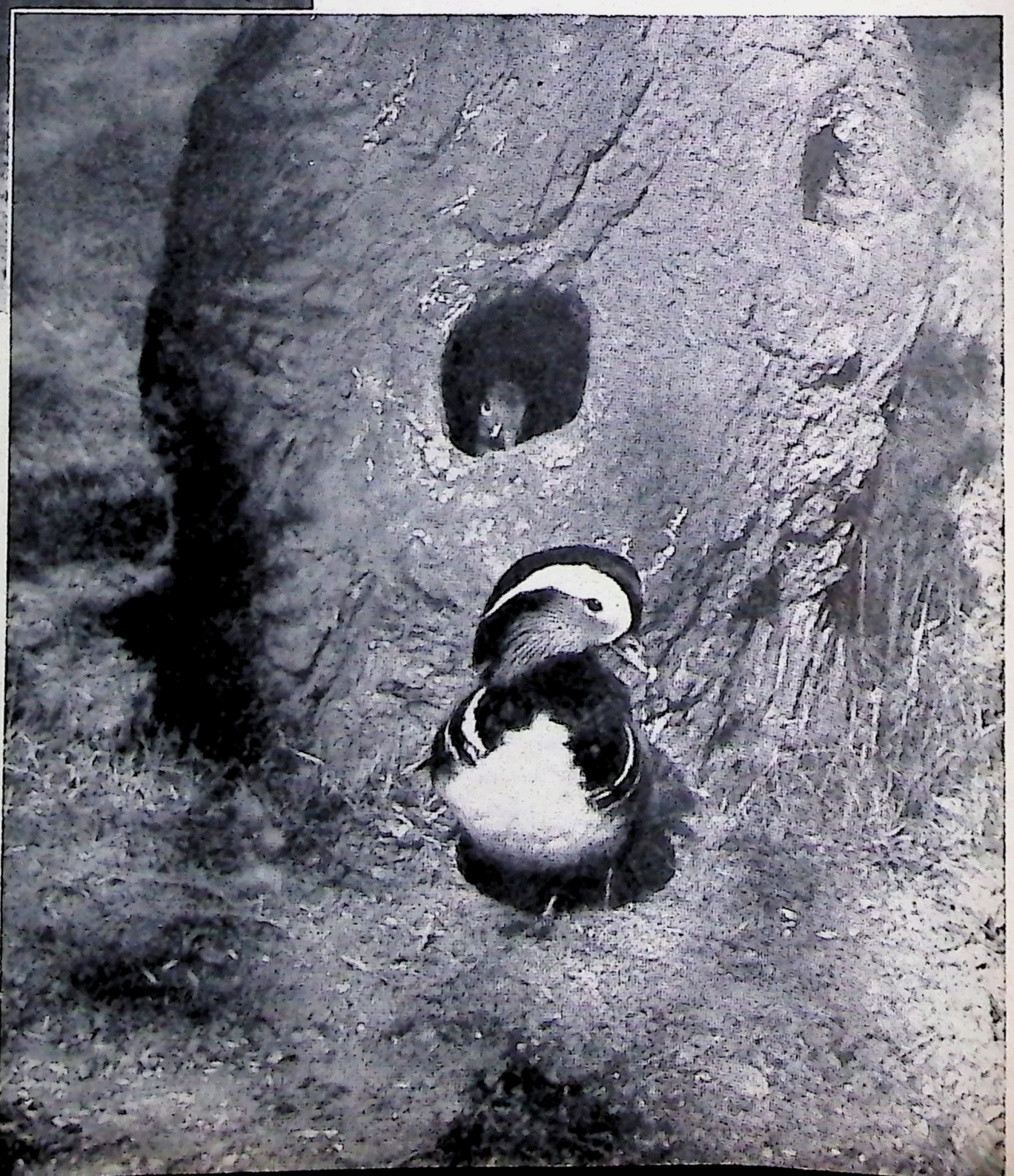
▲ *The flicker, known regionally as "yellowhammer," "wake-up" or "high-hole," is a noisy and gregarious woodpecker, which seems to enjoy nesting near human habitations. He is a diligent hunter of food and is clearly partial to a diet of ants; as many as 5000 have been found in the stomach of a single flicker. Nature has equipped him with a long, sticky tongue with which he captures ants and other insects, his favorite foods. He may either use his long bill to dig a nesting cavity or use an existing hole as a home. Flickers are large, normally reaching a length of about one foot.*



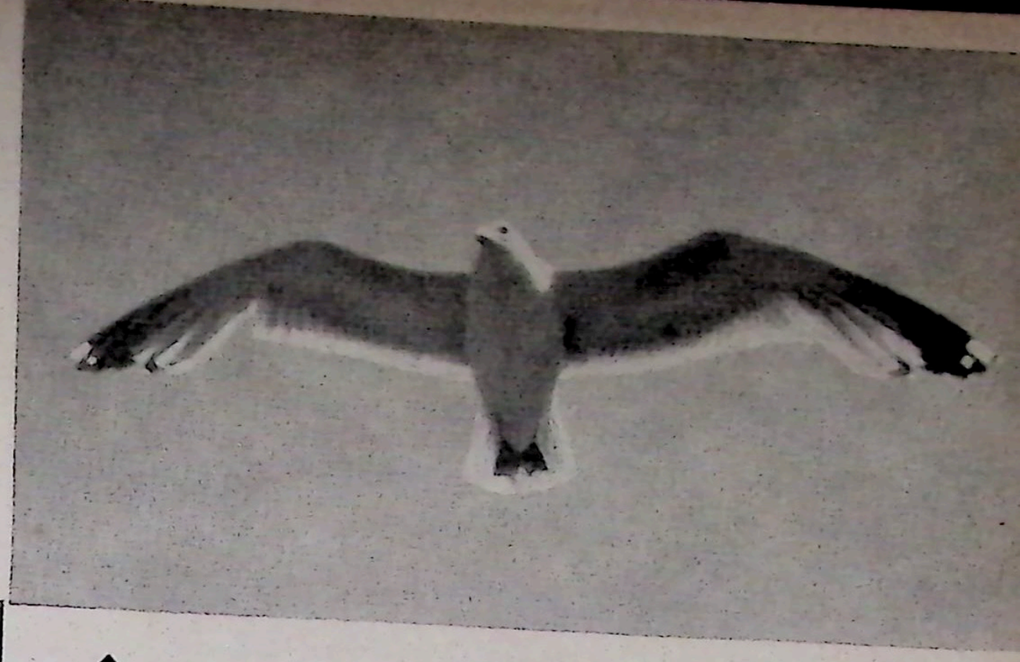
◀ *The large emperor penguin, which grows to a height of about three feet and weighs as much as 75 to 80 pounds, inhabits the Antarctic regions. Other species live as far north as the Galápagos Islands, but there are no penguins above the Equator. He is not a flying bird, but is adapted for an aquatic and terrestrial life. In place of wings, he possesses a pair of versatile flippers, which are used as oars in swimming and for self-defense on land. Although most penguins walk upright on land, some species are known to move across the ice by lying prone and pushing with their feet.*



The magnificently plumed peacock is now virtually useless, except as an ornamental bird, though he was once a great delicacy for special banquets. The object of much superstition, he has been venerated by some peoples as a symbol of immortality and despised by others because he was supposed to have led the serpent to the Tree of Knowledge. In keeping with his princely raiment, the peacock moves slowly and with dignity, and he keeps a harem of about five peahens. His voice is harsh and unpleasant, and in captivity, he tends to be temperamental. He cannot be kept near other domestic fowls because he will kill them.



The mandarin duck usually builds his nest in a hollow tree or on a limb. His site will be anywhere from three to 50 feet above the ground or water, and he takes care in preparing it, lining the interior with gray down. Although a relative of the American wood duck, the mandarin is a native of China, where he has long been domesticated. Among the most beautiful of ducks, his plumage is metallic-green, purple, chestnut, white and black. As peaceful as he is beautiful, he mates only once, for life, and is held up by the Chinese as a model of domestic virtues. The mandarin was brought to the parks of America and Europe because of his beauty and gentle ways.



▲ *The large and graceful gull, much admired for his flying ability and stamina, has been known to fly the breadth of the Atlantic. Bird flight has intrigued mankind for centuries. Early imitators failed to realize the tremendous amount of power required for wing-flapping, and the airplane has not completely emulated the birds. Man flies rather like the locust or the beetle — on fixed wings that are propelled by power from another source.*

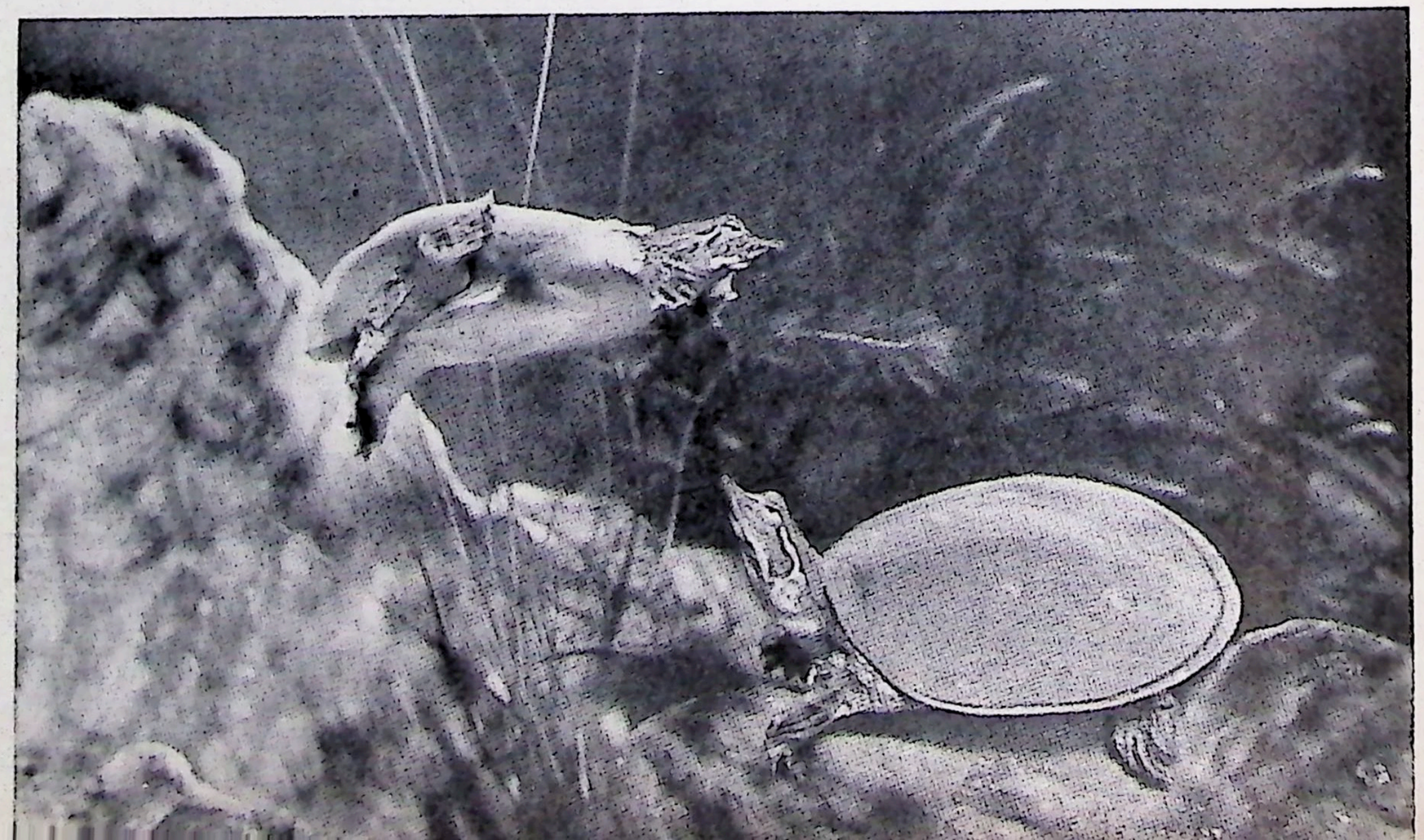
◀ *Warblers as a group are considered to be among the most beautifully colored birds. Though they excel in plumage, they are notably lacking in the ability to sing. The little reed warbler pictured here is different from the rest of his kind in that he is a rather plain olive-brown in color; the sound he makes is a chatter rather than a song. Very small, he builds his nest on reed stems, rarely leaving the reed beds. Such birds can consume prodigious quantities of food in proportion to their diminutive size; most of them, in fact, daily eat their weight or more in food.*

A member of a large and varied family, the sandpiper is very fond of water. He inhabits grassy shore areas where he nests on the ground (usually in nests built by other birds) in holes which he sometimes lines with grass. Wading is one of his accomplishments (he can walk around in water up to his belly), and certain species of the sandpiper can dive while in full flight. The diving species is capable of swimming or running under water with the aid of its wings. The sandpiper is not considered a game bird; some species are too small and the larger ones taste like fish. ▶

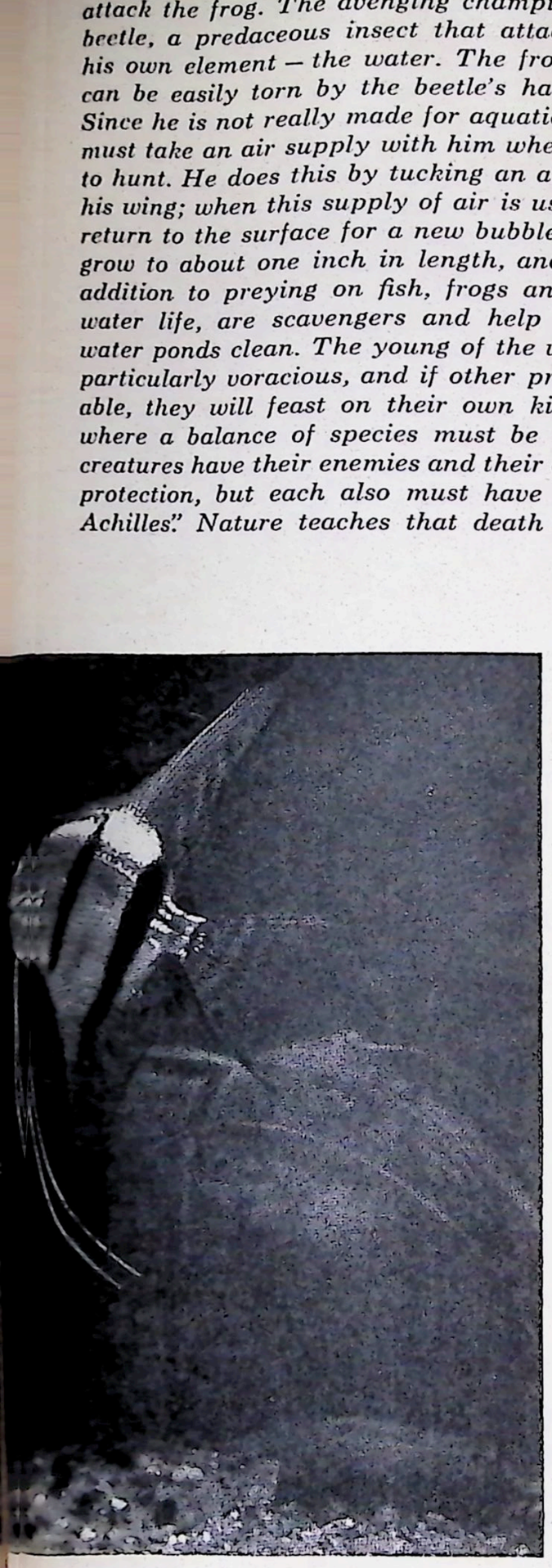
The telescopic goldfish is a cultivated variety of common aquarium fish. The large, protuberant eyes are a result of careful breeding and would not be found on a specimen in its natural haunts. If these fish are returned to their wild state, the succeeding generations gradually lose the telescope-eye characteristic. In its cultivated form, this fish is a speckled-gold color, but it will lose its color also if returned to its former freedom, reverting to the characteristic greenish-brown of wild goldfish. Many weird and wondrous forms have been produced in Japan and China, where the breeding of goldfish has been an art for centuries.

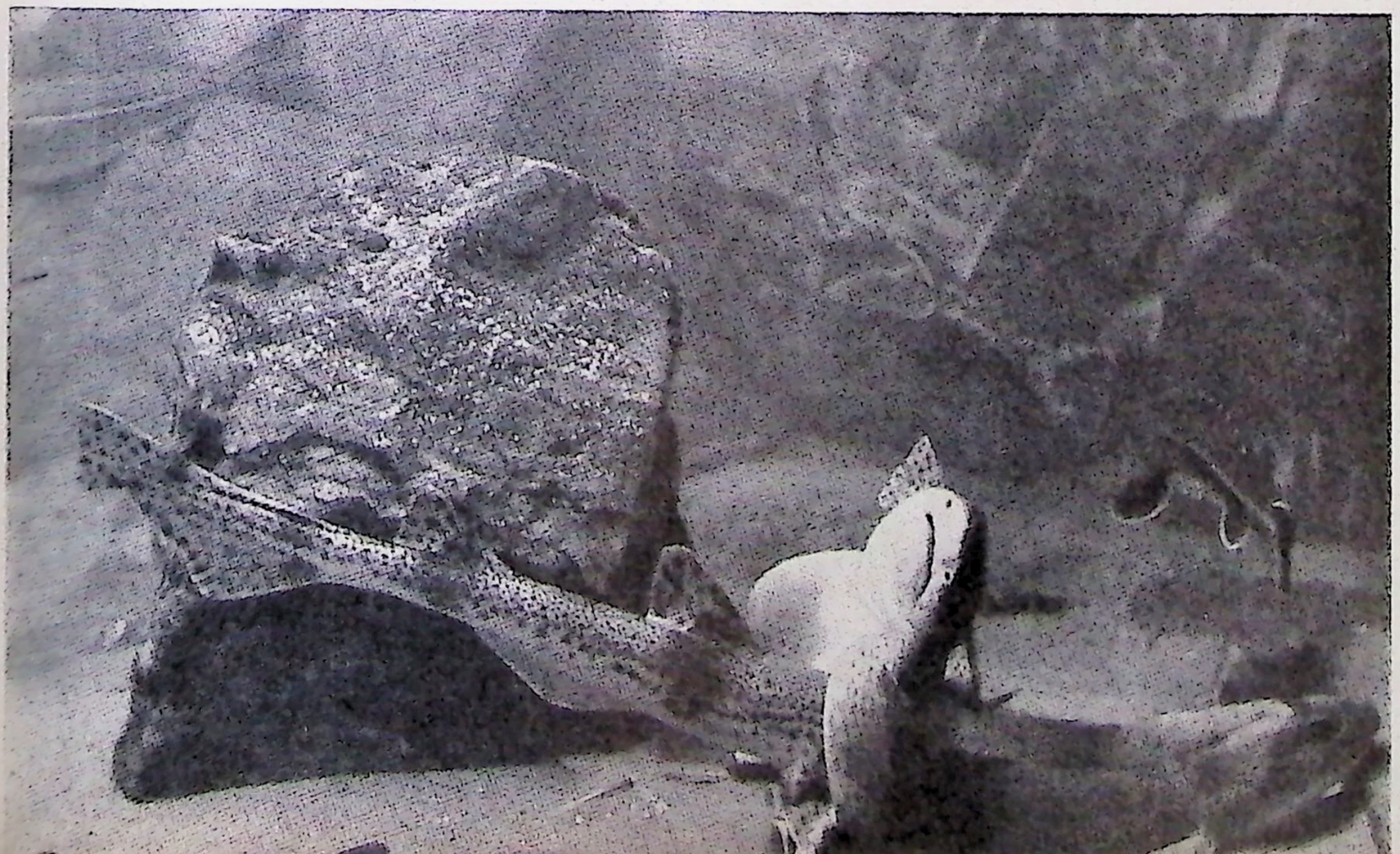
The beautiful and exotic butterfly (or sailing) fish are native to the Amazon, where they live among thick plants in very still waters. Valuable as ornamental fish, they require great care to be bred successfully. In their natural habitat, the older fish attach the young by their heads to small plants which they then carry about in their mouths.

The soft-shelled turtle usually lives on muddy river beds. Here he feeds on fish, frogs and other aquatic life, which he captures with sudden, serpentine movements of his head. Though he lacks the usual hard shell of the turtle and may appear helpless, he is well able to protect himself. If startled while out of the water, he is a savage fighter. His head darts at offenders, and if he is large, his jaws are very dangerous; a big turtle could sever a man's hand without a great deal of difficulty.



Though a frog normally seems inviolate sitting on a lily pad lapping up insects with his long, sticky tongue, the latter sometimes take their revenge and attack the frog. The avenging champion is the water beetle, a predaceous insect that attacks the frog in his own element — the water. The frog's tender flesh can be easily torn by the beetle's hard, biting jaws. Since he is not really made for aquatic life, the beetle must take an air supply with him when he goes down to hunt. He does this by tucking an air bubble under his wing; when this supply of air is used up, he must return to the surface for a new bubble. Water beetles grow to about one inch in length, and the adults, in addition to preying on fish, frogs and other underwater life, are scavengers and help to keep freshwater ponds clean. The young of the water beetle are particularly voracious, and if other prey is not available, they will feast on their own kind. In Nature, where a balance of species must be maintained, all creatures have their enemies and their own methods of protection, but each also must have his "tendon of Achilles." Nature teaches that death is part of life.

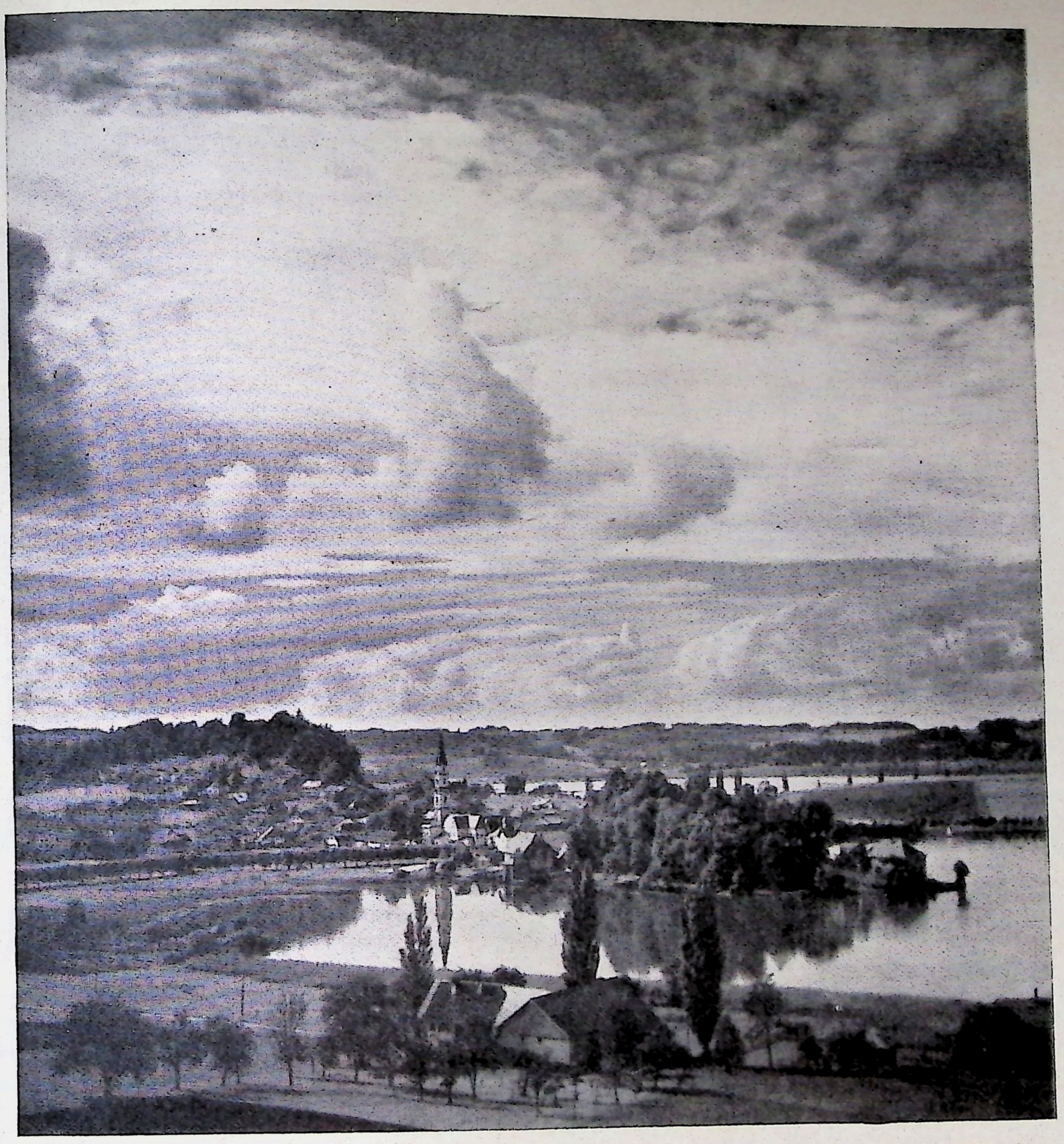




The habits and adaptations of many of Nature's animals seem to be for the primary purpose of reproducing the species. The cat shark, a common type of dogfish, reproduces unlike most fishes in that it is equipped with organs for copulation, as are the other members of the shark family. The cat shark inhabits temperate and tropical waters and is distinguished easily by its spotted coloring. It is quite as voracious as the larger sharks, and destroys many valuable food fish.

All living things are governed by Nature's laws of change. Organisms may endure for centuries or for minutes, but each must pass through its appointed cycle from beginning to end. This law can be read symbolically in the motion of the earth itself. As it revolves, the sun rises regularly with the same drama and exuberance that burst forth in the birth of new life. It passes through its course and then declines with the same peace and awesome beauty of aged and revered things. In the interval between birth and death, the organism—like the sun—serves its function, then passes to make way for new life.

The beauty and vitality of the natural world goes on after the sun moves to shed its rays on another part of the earth. Though the moon shining on a clear and cloudless night is beautiful in itself, its beauty is enhanced and dramatized by the clouds that pass over it. The symmetry of the moon contrasts with the asymmetry of the clouds, and the changing periods of darkness and light play on the activity that continues on earth. Some plants and animals cease their work, and rest until the new day comes, but Nature is never completely at rest. The predators that work under the darkness of night emerge from their lairs in search of food. Night-blooming flowers open their petals to insects which shun the day, and the tremendous, moving pageant of Nature continues unabated.



MATTSEE BEI SALZBURG

The order and balance which are reflected in each living organism form a system of singular beauty. Civilized man has long turned to Nature in times of strife and doubt to seek peace and inspiration. To the sensitive seeker, she is like a book which reveals the secrets of life and gives assurance and faith. When man's mind is able to comprehend the order in Nature's complexity, his spirit is able to rest in her timeless beauty.

EMERSON

Nature's Ministry to Man

Ralph Waldo Emerson is generally regarded as one of the most profound thinkers of history. His essays, like "Self-Reliance" and "The American Scholar," express an optimistic faith in man and Nature. To Emerson, as to Burroughs, Nature has a moral value. This selection is from Emerson's "Nature."

IF A MAN WOULD BE ALONE, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of the cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations that remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible, but all natural objects make a kindred impression when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never becomes a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflect the wisdom of his best hour as much as they delighted the simplicity of his childhood . . .

Not the sun or the summer alone, but even every hour, every season, yields its tribute of delight, for every hour (and change) corresponds to and authorizes a different state of mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece . . .

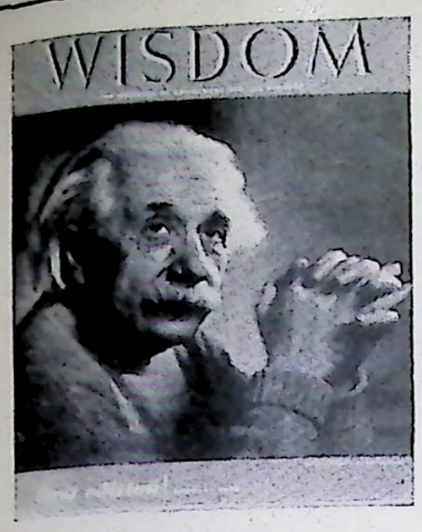
The misery of man appears like childish petulance when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between? The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his playground, his garden and his bed.

Nature, in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts incessantly work into one another's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the winds blow the vapor to the field; the ice, on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man . . .

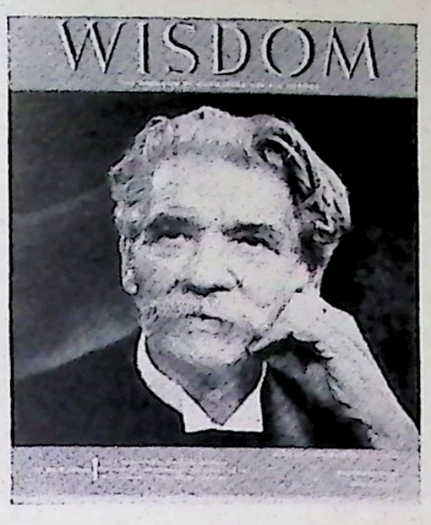
We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all Nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it: He may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself . . .

Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the sphere visible . . .

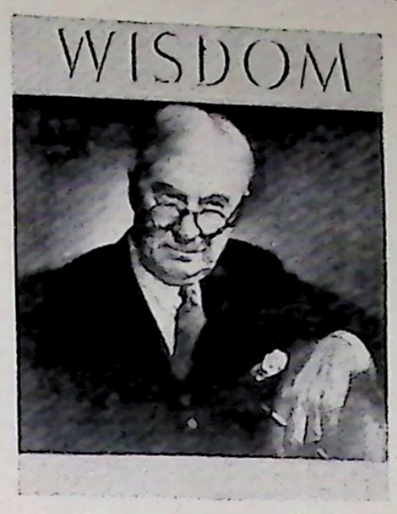
Know then that the world exists for you. For you the phenomenon is perfect. All that Adam had, all that Caesar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house "heaven and earth"; Caesar called his house "Rome"; you perhaps call yours "a cobbler's trade"; "a hundred acres of plowed land"; or "a scholar's garret." Yet, line for line and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build therefore your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. ◆



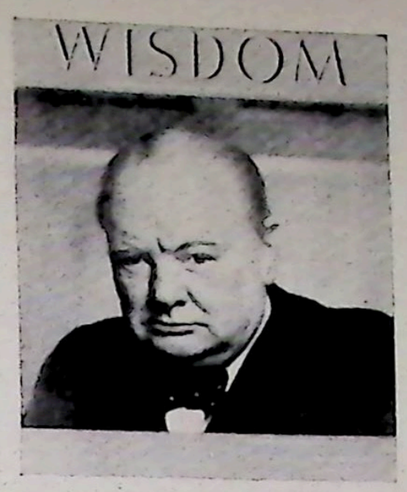
ALBERT EINSTEIN



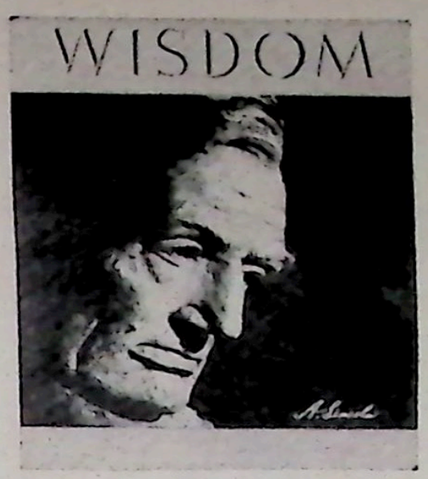
ALBERT SCHWEITZER



BERNARD BARUCH



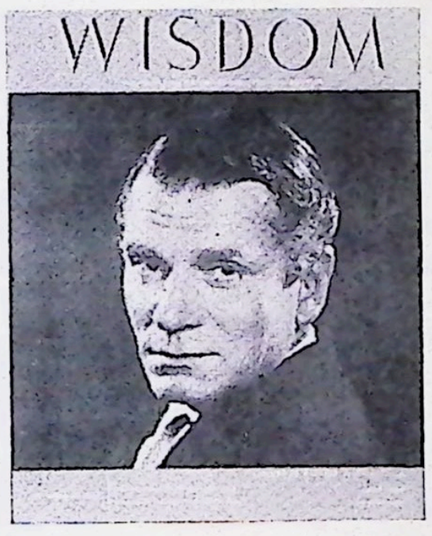
WINSTON CHURCHILL



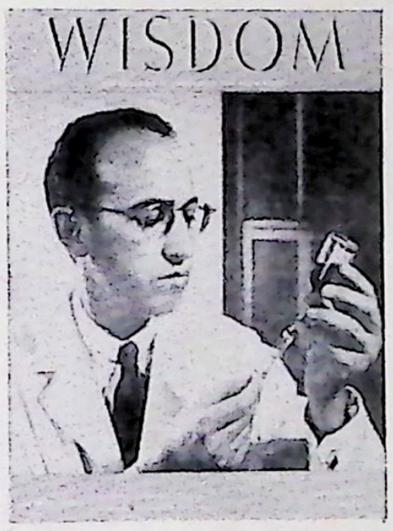
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Greatest Gift of All

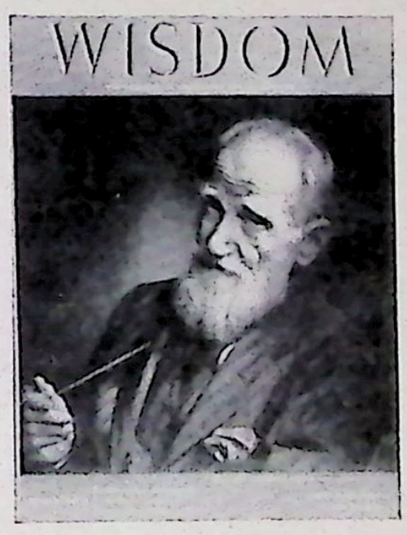
JASCHA HEIFETZ



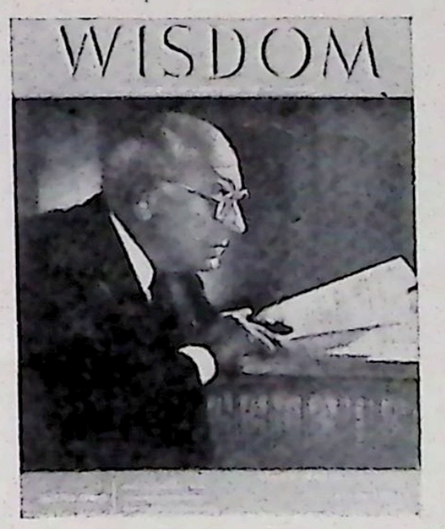
LAURENCE OLIVIER



DR. JONAS E. SALK



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



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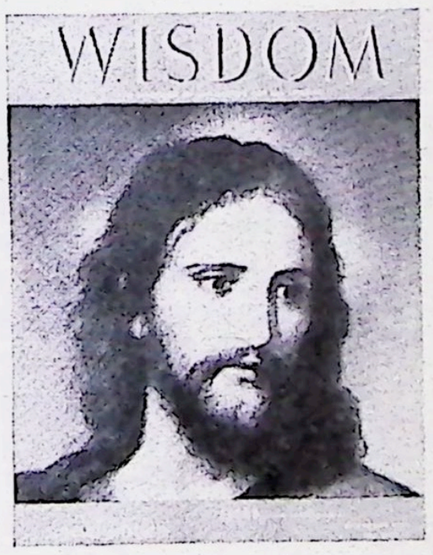
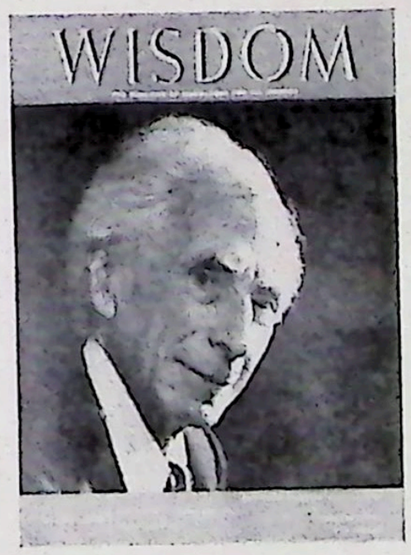


JESUS

THE THINKER



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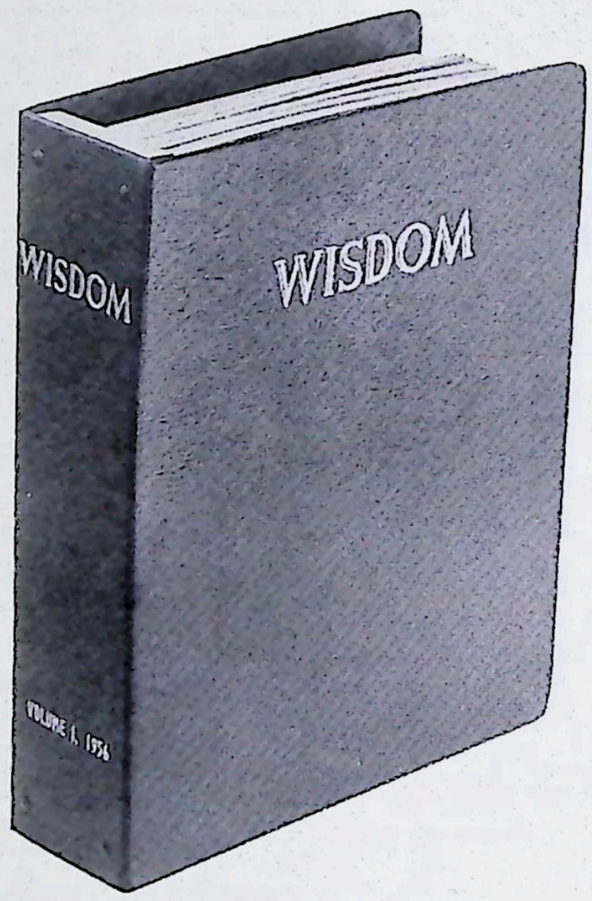

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WILL ROGERS: Everything is funny, as long as it is happening to somebody else.

* *

H. L. MENCKEN: A Sunday school is a prison in which children do penance for the evil conscience of their parents.

* *

CHARLES CALEB COLTON: Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

* *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: There is not much harm in a lion; he has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility.

* *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Keep your eyes wide-open before marriage, and half-shut afterwards.

* *

AUSTIN O'MALLEY: God shows his contempt for wealth by the kind of person he selects to receive it.

* *

MARK TWAIN: Man was made at the end of the week's work when God was tired.

* *

JAMES GORDON BENNETT: I have made mistakes, but I have never made the mistake of claiming that I never made one.

* *

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: High heels were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

* *

GEORGE D. PRENTICE: We have heard of men celebrating their country's battles who in war were celebrated for keeping out of them.

* *

JONATHAN SWIFT: The reason so few marriages are happy is that young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

* *

WILSON MIZNER: When a women tells you her age, it's all right to look surprised, but don't scowl.

* *

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS: There are two kinds of men who never amount to much: those who cannot do what they are told, and those who can do nothing else.

MARY WILSON LITTLE: The penalty of success is to be bored by the attentions of people who formerly snubbed you.

* *

FINLEY PETER DUNNE: One of the strangest things about life is that the poor, who need money the most, are the very ones that never have it.

* *

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (père): The chain of wedlock is so heavy that it takes two to carry it, sometimes three.

* *

ADDISON MIZNER: Some people's genius lies in giving infinite pains.

* *

HONORE DE BALZAC: If we all said to people's faces what we say behind one another's backs, society would be impossible.

* *

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL: Universities are full of knowledge; the freshmen bring a little in, the seniors take none away, and knowledge accumulates.

* *

SAMUEL BUTLER: The oldest books are only just out to those who have not read them.

* *

ROBERT FROST: The world is full of willing people; some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

* *

LORD CHESTERFIELD: Most people enjoy the inferiority of their best friends.

* *

JOSH BILLINGS: Man was created a little lower than the angels, and has been getting a little lower ever since.

* *

IRVIN S. COBB: Middle age: when you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms.

* *

ANATOLE FRANCE: Of all the ways of defining man, the worst is the one which makes him out to be a rational animal.

* *

THOMAS ROBERT DEWAR: Judge a man not by his clothes, but by his wife's clothes.

DON HEROLD: It is a good thing that life is not as serious as it seems to a waiter.

* *

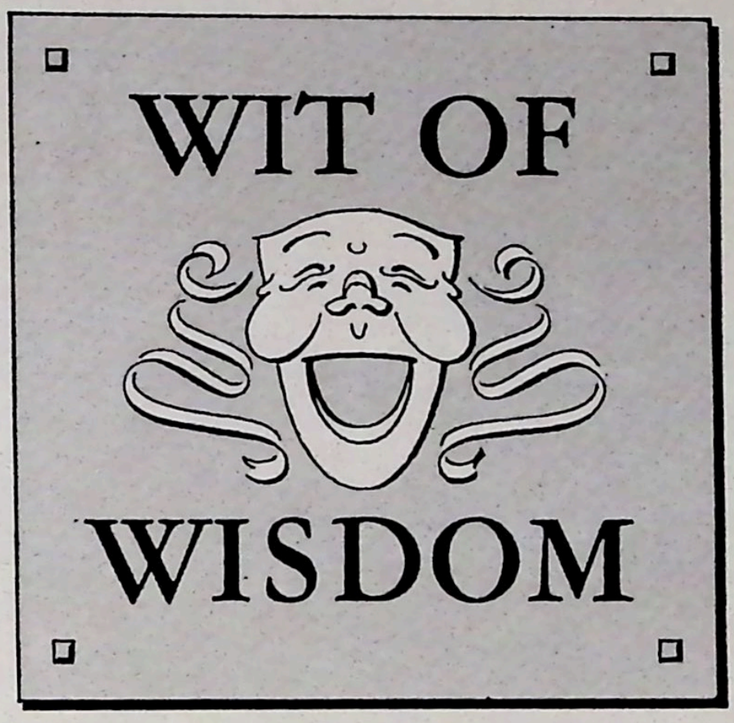
CHARLES DICKENS: If there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers.

* *

PHILIP GUEDALLA: History repeats itself; historians repeat each other.

* *

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with necessaries.



COMTE DE RIVAROL: It is an immense advantage to have done nothing, but one should not abuse it.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: Experience is simply the name we give our mistakes.

* *

G. K. CHESTERTON: The Bible tells us to love our neighbors, and also to love our enemies; probably because they are generally the same people.

* *

HELEN ROWLAND: The follies which a man regrets most in his life are those which he didn't commit when he had the opportunity.

* *

OLIVER HERFORD: Many are called but few get up.

* *

JOHN BARRYMORE: One of my chief regrets during my years in the theater is that I couldn't sit in the audience and watch me.

BOOKS FOR WISDOM

THOREAU OF WALDEN

by Henry Beetle Hough

A prolific author, Henry Beetle Hough spent many years completing this work on Thoreau. The result is a book which gives an unforgettable picture of the great New England thinker. Thoreau questioned the ways of his contemporaries, for he believed that "life should be a drama of many scenes and without an end." In a letter to a friend he wrote: "Will you live, or will you be embalmed? Will you live, though it be astride of a sunbeam, or repose safely in the catacombs of a thousand years?"

Thoreau's *Walden* has become a classic which reminds us of the joys of the inward life. Did not Thoreau say: "What need to travel? There are no sierras equal to the clouds in the sunset sky"? Thoreau died when he was 45, and Hough remarks: "Even those who have voyaged far . . . may envy the eventfulness of his short life."

This biography is impressive in both style and content. It should be widely read, for Thoreau's is a voice of sanity amid the confusion and uncertainty of modern civilization. *Simon & Schuster, $4*

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE

by Geoffrey Bibby

In this account of early man by a noted archæologist, the reader is impressed with the continuity of culture. Bibby attempts to give a coherent account of the prehistoric period in which political and economic developments are little-known today. Using the resources of geology, botany, zoology and physical anthropology, he delineates the life of early man. His descriptions of Stonehenge and the wall paintings at Lascaux are especially impressive. He pens this belief: "One of the great advances of the past hundred years is that we have learned to see our achievements and problems in the perspective of a score of millennia full of achievements and problems, that we have assimilated into our consciousness the pride and humility of the realization that in times remote, even by geological standards, Europe was inhabited by men and women with imagination and artistic culture not inferior to our own." This remarkable book includes important insights for our own time. Like Croce, Bibby sees history as a contemporary story in which man's essential needs do not change. *Alfred A. Knopf Inc., $6.75*

VIRGINIA WOOLF & LYTTON STRACHEY: LETTERS

edited by Leonard Woolf & James Strachey

The letters of two great English writers should be of interest to a wide audience. Virginia Woolf was a penetrating novelist; Strachey was an eminent biographer who exposed the hypocrisy of the Victorian Age. The writers knew each other well and shared the same basic philosophy of life. Woolf and Strachey praised each other without reservation. Thus Strachey wrote about Woolf's *Jacob's Room:* "a most wonderful achievement, almost like poetry," while Woolf remarked that *Queen Victoria* was "a magnificent portrait." The letters, which are never dull, reveal a spirit of sophistication and nonconformity, and illuminate the inner lives of Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace & Co., $4.50*

OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE

by Theodore Meyer Greene

One of the great philosophers of our time deals with the essence of the Western tradition. Dr. Greene shows how much we owe to the Greek culture and the Christian faith in the dignity of man. The author affirms the importance of law and the significance of individual initiative tempered by social justice. In his conclusion he calls for a new optimism and a new faith in freedom. He asks: "How willing are we to pay the price of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? How bravely will we defend our freedom in the years to come?" *Elsevier Press Inc., $3.50*

FABLE, FACT AND HISTORY

by Willis Thornton

Willis Thornton is an outstanding journalist who teaches at Western Reserve University. His view of history is guided by his ability to distinguish between fact and fiction and by an underlying spirit of skepticism. He shows that many widely accepted beliefs about historical events and personalities are totally false. He reveals, among other things, the real story of the Boston Massacre. In conclusion, he writes: "Old beliefs, old truths are shaken and they fall. Newer, stronger, better beliefs take their place, ready to yield in turn to others if they present a stronger and better claim. That is the way with history; that is the way with life, too." *Greenberg, $4.50*

DE VALERA AND THE MARCH OF A NATION

by Mary C. Bromage

This biography of the great Irish leader traces his achievements and the foundations of his political philosophy. The reader receives also an accurate impression of the contributions of Ireland to 20th century civilization. The story begins with Eamon de Valera's early childhood in the United States and ends with an impressive description of his last days. In his colorful career he was a commandant of the Irish army, President of the Irish Free State and Prime Minister of Eire. For many years he was regarded as a subversive by the British authorities, who had sentenced him to death. De Valera's great ambition was to help in the liberation of Ireland, and this yearning was fulfilled. He was respected in his later years by both his friends and political enemies. *The Noonday Press, $4.95*

SHIP 16

by Ulrich Mohr & T. V. Selwood

The German *Ship 16* was a converted freighter which caused havoc in the ranks of Allied shipping in World War II. She sank 22 merchant and passenger ships and for a long time was able to elude Allied men-of-war; finally *Ship 16* was destroyed by the British cruiser *Devonshire.* This is a tale of adventure and conflict, and the reader will be intrigued by the various officers who guided *Ship 16.* Especially impressive are the portraits of Captain Rogge and Gunnery Officer Kasch. The major weakness of the story is that it is overly nationalistic; otherwise it is extremely entertaining and informative. *The John Day Co., $4*

MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING

by Marian Anderson

Toscanini once remarked to Marian Anderson: "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years." In her autobiography, she ably demonstrates that she is not only a magnificent singer, but also a great woman. Born in Philadelphia in a humble environment, she has led an extremely eventful life, and has sung at the White House as well as before the King and Queen of England. She has remained modest in spite of her triumphs, and her faith in God and man is just as strong as it was in childhood days. Marian Anderson writes in a very simple way, yet she achieves great power in her expression. Her autobiography should inspire many readers. *Viking, $5*

WILSON: THE NEW FREEDOM

by Arthur S. Link

Arthur S. Link, one of the important historians of our time, has given us another part of his brilliant portrait of Woodrow Wilson. This is the second volume of his biographical study of the great American President. In the first volume he discussed Wilson's youth and his activities as an educator and as Governor of New Jersey; in the new book, Link concentrates on Wilson's first two years as President of the United States and his attempt to reform domestic politics. Professor Link writes with a most readable style and succeeds in giving us a clear view of a very complex man. *Princeton University Press, $7.50*

[*Editor's Note: The author of "The Louvre" (published by Harry Abrams Inc.), which was reviewed in February, should have been listed as Milton S. Fox.*]

PHOTO RAY ATKESON ▶

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